Theatre Magazine

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JULY, 1919.



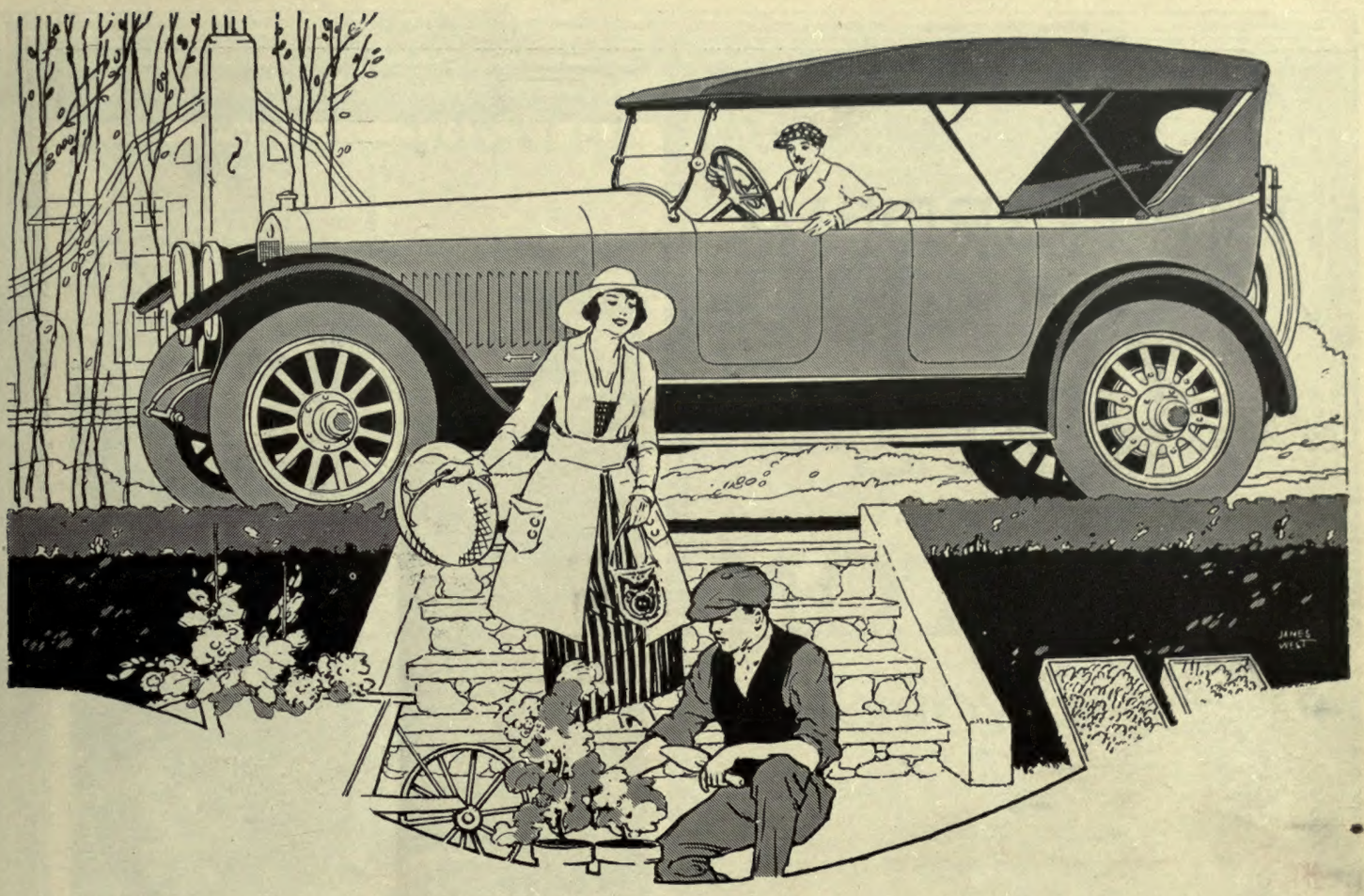
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ALBERT KELLER
GENERAL MANAGER



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THEATRE MAGAZINE

JULY, 1919

THE dog days are with us again—the days when everybody feels hot and bored and disinterested.

If you're in the city you can see "The Follies" or any of the half dozen other bright summer revues that are filling the theatres with song, dance and—girls.

But if you're near the ocean breezes or the mountain tops, and feel far away from the glamor and glitter and whirl of Broadway, you can see the latest things in the theatre, too.

How? you ask. Let us tell you.

By reading the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

There are scenes from each play, a sprightly criticism, and exquisite photographs of the principals.

The next issue, particularly, will be chock full of summer surprises.

If you are going away don't forget to pack—not your troubles—but a copy of the THEATRE MAGAZINE in your grip. If you are already away, you can get a copy from your newsdealer.

Or, in either case, why not subscribe now?

AFTER all wars comes a back wave of puritanism.

So says Louis V. De Foe, one of our best-known theatrical critics.

That accounts for the crusade that is being waged by clergymen, critics and laymen throughout the country against the indecencies of the stage.

Mr. De Foe does not defend the present day theatre. But he contends that it is merely sentimental, innocuous and undraped instead of flagrantly immoral.

Read his article in the August issue. As usual it is full of punch and his point of view is bound to arouse controversy.

THIS for the ladies!

Have you noticed our newly enlarged Fashion Department? If you are planning a new gown, it will surely contain a valuable hint for you.

The stage holds the mirror up to nature. THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, as it has ever done, holds the mirror up to the stage, and presents a dazzling array of feminine attire worn by our smartest actresses not only on the stage but in their private life.

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LOUIS MEYER, PAUL MEYER
Publishers
ARTHUR HORNBLOW
Editor
FREDERICK E. ALLARDT
Director of Circulation

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THE PUBLISHERS.

THIS for movie fans (which means everybody)!

In the summer season when the legitimate stage draws back a pace, the movies are busier than ever with new releases, new stars and new ideas.

The movie queens are nothing if they are not beautiful! Exquisite pictures of the prettiest of them all—and the most popular—will be a feature of the August MOTION PICTURE SECTION.

If you want to see the latest picture of your favorite, you can't afford to miss the next issue!

CAN you think of more suitable titles for the plays of the past season?

Harold Seson has, and in an amusing skit in the next number he will give them to you.

For instance, he suggests "The Riddle: Kalich" and "Talk for Three."

You'll find the rest in our sprightly August issue!

WHEN you think of character acting at its best you inevitably think of Louis Mann.

He is a remarkable combination of humor and sentiment. Haven't you laughed and cried with him in this season's super-success, "Friendly Enemies?"

Then read his article, "Character Acting," in the August issue. The ingredients he gives for making a successful actor will be helpful.

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXX. No. 221. JULY, 1919



From a photograph by Abbe

ELSIE JANIS OF THE U. S. A.

Who probably did more than any other American artist to entertain the boys in France, has just returned from "over there" after receiving the courtesy title of General

THE PAST SEASON—A GREAT $UCCE$$

By LEWIS ALLEN BROWNE



ACCORDING to all the rules, the theatrical season of 191819 should now be closed. No, Esmeralda, the printer did not accidentally omit the hyphen in "191819." I did it with my little typewriter and some brief premeditation. The Theatrical Season has not closed at all, and threatens to run smash into the next theatrical season without so much as a single seam or any vestige of a hiatus being apparent, and I simply could not resist the temptation to put it "191819."

Here we are, well into the eleventh month of the season, with thirty of our leading theatres drawing crowds every night to thirty as good attractions as ever kept a pessimistic box-office man busy asking "How many?"

This season is much like Mark Twain's famous tunnel that was bored through a mountain and straight on across a valley into another mountain. Our Theatrical Season is going straight on across the warm-weather valley into the mountain of the 1919-1920 season. If Omar, the Tent-maker, had foreseen New York's love of the theatre he doubtless would have given us more months when he fixed up the calendar. The only hope the managers have now of extending the season lies in the adoption of the very recent plan to divide the year into thirteen months of twenty-eight days each.



TO the seemingly eternal annual question: "What can you say of this theatrical season?" the replies are:

MANAGERS—"A great $ucce$$!"

HIGHBROWS—"A paucity of the aesthetic!"

LOWBROWS—"Too much problem guff an' hifalutin' junk!"

PRUDES—"Horrors! Six stage bedrooms this season!"

CRITICS—"So many first nights, fearfully wearing on our dress suit!"

JOHN AND JANE DOE—"Most entertaining and best theatrical season ever!"

SPECULATORS—"Times ain't what they used to be last year!"

THE PLAYERS—"Success due solely to us!"

DRAMATISTS—(See reply by the Players.)

PRODUCERS—(See statement by Dramatists.)

UNCLE SAM—"Thanks for the luxury tax!"

And here's hoping that from now on our Theatrical Seasons will be like Tennyson's brook and just run and run forever.

There were ninety-eight new plays this season (but as this is written a week before going to press the total may be 198 by the time you read this), and of these they were divided something like this:

Twenty-three serious plays, aside from the funny ones that died the first week.

Seventeen melodramas without the aid of kidnapped juvenile heirs or stolen papers.

Nine of the romantic school, each one of which contained the original line "I love you" that thrilled flappers and ancient maiden ladies.

Twenty-seven comedies in which the producers measured and timed the laughs as a doctor feels your pulse and drops your medicine with a fountain-pen filler.

TWENTY-TWO farces in which the situation of mistaken identity was used only twenty-two times.

By all odds the very best play of this or any other season was not produced. I have this information on the highest of authority—from the young man who wrote it.

On the other hand, the very worst play of the season was produced over and over. I know this from the criticisms. There were a number of these very worst plays—they are still running.

There was a play adapted from a play that was adapted from Boccaccio, that gasped along two weeks. It might have been all right for our sophisticated High School youngsters, but it proved too, too much for our Men-About-Town.



ONE of the most interesting features of this season has been a few Loud Yawps from gentlemen of the Pulpit to the effect that the Stage was disrupting the morals of the country. We were just beginning to believe this when many more Gentlemen of the Pulpit rushed into print with the cheering information that "As the newspaper is the right hand of Government, so is the Stage the right hand of the Church"; in other words, "All's well with the stage."

The fact seems to be that our Theatrical Season just merging into the next Theatrical Season, with scarcely a boundary line to divide them, has been the most successful of any to all concerned, with one great exception, the ticket speculators.

Time was when, with our lady fair on our arm, we sought tickets at the last moment, and had to either look like a piker in the eyes of said lady fair or allow the speculator to gouge us about two dollars more than the ticket was worth. But now the blindfolded lady with the scales decrees that we shall be gouged no more than one-half dollar per ticket. Naturally we are very much indebted to Lady Justice.



ACCORDING to some of the critics, it isn't at all nice or proper for a young married couple to retire. Nor is it nice to use as a sort of "plot" a dainty intimate garment yclept "chemise" or something like that. Quite a howl went up over the advent this season of six bedroom farces, some of which are still running and making decided hits. That is, quite a howl went up on the part of a few critics. The dramatic critics out of town who rely upon the New York papers for their fund of knowledge of what's not at all what in stagedom here in New York, copied the criticisms, for which all concerned in these bedroom farces are truly grateful. Everyone out of town who read about them invented an excuse for getting to New York as soon as possible, with at least one night over to see one of the several bedroom farces.

In all the bedroom farces the exposure was ankles, wrists and neck. There is enough exposure in one roof show to make something like thirty-two million bedroom farces, according to a noted statistician.

We had other plays, too, pure and simple. There was no hint of a bed in them. No, indeed. They were as pure as pure, or possibly more so. Their themes were along such innocent lines as "To be a mother or not to be a mother," or "To dwell with one's cook or not to do thusly," or to correctly guess which of two sisters was the mother of the leading man's chee-ild! Fortunately, such innocent plays as these leavened the horror of the six bedroom farces.

"A great deal of rubbish got over the footlights," wrote one reviewer. Which may or may not be true. We do know that a great deal of rubbish got over the book store counters, also the meat market counters, across the movie screens and elsewhere. Every pure, cooling breeze blows up a little dust. We have had the biggest and busiest theatrical season on record. Not all of the attractions were alike!

Something ought to be done to remedy this. Why not do with the drama as the dress reformists propose to do—have one standard pattern for dress and compel every woman to wear it?

We'd see some funny sights, of course.



ON second thought, perhaps, the standard patterns wouldn't work. When we think of Miss Fetherwate, five feet eleven and a half inches tall and weighing 87 pounds stri—no. No! Heaven forbid! We mean dressed. I say when we see her and Mrs. Ava D. Poise standing four feet nine in her French heels and breaking the scales at 297¾ pounds—when we see these ladies wearing the same cut garment, we get an idea of how the standard-pattern drama would fit us.

You see, the trouble is, some of us have a Fetherwate mind and others an Ava D. Poise mind, and we sort of need different plays to measure up (or down, as the case may be) to our minds.

Someone has publicly regretted that the Great American Drama did not appear this year.

The Great American Drama appears every year, along with the Great American Grouch and the Great American Peeve and the Great American Sorehead.

There's nothing the matter with the Stage.

There's nothing the matter with the Producers.

There's nothing the matter with the Dramatists.

There's nothing the matter with the Theatregoers.

Sometimes our shoe dealer sends out a Number 5 for a Number 8 foot, or a Number 9 for a Number 6 foot; then we put up a brief howl, but we do not condemn all the shoes in the world.

Sometimes a man attends a show that doesn't fit him, and he howls. But there is no need of it; we have a sufficient variety of shows this season to fit every mental condition.

The Theatrical Season of 191819 is a corker!



Abbe

HELEN CLARKE

Broadway liked this attractive young dancer so well in "Oh, My Dear," that she was engaged again for "La La Lucille"



Abbe

MARJORIE BENTLEY

The saucy dancer, who adds to the complications of "La La Lucille," was but recently the premiere danseuse at the Hippodrome



White

J. Clarence Harvey, Alfred Hall, Eleanor Daniels, John E. Hazzard and Janet Velie

THE WIFE THINKS IT SAFE TO LET THE JANITRESS ACT AS CO-RESPONDENT

"LA LA LUCILLE," A FARCE WITH MUSIC, AT HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE

ALL SORTS OF HAMLETS

From the scholarly art of John Philip Kemble
to the ripped sable hose of Edmund Russell

By HAROLD SETON

THE recent success of Walter Hampden and Fritz Leiber in their two distinct interpretations of "Hamlet" has once more opened the old Shakespearian controversy: Was the Melancholy Prince insane, or merely simulating madness the better to trap the murderer of his kingly father? The discussion revives memories of the great Hamlets that have crossed the world's mimic stage and of others who were not so great.

Richard Burbage was born in 1567 and died in 1619. He was the best known actor of the Elizabethan stage, and played the principal parts in Shakespeare's pieces. By a curious coincidence, the actor, like the author, was born in the little town of Stratford-on-Avon. At an early age he appeared as a player, and by the time he was twenty, had established a reputation. During the next dozen years his fame steadily increased. With his brother, Cuthbert, he built the Globe Theatre, in London, celebrated for its connection with Shakespeare. This theatre was a summer playhouse, the one at Blackfriars, which was roofed in, being utilized in winter. In this venture Burbage had Shakespeare as a partner, both being members of the Lord Chamberlain's company of players. Burbage created many famous rôles, and, from "A Funeral Elegy," of which several versions exist, it seems certain that he was the original Hamlet, Othello, and Lear.

Says the elegiast—

He's gone, and with him what a world is dead,.....
No more young Hamlet, old Hieronimo,
Kind Lear, the grieved Moor, and more beside
That lived in him have now forever died.

And Austin Dobson has a rondeau in which we are reminded that—

When Burbage played, the stage was bare
Of fount and temple, tower and stair;
Two backswords eked a battle out;
Two supers made a rabble rout;
The Throne of Denmark was a chair!
And yet, no less the audience there
Thrilled through all changes of Despair,
Hope, Anger, Fear, Delight, and Doubt,
When Burbage played!

WHAT a fascinating subject to contemplate! Yet how incongruous to imagine "the melancholy Dane" playing opposite a "female impersonator"! There were no women on the stage in Shakespeare's time and the part of Ophelia was created by a boy with a falsetto voice. When the lads' voices "changed," they relinquished feminine rôles for masculine ones. Juliet became Romeo, Portia became Shylock, and Ophelia became Hamlet. Truth is indeed stranger than fiction!

Thomas Betterton was born in 1635 and died in 1710. He was apprenticed to a bookseller who subsequently organized a theatrical troupe. In this way the young man was transferred from a shop to the stage. In 1661 he was a member of Sir William Davenant's company, at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, and soon became a favorite, despite the natural disadvantages of a low voice, small eyes, and an ungainly figure. The best contemporary judges, such as Steele, Cibber, Pepys, and Pope, enthusiastically proclaim the excellence of his interpretations. His repertoire was an extensive one, including many of Shakspeare's plays, Hamlet being especially admired. Early in his career he was sent to Paris by Charles II, to study the French theatre, with a view to improving the English, this visit familiarizing the young actor with the work of Molière. When he played the part of Alvaro, in "Love and Honor,' the king graciously lent his coronation robes. And yet, such were the standards of the day, at no time in his stage career did Betterton receive a larger salary than four pounds a week! To us the thought of a "twenty-dollar Hamlet" seems preposterous. But *autre temps, autre moeurs!*

DAVID Garrick was born in 1717 and died in 1779. His first appearance was at the Goodman's Fields Theatre, where he at once attracted attention. In fact, he created a furore. Gray declared that the town was "horn-mad" about Garrick. After a time, the actor assumed the management of Drury Lane Theatre, and, during a connection that lasted twenty years, he produced a great variety of plays, including twenty-four by Shakespeare. Many of these pieces were "altered" and "adapted" to suit the convenience or conceit of the "star." For instance, Garrick added a dying speech to the text of Macbeth, played the part in modern dress and took great liberties with "The Merchant of Venice." Tate Wilkinson wrote that Garrick's production of Hamlet, in 1773, was well received at Drury Lane Theatre, even by the galleries, "though without their favorite acquaintances, the grave-diggers!" Pitt declared that Garrick was the best actor the English stage had ever produced. Pope avowed that Garrick had no equal, and would have no rival. Horace Walpole added that there were a dozen dukes of a night to see Garrick's performance. Grimm extolled Garrick as the first and only actor who came up to the demands of his imagination. Johnson said, in his "Lives of the Poets," that the death of Garrick had eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure. The famous actor was buried in Westminster Abbey, at the foot of Shakespeare's statue But think of Hamlet without the grave-diggers! Every bit as bad as Hamlet without the Ghost!

JOHN Philip Kemble was born in 1757 and died in 1823. He was the eldest son of Roger Kemble, and was a brother of Sarah Siddons. He was educated for the priesthood, but, at the completion of a four-year course, he turned from the pulpit to the playhouse, adopting the stage as his profession in 1776. Gradually he made a name for himself as a capable performer, and this, combined with the great fame of his sister, led to an engagement at Drury Lane Theatre, where he made his first appearance in 1783, as Hamlet. He was well received, but it was not until 1785, when he played Macbeth, that he actually shared in the honors bestowed upon Mrs. Siddons. Brother and sister appeared together as King John and Constance, and as Othello and Desdemona, being hailed as the greatest actor and actress of the day. His elocutionary art, his fine sense of rhythm and emphasis enabled him to excel in declamation, but physically he was incapable of giving expression to impetuous vehemence and searching pathos. One of his greatest triumphs was in his own version of "Coriolanus," the character of "the noble Roman" being especially suited to "the noble Kemble." His appointment as manager of Drury Lane Theatre, in 1788, enabled him to clothe the characters with less respect for tradition and more regard for correctness. Up to that time actors had appeared in contemporary costumes, and Kemble himself had enacted Hamlet and Macbeth in satin knee-breeches, and a powdered periwig. The word 'anachronism" was unknown in those days—apparently!

William Henry West Betty was born in 1791 and died in 1874. He lives in theatrical history as "The Infant Roscius." From early childhood he was remarkably precocious. He manifested an aptitude for memorizing dramatic verse, and this accomplishment was encouraged by his talented mother. Witnessing a performance by Mrs. Siddons, he resolved to become an actor, and so, in 1803, when he was twelve years of age, he made his stage début. During his first month in the theatre he played four different parts, each the principal rôle in a production. One of these was Romeo. His success was extraordinary and he added Hamlet to his repertoire! These appearances were at Belfast and Dublin, and in 1804, when he was thirteen years of age, he made his London début, at Covent Garden Theatre. The troops had to be called out to preserve order, so great was the crush to obtain admittance. Ireland had been enthusiastic, but England went into ecstasies. Covent Garden engaged Master Betty for twelve performances, at fifty guineas each. Immediately afterwards, Drury Lane engaged him for twenty-eight performances, at seventy-five guineas each.

SUCH salaries were without precedent. During the Drury Lane engagement the gross receipts amounted to more than seventeen thousand pounds. George III presented him to the queen and the princesses. On one occasion the House of Commons adjourned in order to be in time for the performance of Hamlet. The town lost its head completely. A provincial tour was followed by a London reappearance, in 1805, when twenty-four performances were divided between Covent Garden and Drury Lane. In 1808 he made his last appearance as a boy-actor. After studying at Cambridge University, Betty returned to the stage, in 1812, meeting with merely moderate success in London, although he continued to tour the provinces until 1824, when he retired to enjoy the fortune acquired during the early popularity. We "moderns" can only marvel that a thirteen-year-old Romeo and Hamlet could ever be taken seriously, or regarded as anything but a "freak" exhibition, like "the Living Skeleton," etc. *(Concluded on page 56)*



Viola Allen Henry Stanford

Amidst the beautiful surroundings of the Sleepy Hollow Country Club at Scarborough-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., prominent artists recently gave Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" led by Viola Allen. Many well known society people attended. The above picture shows one of the dancing scenes



Photos © Underwood and Underwood

George Hare as Feste, a clown, servant to Olivia in "Twelfth Night" at Ye Old Garden Theatre

(Below)

George Vivian, Percival Vivian, Philip Tonge and Sidney Greenstreet in the Letter Scene, the foliage lending a picturesque background



AN OUTDOOR PERFORMANCE OF "TWELFTH NIGHT"

TEMPER OR TEMPERAMENT—WHICH?

When players owe each other a grudge
they act very much as other mortals do

By ROBERT W. THORNE



POETS, painters, and players often boast of possessing "temperament," believing that the term signifies inspiration and genius. As a matter of fact, "temperament" is frequently synonymous with "temper," especially where players are concerned. Instead of trying to curb this characteristic, many actors and actresses positively cultivate it. Innumerable instances could be cited as cases in point, but the following will suffice as typical examples in which prominent persons are concerned.

Last season a male star and his leading-lady were on terms of pleasant intimacy. The star had provided the costumes worn by the women in the company, but the leading-lady had never been satisfied with her evening gown in the second act. At last she decided to buy a new frock, paying for it out of her own pocket. She kept the matter a secret. She intended it for a surprise. On a certain night the star was on the stage, proceeding with the second act, when the leading-lady appeared, radiant in black-and-silver instead of white-and-gold. The star stopped and stared, forgetting his lines for a moment, and then stumbling over their delivery. The leading-lady had surprised him, but not as she had intended to do! As a result, she was not permitted to play the part for the next three weeks, although her salary was paid her each Saturday. The disgust of the leading-lady was only surpassed by the delight of the understudy.



THIS matter of costumes often creates a difference of opinion. The people who pay for the clothes and the people who wear them sometimes disagree as to what constitutes "style" and "suitability." A certain actress was given a gown which cost a lot of money, but annoyed her exceedingly. Every performance, before and after wearing the frock, she beat it against the walls of her dressing-room, and in other ways illtreated her fragile finery so that within a few weeks the taffeta had cracked and become threadbare. The gown was then shown to the manager, who replaced it with another. But this proved to be a case of jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire, for the second dress was even less becoming than the first.

David Belasco is very wise in regard to the clothes for the members of his companies. He does the most sensible thing possible, for he directs the men and women to go to the tailor or dressmaker the characters they impersonate would be likely to patronize. Thus poor people wear cheap clothes, middle-class people wear average clothes, and society people wear fashionable attire. Sophisticated New Yorkers have sometimes smiled over the costly raiment of a poor working-girl impersonated by a leading-lady with no Belasco to guide her. An actress who has now deserted the speakies for the movies once went to great pains to see that the other women in the company wore gowns appropriately inexpensive, and then went to a Fifth Avenue modiste for her own attire, although in the play all the characters were supposed to be in humble circumstances.

Stage properties, or "props," are generally placed in position at the final rehearsal at the direction of the producer or the star, and each object remains in that particular place for the run of the piece, whether that be for weeks, months, or years. Now and then the position of a chair or a table displeases some member of the company, who remonstrates in vain with the stage-manager and property-man. Last season an actress in a Broadway production had an effective exit, after a scene with the leading-man. She complained that a pedestal just outside the door was in the way. On the pedestal was a bronze figure holding an electric light. Her remarks were ignored. So one night she purposely bumped against the pedestal as she left the room, causing the bronze figure and the electric light to crash upon the stage. The leading-man was disconcerted and the scene was interfered with. After that there was no pedestal in the doorway.



WHEN two people in a company dislike each other, there are many ways in which they can be disagreeable. Now and then they can steal a laugh or queer some business. When the plot calls for physical violence, they can provide unusual realism. In this way two men, two women, or a man and a woman, have fought together, giving vent to their private malice through public exhibitions. Actors feigning duels have managed to actually wound their antagonists, and men and women struggling together have been bruised and battered A few seasons ago two actresses were called upon to play an outraged wife and the cause of the trouble. In the big scene of the play the wife grappled with the adventuress, seizing her by the throat, and stretching her across a table. The adventuress finally retired from the cast, which was just what the wife desired. so after that the strangling scene was much less strenuous.

Another case was in a play in which the leading-lady had some effective scenes with a child. The actress took a dislike to the little girl, and, while she fondled and caressed her, clasping the little darling to her breast, she pinched the innocent victim of her uncalled for resentment until the poor child was black and blue. During this exhibition the women in the audience sobbed audibly. The property-man at the theatre felt so sorry for the child that he gave her a doll.



A MALE star, who was possessed of marked ability and many eccentricities, became notorious for his irritability, which was the outgrowth of his egotism and conceit. He is now no more, but tales are still told of his peculiarities. In an important production he introduced a new leading lady to Broadway. The young woman made a great hit, and was praised by the critics. This annoyed the star. Therefore, when the girl, who had been engaged at a small salary, approached the star, and asked for an increase, he pretended not to know her, and when she insisted that she played an important part, he retorted that he played all the important parts, the rest of the company being supernumeraries. So the girl left the cast, and secured an excellent engagement, becoming a star on her own account.

A woman who was immensely popular a generation ago was given unusual opportunities by a doting manager. She played at a leading theatre, was provided with elaborate productions, and was supported by an excellent company. On one occasion a member of the company proved to be altogether too excellent. In an English melodrama the newcomer played the villainess, while the star played the heroine. On the opening night the adventuress was applauded vociferously. The next day the papers lauded her performance. The star asked the manager to discharge the newcomer. The manager demurred. The star said she would go if the newcomer did not. So the newcomer only acted one night, and was immediately replaced. The star is now dead, and the adventuress has become a general favorite.

During the past season a curious instance occurred which shows the lengths to which persons possessed of "temperament" will go. A play was tried out on the road. It made a hit, and so did the leading lady. The manager arranged to bring the piece to New York, but decided on a popular actress as the star. The creator of the rôle remonstrated, but to no avail. The play came to Broadway, and the star gained fresh triumphs. But she soon began to receive anonymous letters containing terrifying threats. Among other things, she was warned that vitriol would be thrown in her face unless she stopped playing that part. She became so disturbed that her health was affected, and she had to retire temporarily.



THERE have been instances in which understudies have played important rôles under circumstances that were, to say the least, suspicious. A leading man in a certain company was understudied by a fellow who was extremely ambitious, frequently expressing his great desire to act the part, and his keen regret at the slight possibility, for the leading man was never ill. At last, one day the leading man was suddenly indisposed, and the understudy had his chance, and made good. But the doctor reported that the leading man had been poisoned, and it was regarded as significant that the stricken actor had lunched with the understudy in the latter's room on the day the alarming symptoms had been manifested.

The members of a company in which two well-known actors were co-starred were amused or amazed by the constant clashes btween the two gentlemen who in the play were supposed to be the best of friends. It was only with the greatest difficulty that actual violence was prevented, and civility was a mere pretense. The company was like the proverbial "house divided against itself." And, as for some of the all-star casts assembled for popular revivals, they are not only divided, but sub-divided, into as many factions as there are stars. In one such constellation the heroine insisted that the hero ate garlic to annoy her, and the hero insisted that the heroine was all pinpoints to aggravate him.

It is a moot point as to just how far one may safely go with these exhibitions of "temperament." There were two sisters who were young and pretty, sang sweetly and danced divinely. They were featured *(Concluded on page 56)*

(Below)

George White, Lois Leigh and Mabel Withee, in the Long Island bedroom farce scene



(Below)

The "Flirtation Dance," by Ann Pennington and George White



(Above)

George White sings with his feet, the girls with their voices, in this picturesque Spanish number





Photos White

George White and some of the prettiest of the scandalmongers in "The Scandals of 1919"

THE "SCANDALS OF 1919" DANCE INTO BROADWAY

IN THE SPOTLIGHT



Photo Edward Thayer Monroe

(Right)

JEANNETTE TOURNEUR, who plays the chic French girl in the overseas revue, "Toot Sweet," pronounces the word "bluff" with an accent, but she knows the fullness of its meaning. The attractive Parisienne, who has latterly lived in Montreal, had never been on the stage when she opened with "Toot Sweet." When she applied to Will Morrissey for a part, she did not admit lack of experience. She indulged in the usual fib which is accounted harmless when told by an aspirant to a manager. Her first appearance out of town was a dank failure. The manager gently but firmly performed the operation of amputation, but told her to watch her successor while she herself played scenery and atmosphere. The little girl from Paris watched and absorbed and was coached by Elizabeth Brice, the star, and Will Morrissey, the manager, with such diligence that she pleased the most captious audience in the world,—an assemblage of New York first-nighters.



Apeda

(Top)

JESSIE GLENDINNING is an excellent actress by right of intelligence, heredity and marriage. The first she demonstrates eight times a week by her performance of the nurse in "Love Laughs." The second is undoubted for she is the daughter of that sterling English actor, the late John Glendinning. By marriage she was once associated with the house of Miller. She was the wife of Gilbert Miller and furnished Henry Miller his first taste of the sweets of grandfatherhood. Her small daughter, Dorothy, is her gifted mother's knee height. Miss Glendinning, beside having all these ties, is a sister of the successful and recently married Ernest. She has played ingenue rôles with William Collier and John Drew's companies. She was seen in "The White Feather" and "The Man Who Stayed at Home."



Harold Harvey

(Left)

AN exotic atmosphere hangs about LA SYLPHE in "Scandals of 1919." She is the daughter of a clerygman Her father occupied a New York pulpit. But because the Gerry Society forbade her appearance in the metropolis, the little girl of six with the India rubber muscles went abroad, capably chaperoned, of course, by her mother. Her training as a dancer was conducted in London, Paris, Brussels and Milan. She has made four round-the-world tours. She was *première danseuse* at the Alhambra Music Hall in London. It was in "The Vision of Salome" that she was reintroduced to her own country.

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



GARRICK. Theatre Guild in "JOHN FERGUSON," Play in four acts by St. John Ervine, produced May 12 with this cast:

Sarah	Helen Westley
John Ferguson	Augustin Duncan
Hannah	Helen Freeman
Clutie	Henry Herbert
James Cæsar	Dudley Digges
Andrew	Rollo Peters
H. Withrow	S. Roger Lytton
Postman	Walter Geer

DURING its brief preliminary season at the Garrick, the Theatre Guild demonstrated its right to live. It proved its capacity to take a leading and living place in the theatrical activity of this city. It is to be hoped that the public response will be such that next year it may further emphasize its real usefulness in disseminating a knowledge of a certain phase of drama which present commercial necessities preclude.

Its directors in its propaganda wish distinctly to remove the misconception that its purpose is "non-commercial." On the contrary its plans are based on what it regards as sound commercial policy. That as the average manager believes only in plays that will run for a season, it is convinced that there is a very positive public interested in "enjoyable plays of quality" and that the production of five or more such pieces in the course of a season will serve a distinct purpose in widening the public's familiarity with a class of entertainment—not necessarily high-brow—but of a kind that the millions never did nor never will clamor for.

Such reasoning is sound. Publishers will still go on printing the works of Conrad and Galsworthy even though a rival in the mean time is selling a million copies of "Freckles." There is no logical reason why some of us should ever be deprived of the chance to see and hear "John Ferguson," because the great public prefers "Way Down East" to St. John Ervine's study of Northern Irish life. Produced for one week only, the demand was such that its run was extended for more than a month, a practical evidence that a good thing will always find admirers.

"John Ferguson" is a good thing. It is an admirable play in construction, character drawing and dialogue. It has literary quality and while severely drear in story—it is really a tragedy, quite like a Greek one in its fatalistic trend,—is finely stimulating and positively compelling in its fascinating obsession.

The acting, especially by the men, was of a very high order of histrionic merit, particularly the title rôle by Augustin Duncan. His son, of a more pessimistic and wordly practical term of mind, takes on a real tinge of poetical stolidity as pictured by Rollo Peters. The errant beggar, "Clutie" John Magrath, not strong in the head, a half-wit, largely responsible through his elfish persistency for the tragedy, is presented by Henry Herbert with fine pictorial significance; while a character sketch of brilliant intensity, fine artistic balance and genuine dramatic power is contributed by Dudley Digges as the boastful Jimmy Cæsar, at heart an arrant coward. Helen Westley's staccato style was out of place as Ferguson's wife, but Helen Freeman as the daughter, willing to sacrifice herself to revive the family fortunes was emotionally effective.

BIJOU. "LOVE LAUGHS." Comedy in three acts by George D. Parker. Produced May 20 with this cast:

Matthew Smith	Arthur Allen
Beverly Phillips,	Katherine Alexander
Mrs. Norton	Ida Waterman
Dr. John Norton	Lionel Adams
Burke	Charles Greene
Montgomery Kent	Harold Hendee
Helen Moore	Jessie Glendinning
Sylvester Marrabel	Harold West
Marie	Beatrice Yorke

TWO shows for the price of one" might well be the slogan of "Love Laughs," the three-act piece which Edwin E. Kohn recently offered at the Bijou. It is really two plays—one a comedy of propinquity and love, the other a melodrama of "stolen" gems and midnight burglary—neatly dovetailed somewhere near the middle of Act II.

In the beginning a misogynist nerve specialist is besought by a love-struck bachelor who asks to be made sick so that he can be nursed by his inamorata. Propinquity, says the bachelor, will bring about the desired engagement. Taunted as a "piker" the doctor administers what appears to be a saturated solution of blue vitriol, and the ten days' illness is on.

Propinquity, in fact, does its work. It is the doctor's ward, however, to whom the bachelor becomes affianced, while the physician himself wins the heart of the nurse. All this requires no more than an act and a half to recount, and thereafter show number two begins.

The charming nurse is really not a nurse at all. She is merely a famous London specialist's daughter. Her father, a widower, is about to marry a much younger woman, and daughter has fled with her mother's jewels. Father sends a detective to recover the gems without arresting the girl. The detective is breaking into the American doctor's safe in Act III when everybody else in the house happens in, and the explanations are forthcoming.

The chief claim to interest in "Love Laughs," lies more in the laughs than in the love. With a more gifted company, much of the piece would have been very funny, indeed. As it is, there are many amusing moments, most of them connected with the artificially induced illness. By far the best moments of the show occur, however, immediately after the rise of the first curtain during a scene which delightfully satirizes the mental healing fad.

This scene is animated by an excellent character bit contributed by Arthur Allen, who, unfortunately, never returns to the scene thereafter. He is aided by Katherine Alexander, a strikingly handsome, though extensive, young woman, who plays the specialist's fad-hunting ward. Lionel Adams is the doctor, and Harold Hendee, the love-struck bachelor. The honors, however, go to Jessie Glendinning as the nurse. She succeeds in seeming like a real person.

LIBERTY. "SCANDALS OF 1919." Musical review. Book and lyrics by Arthur Jackson and George White, music by Richard Whiting. Produced on June 2 with this cast:

Ann Pennington	George Bickel
Mabel Withee	Lester Allen
Yvette Rugel	Al Sexton
La Sylphe	Bennett and Richards
Ethel Delmar	Lowell B. Drew
Dorothy St. Clair	Bert Hanlon
Lois Leigh	Larry Beck
Ona Munson	James Miller

George White



KATHRYN PERRY

Well-known Ziegfeld girl who combines beauty with simplicity

Photos Alfred Cheney Johnston



MAURESETTE

A Lucille model promoted this season to the "Follies" ranks



BETTY HALE

A newcomer who is likely to gain many admirers

B E A U T Y C O M E S T O T O W N



MARTHA MANSFIELD

A study, by Alfred Cheney Johnston, of one of the prettiest flowers in Ziegfeld's beauty bouquet

IN THE "ZIEGFELD FOLLIES"

AMERICA, having of late almost no stage satire worthy of the name, has taken to substituting vaudeville hodge-podges under the misleading caption of revues. The latest of these is George White's "Scandals of 1919," which, purporting to flick at the foibles of the time with the lash of travesty, does nothing of the sort.

Instead, it arrives at whatever entertainment features it possesses through the individual work of a few vaudeville experts and a lavish expenditure of money for costumes, if not for scenery. In brief, these 1919 scandals consist solely of a handsome chorus, handsomely gowned, a regiment of expert dancers, and one singing voice. The voice, be it noted, is that of Miss Yvette Rugel (who doesn't look the least bit yvettish), and she uses it to sing the same songs that she floated over the footlights at the Palace a few weeks earlier. Indeed, Miss Rugel still wears her vaudeville gowns.

Undoubtedly, the "1919 Scandals" have their high spots. The highest one of all is, curiously enough, the most diminutive—that is to say, Ann Pennington. Anybody who doesn't like Ann Pennington all the time ought never to be permitted inside a theatre. Miss Pennington is a Jazz Baby, as she so freely admits. And dancing which, if done by others, would be sadly vulgar, when done by her becomes innocently fetching. I refer particularly to that recent popular dance which suggests one of the favorite beverages at the old-fashioned drugstore.

The next high spot is supplied by a team known as Bennett and Richards. The smaller of the two does some extraordinarily grotesque and dynamic dancing. There are as many smiles in this gentleman's legs, I might say, as there are dimples in Ann Pennington's; and that is rare praise, indeed.

Also there is La Sylphe, a young woman who makes contortion a blessing, but not as some other dancers contort. George White, of course, is unlimited in his ability as a conventional variety stepper, and his assistants, including the chorus, are all well trained.

As for the comedy part—alas and alack! George Bickel is there—he who used to be so amusing in the old "Follies" with Harry Watson, and now as mirthful as a pallbearer. One Lowell Drew by his buffoonery draws a few snickers—and that's about all.

The feeble attempts at burlesque involve a Long Island bedroom farce scene and murder trial, a Peacock Alley scene, a hospital skit, and unlimited gibing at prohibition. It is all as subtle as a Big Bertha and almost as deadly. "Why do we have prohibition?"—"Because this is a free country"—about sums up the wit for which Arthur Jackson and George White claim credit.

When there was so much money to be spent, Mr. White might have set aside a few dollars for a good scenario writer.

HENRY MILLER'S. "LA, LA, LUCILLE!" Farce with music. Book by Fred Jackson, music by George Gershwin; lyrics by Arthur J. Jackson and B. G. De Silva. Produced on May 26 with this cast:

Johnathon Jaynes	J. Clarence Harvey
Lucille Jaynes Smith	Janet Velie
John Smith	John E. Hazzard
Oyama	M. Rale
Nicholas Grimsby	Maurice Cass
Thomas Brady	Sager Midgely
Mrs. Thomas Brady	Cordelia MacDonald
Allan Brady	John Lowe
Reginald Blackwood	Alfred Hall
Fanny	Eleanor Daniels
Mlle. Victorine	Marjorie Bentley
Britton Hughes	Lorin Raker
Mrs. Britton Hughes	Helen Clark
A Bellboy	Edward DeCamp
A Waiter	Harold D. Millar
Duffey	George W. Callahan
Colonel Marrion	Stanley H. Forde
A Stranger	Estar Banks

SUMMER wear in comic opera, in the matter of the texture of its ideas, is expected to be light and thin, but it would seem to be a popular error inasmuch as observation proves that they are not and cannot possibly be, as things go, any lighter in one season than in another. All substance has gone out of them, but the volatile essence of entertainment remains. What was serious—a discomfort in the realities of life—becomes a joy on the stage.

Here we have "La, La, Lucille," at the sedate Henry Miller's Theatre in which bill collectors chase the golden hours away with tripping feet. Instead of the debtor giving the collectors a "song and dance," they provide him with a multitudinous one. The debtor in this case is John Smith, alias John E. Hazzard, who has accumulated so many debts that an old and pecunious Aunt (in dying for the sake of the story), has left him two million dollars if he gets a divorce from his wife whom he had picked up (as men do) from the chorus.

Two million. Something has to be done. This is agreed to by the wife, the daughter of the Dentist's Father-in-Law, and a co-respondent has to be found with whom he is to compromise himself in the room of an hotel. It is to be a harmless compromise. Observe how delicate it is. The scrubwoman agrees to function at a moderate price.

You may well believe that at the Bridal Suite of the Hotel Philadelphia, New York, everybody of any consequence in the action is innocently compromised, including the real bride and groom that occupy the room, as well as the Southern Colonel who comes to visit his daughter, Peggy, the wife of the party of the second part, the rightful tenant of the bridal chamber.

This may not seem an altogether favorable subject for amusement and hilarious activity, but it must be remembered that pretty much everything depends on the number of doors and closets, and that when these are provided in abundance plus the irate husband, a human bomb, a foreigner, armed with a knife as pliable as a scalpel and sharper than a serpent's tooth, you can imagine there is lots of fun.

"La, La, Lucille" is described as a farce with music. Music it has, much music, by George Gershwin, directed by Charles Previn. Janet Velie, as Lucille; Helen Clark, as Peggy, and Marjorie Bentley, as the cabaret dancer, danced and sang well with the mere men of the cast. The chorus is unremittingly active and comely. As to taste, the color combinations are notable.

SHUBERT. "A LONELY ROMEO." Musical comedy in three acts. Book by Harry B. Smith and Lew Fields; lyrics by Robert Smith; music by Malvin M. Franklin and Robert Hood Bowers. Produced on June 10 with this cast:

Ananias Beebe	Willie Solar
Marcelle Wave	Catherine Van Pelt
Tom Thomas	Jack Kellar
Augustus Tripp	Lew Fields
Mazie Gay	Frances Cameron
Kitty Blythe	Eleanor Henry
Milton	Herbert Fields
Mabel Love	Jennette Cooke
Gilbert Grant	Alan Hale
Sybil Tripp	Violet Wilson
Alexina Tripp	Octavie Broske
Daisy Cloak	Fay Tunis
Mamie Bennett	Helen Blake
Larry Tripp	Harry Clarke
Madame Flambaux	Muriel Lodge
Francois	Pauline Garon
Jimmy Lock	Charlie Mitchell
Ichabod Wintergreen	Frank Doane
Cy Perkins	Charlie Mitchell
Meeda Tharra	Helen Fox
Dorothy Marshmallow	Marion Dorr
Rider Lott	Frank Cornell
Mona Tone	Jessica Brown
Clarice Scream	Virginia De Lillies

MIRABILE DICTU! the libretto of "A Lonely Romeo" that stellarizes Lew Fields at the Shubert actually has a plot. It begins with a story which is carried through to the final fall of the cur-

(Concluded on page 56)



White

RUTH MacTAMMANY
As Sylvia—The Lady in Red



ADELE ROWLAND
In her amusing imitation of Fay Bainter



ADELAIDE GLORIA
A pleasing dance feature of the piece

THREE FAVORITES IN "THE LADY IN RED"



Salvation Army Lassies in "Toot Sweet," the clever Overseas Revue at the Nora Bayes Theatre

MUSICAL SHOWS HOLD THE BOARDS FOR THE SUMMER

THE JOB OF BEING AN ACTOR

No easy way to fame in the theatre, but a substantial reward awaits success

By OTIS SKINNER



THE profession of acting is one of the broadest occupations known, because there is an equality in it that surpasses any other job. Men and women of all ages meet upon an equal footing of competitive work, upon equal expectations of success. The actor's job is an ideal chance in the game of life, because it promises the triumph that leads to health, wealth and happiness. When the curtain rings up on the actor's job, there stretches before him a far horizon with the golden light of fame peeping over it. It is a perspective that differs from that of any other artistic occupation, because every new job for an actor may be the hour of his triumph. It is full of surprises, its opportunities are so many.

In considering the actor's job from the starting point it is the most attractive outlook because it is the art of democratic splendor. To-night you may be depicting the magnificence of Cæsar, tomorrow night you may be creeping on as an obscure beggar, and the third night you may be playing the devil. All these impersonations, or any one of them, may serve to reveal the hidden fires of genius. On the other hand they may reveal something quite contrary to genius. But it makes no difference. Each one of these great figures of the imagination draws salary, and usually a good one, a better one than any similar effort might earn in any other profession. So the actor's job begins. He crowds through the stage door that swings open to him recognizing that it leads to the El Dorado of his imagination, as well as to the empty pocket book. That is the way we shall begin the actor's job, full of the promethean fire that must be smouldering in the actor's make-up before he puts on his grease paint. Remember, I say this is the way he begins. Like all other beginnings it is full of glorious expectations, of adventures in art that have in them the uncertainty of success.



THE matter of selection of parts which frequently embarrass the actor should be eliminated from the very beginning of the career. The notion that an actor belongs to a certain type of stage character is not artistically useful. Although men and women as Shakespeare has said, "play many parts" in real life, the nature of their performances should have no bearing upon their impersonations in the theatre. The proper equipment of an actor should be plastic and adaptable to the requirements of the actor's job, so that he can apply himself to the emergencies of any part given him to play. He is confronted at the beginning of the career with various kinds of plays. He may be cast in the romantic drama, the modern drama, the classic drama, the improbable farce, or the gray problem studies of purpose plays. In reviewing these various canvasses in which he expects to be a figure as an actor, he must not assume that nature has presented him with any special gift for any single one of these different sort of plays. When people speak to me of romantic drama they intend of course to identify the sort of play that reveals the emotions of men and women a few hundred years ago. The impression of romantic drama is often made to imply these men and women were quite a different kind from what we are today I cannot agree with any such premises. Because an actor wears a cloak and sword instead of a frock coat and a silk hat, he does not become different in the inspired temperament of his impersonation, he does not go beyond the boundaries of the eternal emotional instincts of human nature. The wig, the coat, the boots, the waistcoat cannot change the impulses of his impersonation. All the characters that lived hundreds of years ago were men and women very much like all other men and women of today. Certain periods in history may have affected the manners and the expressions of thought, but they have not altered the underlying forces of emotional impulse from which the actor's job proceeds.



THEREFORE, it makes no difference when the actor passes through the stage door what clothes he changes into. It makes no difference what his costume may be, the chief anxiety of his job should be an impersonation of character that the ages have not altered. The great motives of all kinds of drama are related to the generations that have inspired them, and the actor's job is to discover that relationship. Whether he is appearing in so-called romantic drama, in classic plays, in modern or problem moods of the theatre, he has only one chief consideration in his work and that is sincerity of impersonation. It is a sincerity that he draws from his artistic judgment, his observation of his fellow beings around him, of his own interpretation of emotional facts.

An actor should be able to interpret any mood, any age, any eccentricity of speech, of gesture, of movement or of mind. He must live in passive obedience to the impression of human beings about him; from them he will learn all the requirements of impersonation. It may be that in appearance and voice he will be especially adapted to certain types on the stage. These are imitations that he should avoid. The actor's job is an all-around sympathy and perception of the primitive impulses in human nature.



IT is often insisted that acting consists of mimicry. If mimicry were all that was necessary for an actor there would be no color to the art of acting, no high lights of the soul that one finds in the mystery of any artistic masterpiece, whether it is a picture, a play, or a performance in the theatre. There are actors who have a great gift of mimicry, who can give a surprising imitation of other actors, and who can entertain brilliantly with this unusual talent. In the sense that they are employed in the theatre, they are actors, but this ability does not fulfill my idea of an actor's job. Even the magnetism which these very clever entertainers possess is not sufficient to include them among the actors who have succeeded in their jobs as actors. Impersonation includes magnetism, but it requires more than that to preserve the illusion. It requires a different force of imagination, a sustained quality of artistic effort, a climactic energy to complete the true outline. If the actor's job consisted merely of mimicry we should lose the inspiring influence upon our minds and our hearts that a distinguished performance of any character gives us in the theatre. There is nothing more important in the actor's job than to understand the difference between mimicry and impersonation. Its qualities do not depend upon make-up or costume, they depend upon the gift of acting, a gift that is as much a part of the mystery of inspiration, as the magic of the poet, the painter, the sculptor or the writer. It is a union of imagination and technique, a combined impulse that springs from temperament.

There have been many cases where the actor's talent seems to be entirely an inherited quality. There have been generations of fine actors in one family. For instance, there are the Barrymores and the Drews, who by inheritance have preserved the temperament of inspiration in the theatre. The associations of theatrical life very often inspire success on the stage. The other night at a dinner given to Mrs. Fiske, she entertained us with delightful stories of her own career. She told us how she had practically been cradled close to the stage door, how her mother, who was an actress, used to leave her on the top of the trunk in the dressing-room, cosily tucked up in a baby blanket while she did her work on the stage. Then, when this inspired baby grew up to be old enough to stand on her feet, she was literally pushed on to the stage and has been there ever since, a foremost figure in contemporary theatrical history.



THESE are the exceptions. The actor's job does not depend upon whether he is weaned on a trunk in a dressing-room, or whether he is born under less romantic, untheatrical surroundings. It depends upon whether he has the gift of impersonation, whether he has the artistic temperament.

Another matter which concerns the actor's job from the very beginning, is a realization that there is no easy way to success in the theatre. Like every other achievement of any kind in the world, it is a matter of hard work. Acting needs many sacrifices, as those who consider it a playful opportunity, a chance to display the vanities of beauty or of voice, soon discover. It is a case of working like the very devil to get a foothold at the top. It is the most difficult kind of work because it entails physical strength, infinite patience, the greatest care of health, the utmost restraint in dissipation. Above all it alienates from all other interests that are usually a part of the average experience. The actor's job is a continuous study. All these things are in themselves enjoyable, of course, but they involve one's strength and one's illusions. Both must be preserved, both must be continually renourished, and the inspiration which is the inner force must be kept ablaze.

Youth is the source of the greatest inspiration in the actor's job. It is glorious to be young, young enough to aspire to the top of the ladder, young enough to know nothing of the difficulty of the climb. The younger you are when you



IVY SAWYER

As Jacqueline, the bride, who marries before she is of age, and consequently is the cause of all the trouble



Photos Abbe

THE DUNCAN SISTERS

Whose kid act is one of the brightest bits of the piece



ARLINE CHASE

"What's in a name?" This is Gladys Grace of "She's a Good Fellow" whose dancing proves that she lives up to her rôle



PAULINE HALL



HELEN LOVETT

Who lend a picturesque background to the song hit, *"Jubilo,"* costumed as brides of yesteryear

"SHE'S A GOOD FELLOW" A MUSICAL HIT AT THE GLOBE

begin the actor's job, the greater your chance of success, providing you have in you some of the equipments I have tried to suggest. But youth alone pressing its ardent way to success will not be enough. You must have in your youth an infinite love of the work, a tireless energy to improve in it, a sort of inner thrill at the opportunity to test your strength, a joyous sense of triumph that you will win a great name in the theatre. There is no school, to my mind, that can promise so much in the actor's job, as that school which is in your heart, that delightful classroom of laughing illusions, whose schoolmaster is yourself.

Occasionally one hears about certain actors who belong to a certain school of acting. There is no such thing. Acting has only one classification and that is in the first class of artistic impersonation. No part is too small for an actor to interpret the distinction of his profession, and no part is bigger than the actor who plays it. The rewards are various and ample.

The chief reward of the actor's job is the pleasure of the work itself. Even in an uncongenial part, in a play that does not fully sustain the artistic expectation of the actor, his work at every performance is a delightful exercise of the fruition of his talents. The applause is the refreshing stimulus, the proof that he has done a good job as an actor. Then, of course, there are other rewards. There is the reward of celebrity, which is a sort of crown that never loses its lustre. There is the reward of material comfort which every profession strives for. There is the reward of justifying the years of labor, of sacrifice, of effort. And, there is the reward of having reached a place of distinction in a great art, that may not be forgotten when the last performance has been given. As to the reward of criticism, that has been, or should be a source of so much assistance to the actor, that he may review it with gratitude.

The impression that the actor's job separates him from the usual home-ties because of the distances he must travel during the success of a great play, this may have its inconveniences, but they are merely superficial. Like any other job, the actor's job has its duties, but they by no means threaten the home-ties if the home is in his heart. The actor's life is twofold. He lives the normal life of a good citizen in his personal relations to those he cares for, and he lives the life of a good artist in the presence of the public. His life is not very different from that of any other man who respects himself and works honestly at his professional labor. Take it all in all, the actor's job is a very good one. He is very often envied by men in other professions who work twice as hard for half the reward.

The outlook in the theatre just now is very encouraging. New actors are giving interesting performances in new plays written by new authors, and it seems as though the stage is living up to the opportunities of reconstruction. We are getting away from the old habit of selecting actors for their outward advantages. We are paying less heed to the old idea that a character should be played by a type. The actor's job is no longer a pretense such as it once was; it has become an art with great expectation.

As I have said an actor should be able to impersonate any character given to him, no matter what his personality off the stage may be. His impersonation should not be merely a matter of wigs, or costumes, or make-up. For, in every play whether written by Shakespeare, Ibsen, Pinero, Fitch, or any of the Greek masters the emotions and the impulses of drama are those of ourselves, of the men and women living around us today. So, when the curtain rings up on the first job the young actor has, he may preserve this impression, that he belongs to the great tide of human feeling that began a thousand years ago, and has not changed its source since then.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

Efrem Zimbalist is a devout worshipper of Beethoven?

Laurette Taylor was born in New York, but is of Irish descent?

Douglas Fairbanks attended the Colorado School of Mines and later went to Harvard University, being known at both places for his fun loving spirit?

Ruth St. Denis designs and oversees the making of her stage settings, including the painting of scenery, and making of her own costumes and those of her company, writes her own dance dramas and produces her own terpsichorean plays?

Thomas A. Wise is head of the fund for wounded actors?

Harry Lauder has been made a Knight in recognition of his services to the British Empire during the war?

Constance Binney, the young star of "39 East," at the Broadhurst, is a pupil of Cechetti, the famous Italian dancing teacher who trained Pavlowa and Nijinsky?

Rachel Crothers not only writes successful plays, but also evolves lighting effects and designs costumes for them?

While still in his teens, Robert B. Mantell ran away from his home in Scotland and came to America to become an actor. But in two weeks, penniless, and with no engagement, he sailed disconsolately home?

Ruth Chatterton was discovered by Henry Miller's son, Gilbert?

Chrystal Herne is the daughter of the well-known actor-playwright, James A. Herne?

Ten years ago Irving Berlin was a singer in East Side cabarets, and to-day he is the world's most popular song writer? He is a Russian Jew, the son of a Cantor, and spent most of his childhood on New York's East Side.

Mildred Arden, daughter of the late Edwin Arden, has a rôle in "39 East" and Edith Gresham, daughter of the well-known director, Herbert Gresham, also plays an important part in the same piece?

Virginia Pearson enjoys the reputation of being the best gowned woman in filmland?

Hazel Dawn of "Up In Mabel's Room" and Margaret Romaine of the Metropolitan Opera Company, are sisters? So are Janet Beecher and Olive Wyndham.

Duse never responds to a curtain call?

Olga Petrova made her first appearance in this country in legitimate drama in "Panthea," at the Booth Theatre in 1914, scoring a tremendous hit?

At the Opera House there is a large dressmaking department where the costumes are made for the chorus under the supervision of a wardrobe mistress?

Mary Pickford, the darling of the films, was born in Toronto on April 8, 1893, and went on the stage at the age of five?

A $10,000 prize for the best American play submitted was once offered by Winthrop Ames? Two thousand, six hundred and forty manuscripts were turned in, and from these Alice Brown's "Children of Earth" was selected. The piece was produced by Mr. Ames, but was not a success.

Olive Tell is a graduate of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts?

Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., spent $35,000 in costuming the chorus alone of one of his "Follies?"

Frank Craven, who has recently been popular in "Going Up," was the original Jimmy Gilley in "Bought and Paid For?" At one time Mr. Craven worked in a tack factory, his next job was that of mail clerk in a Boston real estate office, after which he went on the stage.

At sixteen, Blanche Ring played Lady Capulet to Zeffie Tilbury's Juliet?

Richard Mansfield used a private car when traveling throughout the country to play engagements, and in that way suffered no inconveniences?

Ernest Truex of "Please Get Married," attracted attention at the age of five by his precocious acting and was hailed as a prodigy throughout the West?

Viola Dana, now a star of the screen, appeared in the title rôle of "The Poor Little Rich Girl" in 1914, on Broadway, and because of her youth had to be registered at the office of the Gerry Society and have a special permit issued for her to act?

Ann Orr, who has scored a personal hit in "She's a Good Fellow" is a Western girl? She was born in Piqua, Ohio, and educated at St. Mary's Academy at Terre Haute.

Roi Cooper Megrue, author of "Under Cover," "It Pays To Advertise," "Tea For Three," etc., was a playreader in Elizabeth Marbury's office for eleven years?

David Wark Griffith was on the stage for eight years during which time he wrote for magazines and began a playwright's career with a play produced by James K. Hackett? Now he is known everywhere as the genius of the films.

Forbes-Robertson's father, a Scotchman, was a celebrated art critic and historian? Sir Johnston, himself, decided to become an artist and studied at the Academy with that end in view, but forsook the brush for the sock and buskin at the age of twenty-two.

The THEATRE MAGAZINE is the one and only magazine of the stage?



Photo Mary Dale Clarke

WALTER HAMPDEN

Ranked by some critics as the greatest living Hamlet and now appearing at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre with great success



Moffett

MABEL MOORE

This charming and sympathetic Ophelia is Mrs. Walter Hampden in private life



Moffett

MARY HALL

Who imparts dignity to the rôle of Queen Gertrude, had Shakespearian training with E. H. Sothern



Moffett

ALBERT BRUNING

An experienced and favorite Broadway actor who gives authority to the rôle of Polonius

A NOTABLE PRODUCTION OF "HAMLET"

JOHN BARRYMORE'S BARBER

Reversing the old adage, the actor is really a hero to his tonsorial attendant

By MARIA SERMOLINO



John Barrymore's barber in caricature

NO, he's never worn a moustache. His moustache is fake, a good fake though. Why, even I, his very own barber sit up and stare at him in the movies when he wears a moustache. It can't seem possible that it's false, yet I ought to know for moustaches don't grow over night and I shave him every day."

Thus was shattered the illusion about the dear little moustache, the neat little moustache that hung on John's lip. John Barrymore wear a false moustache! Monstrous, impossible, preposterous! That prototype, that exemplary moustache of the age, attempted by many but achieved by few, that idol at whose shrine the stenographers, telephone operators, parlor maids and débutantes of the country have worshipped, that fetich,—false? An answer in the affirmative must be carefully weighed before pronouncing it. Consider the effect on the faith of the youth of the country, the terrible moral consequences of shattering a belief so firmly deep-rooted. Yet the evidence of the barber is indisputable, unequivocal.

"False, you said?"

YES, sure." From the calm, unperturbed manner it was evident he did not realize the importance of his tremendous disclosure. "He's been smooth-shaven ever since I've known him. Anyway, he's too nervous for a moustache. He would worry the poor thing to death. He's so fidgety he can't even sit still long enough for a manicure."

The light, curly-haired guardian of the nails of the patrons of Signor Conti's barber shop sighed. "Oh.... and such beautiful hands as he has. The fingers are long, slender, the palm so gracefully curved. Ah. . . but his nails, and his cuticle, they are ragged, unshapely, mutilated. It's criminal the way he disfigures such exquisite hands. But he is so high-strung and nervous that he is always pinching his finger tips, or plucking and picking at his cuticle with his teeth. Think of it, with such hands!"

Again she solemnly sighed. To her mind here were the elements of a tragedy. You see, she was not a calcomined, shrilled-voiced daughter of the streets of Manhattan. She spoke with a soft foreign accent. She was an artist in the care of hands.

Bite his nails, John Barrymore? That used to be the prerogative of boys and girls of the past century. Surely some mother must still have in an old medicine chest some of that bitter, yellowy, smelly stuff which mothers used to dab on their children's nails. It might be well to dig it out to help save the nails of John and lessen the sorrow of the manicurist.

Signor Conti's barber shop is on Washington Place, just off Washington Square. It is a small place, almost entirely lined with mirrors, with many queer sterilizing devices, three chairs, and one assistant barber. The assistant barber takes care of the shop when Signor Conti is away shaving Mr. Barrymore. That task at times takes eight minutes, at others, an hour and a half, and several times it has been known to occupy the entire morning. In the last case the assistant barber is rushed, customers are irritated and the manicurist is worried lest an accident has happened to Mr. Conti in his journey from the shop to Mr. Barrymore's apartment.

OCCASIONALLY, in the summer time, the little shop on Washington Place is honored by the presence of the great John. One day last summer when the bachelor apartments of Washington Square were monopolized by United States army nurses waiting for sailing orders, Mr. Conti's barber shop was visited by four of these young women of indefinite age, trimly clad in navy blue. One whose reddish hair was being transformed into a white foamy pyramid, sat on a chair behind a screen. Another held her right hand in a soapy bowl while her left was being shaped by the curator of hands. Two others sat on the hard, straight, black chairs which Mr. Conti must have purchased from a manufacturer endorsed by the correct posture league. A sporty car stopped in front of the shop, a slender, graceful young man stepped out and entered.

"Good morning."

"Good morning, sir."

Eight minutes later the gentleman left. No commotion, no unusual sound from the women. Mr. Conti has an eye for the dramatic. He stepped towards the women.

"Ladies," they paid little attention to him. "Ladies," he insisted, "do you know who that man was?"

The response to his appeal to their curiosity was instantaneous. Eight questioning eyes were turned towards him and four mouths asked, "Who?"

"Why, that,—that was John Barrymore!"

THERE was a mad scramble towards the door and window, but they had hesitated too long for all they saw was the bluish thick smoke from the exhaust of the departing motor. They then heaped questions on the master barber who had now become an important personage for them. One thought it would be fun to buy the towel which the great favorite had used, another tried to purchase the brush, but Mr. Conti would not be bribed.

"It's lots of fun telling women about celebrities who come here. They always seem to recognize names and seem to know who they are. Men don't seem to know much about that kind of stuff, anyway they don't fall for it. Maybe they're jealous. If I tell my men customers: 'The gentleman who just left is John Barrymore,' they don't even bother to turn around; they just mumble something like. 'You don't say,' or 'Who's he?' or 'Is that so?' And then fall asleep again or keep on reading."

Instances in which Mr. Conti can brag about the presence in his shop of the dramatic patron are rare, however, for Mr. Barrymore is usually shaved in his own apartment which is one block south from the barber shop.

There is no special tonsorial equipment in Mr. Barrymore's abode to facilitate the shaving operation, but none is needed for Mr. Barrymore always shaves in bed, except when Mr. Conti attempts to shave him while at the telephone. Whether he be undressed, half-dressed or all-dressed, he lies on the bed for a shave. He does not like to be shaved in a chair and will not sit in one.

A PLAIN shave is all he wants," explained Mr. Conti.

"He always combs his own hair, never fusses about with creams and perfumes, so the shaving job is pretty quick. But when the telephone rings, ah, then that is a different story. Sometimes he goes to the 'phone with his face all white and lathered. By the time he is through the lather is dry and powdery, no use at all any more, and still he insists on being shaved without a fresh lather. Several times, on matinée days, I shaved him while he stood talking at the 'phone. It's not easy, especially with Mr. Barrymore, and I've come pretty near cutting him. He gets so terribly excited over the wire. and when he swears he opens his mouth so wide and moves the muscles of his face so much that it is almost impossible to make any progress. He just talks and talks, and the party on the other side talks, too. Sometimes I've waited twenty minutes for him to finish his conversation, sometimes forty, fifty. Once after waiting an hour and a half I called through the closed door, 'Mr. Barrymore shall I wait any more?' He yelled back 'NO,'—such a terrible *no* that it sounded as if he'd used a great big megaphone. During some calls I stay in the room, but I must sit very still and quiet; during others I understand he'd rather have me go out. Sometimes I can stay in and make all the noise I want for he'd never hear me over the terrible noise he is making himself. That's usually when he swears, —and when he begins swearing, whew!"

"And you, a good Christian, tolerate all this?"

"Mr. Barrymore is a good customer." Mr. Conti shrugged his shoulders in a manner familiar to non-Gentile comedians. "He is temperamental, artistic, but—" and this he said as though it were his crowning achievement, "he pays his bills like a first-class business man."



From a photograph by Bruguiere

Helen Westley, Helen Freeman, Augustin Duncan, Henry Herbert, Dudley Digges and Rollo Peters

A LETTER that never came—it was to pay off the mortgage—is responsible for a series of events culminating in murder and the prospect of an execution—such is the plot of St. John Ervine's impressive study of Northern Irish life which, by its brilliant treatment, held the attention from start to finish. The title rôle, an invalided farmer with a perfect faith that God makes all for the best, is presented with noble dignity, restraint and underlying power by Augustin Duncan.

"JOHN FERGUSON"—A DRAMATIC TRIUMPH FOR THE THEATRE GUILD

WHAT IS A GOOD PLAY?

Frankly I don't know and I don't think you want to know

By EDWIN CARTY RANCK



WHAT is a good play? When you go to the theatre to be entertained, what sort of a play do you like best—and why? Have you, Mr. Playgoer, or you, Mrs. Playgoer, ever asked yourself just what it is that appeals to you particularly in a play?

I have often wondered if any playgoer, outside of the professional dramatic critics, members of the Drama League of America and students of the drama, ever really stopped to analyze a play, take it to pieces and see what made the dramatic wheels turn 'round. Precious few, I will wager. And yet if you *did* think seriously about the play that you have just seen, it is a safe bet that there was some one thing in particular about it that made you declare it either a good or a bad play.

And in asking you this question, another very interesting problem has arisen that forces me to ask myself a question: Is the play after all, *the* thing? Isn't it the actor's personality that counts more with the general public than the greatest play ever written? We have had two instances of this during the past theatrical season. It was not "Hamlet" that playgoers went to see. They went to see Walter Hampden play *Hamlet*; they wanted to see what sort of a *Hamlet* he would make; they wanted to compare his *Hamlet* with Forbes Robertson's *Hamlet*. To such an extent was this true that Mr. Hampden's manager "played up" Hampden's name in bigger type in his advertisements than he did *Hamlet's*. The advertisements read: HAMPDEN in *Hamlet*. Alas, poor *Hamlet!*



AND take the play "Redemption," founded upon Tolstoi's famous play "The Living Corpse." This play had languished in book form for fifteen years or more before any manager had the temerity to produce it. It was a big play. I remember reading it ten years ago and wondering why it had never been produced in this country. As a matter of fact, it never would have been produced, had not Arthur Hopkins had the gumption to see that the play could be *made* a success, irrespective of Count Tolstoi (who was dead anyhow) if he could get a popular star to feature in it. So he got John Barrymore, the only living matinée idol now in captivity, rushed out his wrecking crew, gave the living corpse a new name that suggested "uplift," told Robert Edmond Jones to do his darndest to make the corpse look pleasant in new pictorial dress, and—presto! the deed was done and Tolstoi was "turning 'em away"—on Broadway, too!

Now then—what is a good play? I defy the greatest play vivisectionist or play undertaker to answer that question. The elder Dumas, growing facetious on this point, said that a play, among other things, should have interest *everywhere*. That is one of those half truths that so many folks accept as a whole truth. As a matter of fact, I have seen many plays that had no interest *anywhere* ride in on the top wave of popular success because the feminine portions of the audience were "just crazy about" the male star.

For the past ten years audiences have gone to see Sarah Bernhardt, now a pathetic stage figure, largely out of curiosity. Few persons who saw the "Divine Sarah" even in her prime, cared anything about her plays. They were usually melodramatic claptrap, written in French, and, for the most part, maudlin and mushy. These plays meant nothing to the majority of Bernhardt's audiences, because they had never read them and had to rely on inadequate librettos, which they scanned hastily between acts, but they *thought* they were enjoying themselves. What they were really enjoying was the knowledge that they had seen the great French actress and could tell their friends so.



FOR years dramatic critics and students of the drama had told us that "Justice" was a big play, "a big, fine, plastic, sensitive play"—whatever that was—and that it was a crying shame that America did not possess a single manager with the artistic courage to produce it. Well, John D. Williams did practically the same thing that Arthur Hopkins did. He secured the services of John Barrymore, the sure-fire matinée idol, and everyone, particularly the women, raved about the "spiritual beauty" of Mr. Barrymore's face, talked about his "æsthetic charm," and all that sort of thing. Result: audiences forgot that there was any moral lesson or any sort of lesson in "Justice" in their raptures over Mr. Barrymore's hair.

It is the women who make or break a play. *See any manager.* And the women have made John Barrymore into the most popular after-dinner actor on our stage today. I heard two women at a performance of "Redemption" exclaiming in rapture over Mr. Barrymore's good looks. I did not hear them say a word about the play. They were Barrymore "sharks," for they proved that he was not wearing his hair the same way in "Redemption" as he was in a motion picture that they had just seen him in. And they had liked him *even better* in the motion picture, which was, by the way, a cheap picturization of an asinine farce yclept, "Here Comes the Bride."



HO, HO," I thought to myself, "what a pity it is that Mr. Tolstoi died so soon! I dare anyone to tell me again that the play's the thing. John Barrymore is not only the *thing*—he is the *whole* thing!"

Or take that charming little person Fay Bainter, who is getting to be as popular nowadays as Maude Adams when she was at the zenith of her fame. Like Maude Adams, too, Miss Bainter is as popular with women as with men. In the play in which Miss Bainter is now appearing, "East is West," she is also the whole thing. I am told that the authors wrote this play at Atlantic City in a fortnight, and I am sure the story is true, for I have seen the play. Well, it is nothing more nor less than a dramatization of Fay Bainter. Fay Bainter acts in it; Fay Bainter smiles in it; Fay Bainter dances in it; Fay Bainter sings in it. And, in the elegant vernacular of Broadway, the audiences fairly "eat it up." And there you are!

What is a good play? Oh, yes, I am coming to that bye and bye. I can tell you offhand what a good play should be, and could cite Aristotle, Hennequin, Price, Archer, Baker—and all the rest of the authorities on the subject—but it wouldn't do any good. You wouldn't know a bit more about it then than you do now, and I wouldn't know any more about it than I know now.

For instance, as far back as 1911, I wrote the scenario of a play (yes, of course I have written plays. Who hasn't?) and submitted it to a well-known critic. In this scenario I planned to have a pistol shot and then let the curtain go up at once. In other words, the pistol shot was to raise the curtain, which was to disclose the body of a dead man. Bending over him was another man with a revolver in his hand.

"You will not ruin any more lives—curse you!" said the man with the revolver—or words to that effect.

Then I was going to have the speaker walk off the stage. This was to be a sort of prologue and the next act, which was to begin immediately, would tell the story of the incidents that led up to the killing. In other words, I was going to write my play backward.



THE idea almost terrified my critic friend. Such a thing had never been done before; it was entirely unprecedented; no audience would accept it; it would be an anti-climax. He ran on like this for some time and before he had finished I threw up the sponge.

"Enough!" I cried. "I won't waste any more time on such an idiotic idea."

So I passed it up and not so long after that "On Trial" was produced with great success. The same idea had come to Elmer Reizenstein but, fortunately for him, he didn't consult a critic first. He just went ahead and wrote his play and invited the critics to express their opinions afterwards. Which only goes to prove again that you can't sometimes always tell.

Authorities on playwriting will tell you that there is no such thing as a good play unless it has real characterization. The plot, they will tell you, should always be the outgrowth of character. "Don't fit your characters into situations," they will tell you, "but always have your situations spring from your characters."

Very well then! Let's look into that phase of it for a moment. The late Charles Klein admittedly fitted his characters to his situations. He would think out a series of dramatic situations and would then set his characters to walking and talking amid these ready-made surroundings. That is the way he wrote "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Third Degree" and "The Gamblers," three of the most successful plays ever written in this country. On the other hand, "The Music Master" was a character study, but even in that play the situations were not necessarily the outgrowth of Von Barwig's character. Klein studied out strong situations and set his old music master into them. Result:



Campbell

Bess has only one redeeming trait, and that is her love for her mistress, Minnie Dupree



Moffett

This bull dog was presented to Elizabeth Brice by a French officer, while she was entertaining our boys in France. She calls him Toot Sweet



Campbell

Anna Case has appropriately named her prize-winning Russian wolfhound, Boris Godunoff



Campbell

Teddy, an English bull, has a remarkable pedigree, but as he is not keen on publicity, Violet Heming cannot make him divulge it. He has the fighting spirit of his namesake, the late Col. Roosevelt, and has made a successful appearance on the screen



C. Smith Gardner

The photographer caught Beppo napping, but Gail Kane assures us that he is a frisky little Pomeranian

LOVE ME—LOVE MY DOG!

One of the greatest stage successes since "Rip Van Winkle"—and a bigger money maker.

On the other hand, take the case of another successful playwright, Sir James Matthew Barrie. This author's characters are all carefully drawn. Like Dickens' characters, you feel that you know them, and, also like Dickens, he gives you a crowded canvas. He does not draw one or two truthful portraits and surround them with stage puppets who are little more than "feeders" for the principals.

"What Every Woman Knows" was this sort of a play. It was the carefully etched character of a woman that the audience grew to know and love before the final curtain cut short her stage life. Certain perfectly natural and normal problems arose in this woman's life and it was the way she solved them that made the play such a huge success.

"On Trial" shattered every technical teaching and went shouting its triumphant way to success. "Forever After" is an illogical absurdity that is built like a motion picture. It has neither characterization, motivation nor any other kind of "ation" and yet it is one of the great successes of the season.

"The Better 'Ole" was rejected by nearly every prominent theatrical manager in New York. They didn't know what to make of it when it was submitted to them in manuscript form. It had a queer name and it was neither a musical comedy nor a straight play. Then what was it? They didn't know, but they did know that the humor was all English slang and that American audiences wouldn't care for it. So they passed up one of the biggest money-makers in recent years.

'Lightnin'" which has been running ever since last August, is a careful character study of an amusing type of American, who is just as humorous and just as pathetic as "Rip Van Winkle."

But I have serious doubts if this play would have been even a mild success if it had not been for the remarkable impersonation of the central character by Frank Bacon. Interesting as the whimsical character of "Lightnin'" is, it needed the quaint individuality of Mr. Bacon to bring to a ripe bloom all of the humor that the authors had planted in the part.

But I began this article with a question, didn't I? What is good play? Frankly, I don't know, and I don't think you want to know. So we will let the subject rest for the present. But this is a promise: if I find anyone in the future who *does* know what constitutes a good play, I shall endeavor to kidnap him.

If I succeed, I shall hire a hall and then let this man who knows tell the people who want to know.

BACK STAGE SCANDAL

Are the morals of the actress any different from those of the average church member?

By ALISON SKIPWORTH
(Appearing in "39 East")



I ATTENDED a tea, recently, which was given by a very charming friend of mine. No one present, with the exception of myself, was connected with the stage. After discussing summer frocks, summer resorts and the Victory Loan, the conversation drifted to Broadway, and, of course, the current plays.

Before long, the dialogue became centered on the doings of stage folk and various bits of back-stage gossip that had been gobbled up and saved for just such an occasion as this. As I was the only "actress" present, and the supposed "wiseacre" of the group, all eyes became rivetted on me, awaiting some choice bits of unpublished scandal. One of my dear friends present plucked up sufficient courage to ask:

"Are actors and actresses *really* as Bohemian as the newspapers would have us believe? Do they *really* 'carry on' as much as we, who never saw a dressing-room in our lives, are inclined to believe they do?"

"My dear," I replied, "if you *really* want to know the truth, and are willing to accept my word for it, let me tell you that you have been grossly deceived. You have been *made* to believe that we back stage are wild and inclined to disregard convention. But, as I suggested before, you have that impression because it was planned for you to have it. As a matter of fact, dear, you in your snug little harbor of social, religious and political Puritanism, are not so *very* much better than little Miss Tinsel-Dress, trying to cheer you up by dancing her feet off behind the footlights!"

Of course, they were somewhat astounded at my sudden revelation of the truth; a truth that they had not quite understood before. Of course, further explanations were in order, and so I spent the next hour making my former assertions clear and perfectly understood. I began by asking them where they usually gain their knowledge of the wild lives led by stage folk. Unanimously they agreed: "the newspapers." My following query was, "did the scandal about this or that stage celebrity deter you from attending a theatre where that player was performing, or, on the other hand, did you feel a greater desire than ever to see this particular actress?" Not comprehending my drift as yet, they all agreed that their desire to see the actress was multiplied tenfold, once her name was connected with any calumny. With the deck cleared for action, I began to expound press-agent-proof information, gained during my twenty years' experience on the stage, relative to the habits and social conduct of the stage folk.

I explained that large, busy departments, with competent forces, do nothing but spend their time creating the very impressions that these friends of mine had so obligingly accepted; that these departments "sell" entertainment by creating a public interest in the players through the medium of the printed word. That, whereas non-professional men and women may do as they please without the danger of their escapades creeping into print, it only requires the slightest indiscretion on the part of an actor or actress to result in a glaring headline story. While "civilians" are extremely anxious to keep their names out of the paper, a player immediately notifies his press representative of all his doings, the latter in turn, expending all effort to bring the story to public attention. In other words, the Thespian is always before the public eye, not so much because he is any more wicked than the average church member—or that his or her life is a merry round of gayety but because it is to his or her financial advantage to exploit their social fortunes or misfortunes.

Recently, for ten consecutive weeks, the magazine of a well-known New York daily, ran full page stories of back-stage scandal. One week it would be the sorrowful tale of an actress's husband who is suing her for divorce, the following week it would be the divorce of a stage beauty and her subsequent marriage to the prune king's son, etc. How many readers of this scandal would become dumbfounded if they could only learn that these articles are carefully prepared by specially appointed "press representatives" who receive the "facts" from the principals themselves, who are involved? In other words, their heartaches and troubles are exploited, told to the public so as to create a public interest in the characters of the story.

But there is still another phase to be considered. We must admit that there are quite a few divorces among the members of the theatrical profession. But this can very readily be accounted for in such a manner as to free the members of the theatrical profession from any stigma. The fact that both actors and actresses receive high compensations for their services is not disputed by anyone. Everybody knows that the theatrical profession is one of the highest paid today. This means that its members are assured of a greater economic independence than people in other walks of life. Especially the women members of the stage. Many of them earn from two to five times as much as their husbands who are associated with the business world. In other words, those actresses who are married do not have to depend upon the support of their hubbies; only the love tie holds them together. Hence, if the partnership into which she has entered fails to please her, she is not bound, through economic necessity, to remain with her husband. If her voyage on the sea of matrimony is subject to sudden squalls or prolonged storms, there is always a ready port of refuge. She has the "money ability" to free herself from a bad bargain. And in nine cases out of ten, she uses this ability.

Her domesticated sister lacks this advantage. If she makes an unwise selection in the business of choosing a husband, she has no way of bettering herself. She is bound to depend upon her husband's support. You can accept my word for it when I tell you that if if were not for those two words "economic necessity," our divorce courts would have to do business on a night shift basis.

No, there is absolutely no truth in the old idea that an actress is a "different kind of person." They are just the same as you and me, imbued with the same longings, same instincts and thoughts; cherish the same ideals, love the same pleasures. For all that, they are but women.



Campbell

RUTH HARRINGTON

Montgomery Flagg's "Type Girl" model who is now decorating the chorus of "Tumble In" at the Selwyn Theatre



White



© *White*

J. L. CRANE

This young actor who has been appearing in "Under Orders" was married recently to Alice Brady. Dr. Frank Crane, the groom's father, officiated at the ceremony



Charlotte Fairchild

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM, JR.

"Like father, like son" may be aptly applied to young Faversham, for he appeared recently as Marc Antony at St. Bernard's School in New York City. To sustain the honor of the family, and at his urgent request, his mother (Julie Opp) traveled from San Francisco to New York to coach her son in the rôle

RACHEL CROTHERS

Giving instructions to the technical directors regarding the production of a new play. This prolific dramatist is the author of two current successes—"39 East" and "A Little Journey," and Broadway is soon to see another piece from her pen

(Below)

HARRY L. CORT and
GEORGE E. STODDARD

The authors of "Listen Lester," the musical entertainment which is still running merrily along at the Knickerbocker. Harold Orlob is the composer responsible for the music



White

PICTORIAL NEWS OF STAGELAND

THEATRICAL WARFARE IN OLDEN DAYS

Modern rows in stage land nothing compared with what they used to be

By CHARLTON ANDREWS



WARS and rumors of wars in the theatrical world are appropriately common in this martial age. When Jake and Lee line up their forces against K. and E., or when internecine strife breaks out (or is reported to have broken out) in one camp or the other, Broadway is agog with chatter; and intimate theatrical weeklies are tempted to issue "special extras" with regard to which way Al Woods is likely to jump.

But generally speaking, we live in an era of comparative peace in the realm of the playhouse. When we recall Astor Place riots, "Hernani" first nights, and similar episodes of the palmy days, we begin to realize the serenity of our own era. Consider, for example, the row that was raised over Corneille's tragedy, "The Cid," along toward the end of a bleak and blustery November in 1636.

The manager, one Mondory, was the David Belasco of his time. He had made up his mind to give the new show a first-class production. He collected the best actors, the handsomest costumes, and the most elaborate "scenic investiture" possible. As might be expected, when the piece registered a hit, the author's many enemies promptly insisted that the actors deserved all the credit. "Anything that old wizard Mondory puts on," they said, "is bound to succeed.



MONDORY himself—contrary to custom—was more modest about it. He said (in a letter to a friend): "'The Cid' is so beautiful that it has inspired love in the most reserved of ladies, whose emotion has even betrayed itself in the public theatre." And he added that business was so good that the nobility were occupying seats that formerly were thought fit only for pages. If there were ticket speculators in those days, they probably made a "house-buy" for the entire season.

The fact is that "The Cid" was a corking good show. The information was not emblazoned in electric lights over any Charles Darnton's or Burns Mantle's signature, but Parisian playgoers wept in pity for their friends in the provinces who couldn't see the new piece. Everybody talked about it, most people could quote pages of the text, and there sprang up a simile for the Frank Wilstach of that day—"as beautiful as 'The Cid.'"

Mondory, as you of course remember, or will pretend to, was an actor-manager. He intended to create the lead, Rodrigue, but a stroke of apoplexy interfered. So they called in one Beauchateau, who we hope was as good as his stage name. Naturally, the George M. Cohan of the time—a chap called Poquelin, who was rather better known as Molière—promptly travestied "The Cid" in the first scene of his 1637 Revue, "The Impromptu of Versailles." At least, he parodied the manner in which Beauchateau delivered his sonorous lines.

Business, as I said before, was great. One afternoon they took in a hundred livres, however much that may be. The play was so good that when a leading actor got hurt and an understudy went on, the box office receipts held right up to normal. There were no skating rinks in those days where Marjorie Rambeaus could break their ankles. Nevertheless, handsome Harry d' Orgemont—let's call him Harry, anyway—who was so perfectly ripping in the heavy part of Don Diègue, managed to stab himself in the foot with his own sword. Blood-poisoning ensued, and the doctors were for amputation. "Not much," said Harry. "Fancy a stage-king like me clumping around on a wooden leg. You think I want to be booed?"



GOOD old Harry d'Orgemont's son played Rodrigue, the hero; but it must have been in a revival of the piece. As a matter of fact, he is said to have played the part for so many years that eventually supers had to lend him a hand at the moment when he "fell" on his knees before the heroine. When he spoke the lines:

> "I am young, it is true; but to well-born souls
> Valor depends not on the number of one's years,"

he got the biggest laugh of the evening. And thereupon the old boy would repeat the two lines, putting the full pause at the end of the first. (See what I mean?) And then he drew the biggest *hand* of the night.

"The Cid" made as big a hit at court as it did with the public. The story was Spanish, and that naturally tickled Anne of Austria, who was born in the land of joy. She gave the author a good job as Master of Rivers and Forests in Rouen and granted him letters of nobility.

But things were different with Richelieu, the prime minister. When the play first appeared, we are told, the Cardinal was "as much alarmed as if he had seen the Spaniards before Paris." He was a good deal more wrought up, however, by professional jealousy. Imagine writing a supremely successful play in a country where the All-Highest is himself a playwright! Corneille's triumph cut the founder of the French Academy deeper than anything D'Artagnan ever did to him.



BY way of antidoting his misery, Richelieu used to call in all his lackeys and scullions and get them to play atrocious parodies on "The Cid." The rottener the actor was—then, as alas! too often since—the bigger was his salary.

Corneille did his best to cool off the prime minister's resentment by dedicating the book of the play to Richelieu's niece, Madame de Combalet. That lady had risked her uncle's ire by publicly defending both the piece and the playwright against the bitter attacks of his many personal and political enemies. "I do not owe you less for myself than for 'Le Cid,'" Corneille wrote to her.

The next phase of the row over the piece actually involved governmental antagonism. Readers of "The Three Musketeers" will recall that severe penalties against duelling had been lately published in France. All the good fighters had got to killing one another off at such a pace that the authorities were afraid the national army would eventually annihilate itself. And just as they were beginning to get the situation in hand, along came "The Cid" with its glorification of that exaggerated sense of honor which usually leads to rapiers or pistols for two (or more). Thereupon, everybody caught the fever not to dance, but to fight.

The censor deleted some lines in which Corneille had disparaged the apology as a method of settling quarrels. At once "tout Paris" learned the lines by heart and repeated them whenever they could be used to inspire bloody encounters. The censorship was the best of publicity aids in those days as in our own.

Another result of the success of "Le Cid" was the quarrel between its author and his rival, Scudéry. The latter was afflicted with the same distemper that the piece aroused in the prime minister. Without taking the trouble to sign his name to it, Scudéry wrote an attack upon the play in which he averred that its subject was of no value whatever, that it violated the chief rules of dramatic poetry, that it lacked judgment in its development, that it had many bad lines, and that almost all its beauties were stolen. Outside of that, it was comparatively unexceptionable.



AND this from an old friend! For Corneille himself had often written in defense of Scudéry. Of course, the author—no doubt with an eye on the gate receipts—replied. There followed a hot battle of the pamphleteers. Everybody was carding the paper for one side or the other. The public was for the playwright. One Constant Playgoer wrote, addressing Scudéry, "If you are wise, obey the voice of the people which imposes upon you silence."

However, Vox Populi meant nothing in Scudéry's young life. He simply multiplied invective and rejoinder, all the time helping immeasurably in the advertising campaign of Mondory.

Meanwhile, Richelieu, notwithstanding he "carried the business of a kingdom on his shoulders and that of Europe in his head," was laboring with his Academy to get it to denounce "Le Cid." The Academy took five months to formulate a judgment which gave little comfort to either Scudéry or the Cardinal. Corneille came out on top. When it came to space-grabbing, he was putting himself in a class with Comrade Trotsky or Eva Tanguay.

A spectator from the sidelines—one Boileau—summed up the controversy in some verses of which I offer in closing the following graceful and elegant translation:

> In vain 'gainst "The Cid" does the great man intrigue:
> All the world sees Chimène with the eyes of Rodrigue.
> What though the Academy deem it a bore?
> The public, disgusted, but loves it the more.

From camera studies
by Maurice Goldberg





Come and trip it as ye go,
On the light fantastic toe.
MILTON.

In maiden meditation, fancy free.
SHAKESPEARE.

A SYLVAN STUDY OF
JOSEPHINE MACLEAN

THE DANCERS FLOCK TO OUTDOOR SETTINGS

GERMANIZED THEATRE IN LILLE

Teutons requisitioned soldiers, prisoners and civilians to give performances

WHEN the Germans captured the French city of Lille at the time of the first rush into France during those fateful days in the Fall of 1914, the first thing they did was to pillage the town, gorge themselves with commandeered viands and wines and annoy and terrify the inhabitants. Then they settled down, the city being headquarters for the staff and sheltering a garrison of 100,000 men. A few weeks after the occupation had begun, the staff decided that recreation was indispensable to the morale of the troops and it was decided to take possession of the Lille Theatre and to give performances there. The following interesting account of the difficulties the Germans had to overcome in carrying out this plan is taken from *Le Théâtre et la Musique* of Paris:

"The Germanization of the Lillois stage was accomplished despite the will of the municipality whose unshaken patriotism and firm and dignified attitude is worthy of the highest praise. Listen to the programme seller: 'An attempt made by the German Government of Lille to offer, under the form of a theatrical representation, recreation to the troops of the 6th Army, long since deprived of amusement or intellectual excitement, was enthusiastically received. "Minna de Barnhelm", Lessing's comedy, was played four times before a packed audience at the "Vieux Téâtre" in the "Salle des Spectacles" of Lille, between the 26th and 29th August 1915.'

THE remarkably clever idea of creating a German Theatre then occurred to the German brains of the Kommandantur. The equipment of the 'Salle des Spectacles' for 'permanent use' was contemplated, but the state of the room was declared lamentable and decidedly unfit for the 'requirements of the German public.' This question once broached, they were not going to stop half way, and they fixed their choice upon the Nouveau Théâtre, built according to the plans of the architecte Cordonnier, which was all but complete when war broke out.

"Let us quote again; the ingenieur-offizier is speaking: 'At first, the negotiations opened up with the Town of Lille failed to bring about any satisfactory result, owing to the obstinacy of the Municipal authorities who argued that they possessed neither the plans nor the money, nor yet the necessary labor, and that the material for the equipment of the theatre was in Paris. A thorough and systematic search partly proved the contrary. The Government decreed that the existing fittings could be used by the troops at the Empire for the Town and Local Government. An order was issued stipulating that the Nouveau Théâtre had to be ready by the 1st January, 1916.

"'Soldiers, prisoners and civilians were requisitioned for this work. Herr Hauptmann's delight at the rapidity with which it was carried out knew no bounds . . . "gigantesque work" indeed. No less than three hundred cart loads of rubbish were cleared away, and under the debris were found, lying in a confused heap,



FIRST NIGHT'S PROGRAM OF LILLE'S GERMANIZED THEATRE

cases full of articles for the equipment of the Theatre. When the questions of heating, lighting, drainage (!) fitting of the wings, cables, safety curtain, were satisfactorily settled despite immense difficulties successfully overcome "thanks to the iron will of those who wished to create a home for German art in the enemy's country," the "Deutsches Theater" of Lille was opened on the 25th December 1915. The technical manager and the stage manager who had toiled days—nay weeks—without resting (would you believe it) saw their efforts rewarded. Goethe shared the triumph, for the inaugurating spectacle was *Iphigénie en Tauride.*'

"Who assisted at these spectacles? Boches, always. Some were Boches of distinction such as Rupprecht. He presided (a thing which he will never do now, not even in a Theatre) in a front box. He also patronized the buffet, for which he had provided stoneware mugs around which ran the inscription 'Rupprecht to his brave soldiers.' The 'brave soldiers' would have appreciated better this princely souvenir, had they received it full of beer, but that was asking too much of the Bavarian Kronprinz' generosity.

"The repertoire of the 'Deutsches Theater-Lille' included every kind . . . . . the Huns' musical and dramatic kultur is so adaptable! Mozart (*'Noces de Figaro,' 'Don Juan'*), Weber (*'Freyschutz'*), *'Carmen,'* the *'Postillon of Longjumeau,'* of Adam, the *'Tales of Hoffmann,'* of Offenbach, as well as *'La Poupée,'* of Audran; the latter played as opera-bouffe, provided food for 'intellectual excitement' as the 'ingénieur-capitaine-programme-distributer' says. The majority of the programmes of the Theaterleitung der 6e armée are devoted to French or Italian Plays (*Le Barbier de Séville, Rigoletto, Le Trouvère*).

"Operettas of Strauss (*La Chauve-Souris*), or of Franz Lehar or Hugo Félix occupy the second rank.

"Among modern dramatic authors they chose Hauptmann. Among the older masters: Goethe, Lessing and Schiller.

AS to the artists, most of them were unknown. It seems that they formed two or three troupes who travelled from one army to another 'selling their goods' at Brussels, Lille, Valenciennes, Douai, Laon, Maubeuge, not at random, but according to a definite itinerary made out by some Uber-Kommandantur or other. For instance, the 'Postillon de Longjumeau,' given at Lille on the 3rd July 1917, came straight from the Monnaie of Brussels, with Herr Bussard as the Marquis de Corcy, Siewert (Herr, of course) as Chapelou, and Frankalensee as Madeleine.

"Playing before the troops was considered an honor, as it is here. The Berlin, Munich, Cologne impresarii multiplied their offers, as testified by a voluminous correspondence from agents and editors, some of them very important ones.

Some of the artists chosen received fairly high salaries. I have a list made out for a lyrical troop who came to Lille at the end of January 1916 to sing 'Freichutz,' the 'Barbier de Séville,' etc. Here is, for instance, the distribution of Weber's piece, with the salary for each artist:

"Max (Kirchner) 175 to 200 marks; Killian (Von Bongardt), 100 marks; Agathe (Fraulein Bamberger), 150 marks; Kaspar (Schutzendorff), 125 marks; Annette (Frau Jülich), 150 marks; Prompter (sic) (Fraulein Horn), 50 marks, etc. The total of the salaries amounts to 1.760 marks, including small parts.

"The 'Barbier de Séville,' given on the 1st of February, cost 1.210 marks only."



Marcia Sillcox

LOLA FISHER

This sympathetic young actress who has been so successful in the title rôles of "Good Gracious Annabelle" and "Be Calm, Camilla" will be seen next season in a new piece entitled "The Cave Girl"



Alfred Cheney Johnston

CLAIRE NAGLE

Known throughout the country as the "Kodak" girl, this comely young player who is singing her way gaily through "Tumble In," is probably one of the most photographed girls in America



ANNETTE BADE

Whose beauty has helped considerably in elevating her from the chorus to playing Mollie King's rôle in the "Century Midnight Whirl," the midnight revue on the roof of the Century

WITH THE YOUNGER SET ON BROADWAY

IS THE STAGE OF TODAY WORTH WHILE?

A clergyman and an actor discuss the shortcomings of the theatre

At a recent meeting of the Catholic Actors' Guild at the Hotel Astor, this city, the stage as it is at present constituted, was vigorously attacked by the Rev. John Talbot Smith, and as warmly defended by Mr. Wilton Lackaye. The two points of view presented by each speaker, one a well-known clergyman, the other an esteemed and popular actor, are so interesting that their speeches are given here at length.



By REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

IN expressing the opinion that the stage of the present day is on its last legs, and that any attempt to reform it is not worth while, I am not condemning the institution itself. The stage has always held a good place in the esteem of men, and its nature and effects, when properly managed, are good and useful. The institution called the modern stage is dead, has been dead a few decades, or more, and its persistent activity is somewhat like a "wake," which is a long scene of activity, but centered in something which sooner or later must be buried and properly epitaphed.

The signs of death are clear and unmistakable. An institution is known to be dead when it no longer functions according to its nature. Thus monarchial rule has been dead in Europe since the French Revolution, although it still functions feebly in a few countries. The exceptions prove the rule. Commercially the stage has never displayed such feverish activity as in the past fifty years, and never have so many books been written about its nature and its fruits. Yet never has its product displayed so accurately the character and condition of a maggotty cheese. I am not considering the moral point of view, or the purely literary, but the normal vitality of the drama. The plays of the time are simply a form of journalism, made to amuse for a season and then thrown into the dust-heap. The dramatists, no matter what their power and taste, write accordingly. The managers are simply agents of finance. The critics are almost indescribable, because they must do the best they can with what is presented to them, whether they ponder with Georg Brandes or romp with Alan Dale. The confusion existing among these factors of the stage, drama and dramatist, manager and critic, is awesome, the more so that they themselves, any more than the public, cannot account for it.

* * * *

YET the reason is very simple: they have mistaken a corpse for a living thing. When the soul leaves the body death ensues, and frightful, sickening confusion seizes the poor body, which must at once be put out of human sight. The Catholic principle of immortality explains for its disciples the fall of the modern stage. The soul of the institution has fled because the ruling section of mankind has agreed that man himself has no soul, no future beyond the grave, and no immortality. Now whether one accepts the soul of man as a fact or a fiction his attitude must have tremendous consequences on his various activities. The agnostic attitude is impossible on this point, because its consequence is equivalent to materialism. If the human soul is immortal, then to ignore it in any act or art or work or institution of man is to invite disaster, to produce only the imperfect, the monstrous, the trivial, and the horrible. The modern stage wholly ignores, in a rather amiable fashion, the existence of the human soul, and its managers desiring the shekels of all classes, believers and infidels, they have adopted the trivial and the humorous and the farcical, rather than offend with the sinful and monstrous. Zangwill described the modern stage as made up of "drivel, snivel and divil."

If the human soul is not immortal, then they who accept the fact must make use of it in the drama, and the result will be a drama of sexual fibre, in which crime must play a very important part. Maeterlinck and D'Annunzio have illustrated this contention by interesting, lurid and frightful plays and books, wherein sexual crime and other crimes are main themes. In either attitude the ignoring of the soul must lead to either the trivial or the terrible. In most countries the modern stage has chosen the trivial, which is one reason why the clergy should be more considerate towards it than they are. Sooner or later unfortunately the trivial will breed the terrible from mere ennui, particularly since revolutionary socialism has begun to use the stage. The bubbles labeled Ibsen, Gorki, Maeterlinck and D'Annunzio hint at the slumbering forces below.

* * * *

IF as a Christian you ask me, cannot the stage be rescued from the triviality, the confusion, and the threatening dangers of the present situation, I am compelled to answer negatively, for two reasons. Society is approaching the close of the five-hundred year cycle in which its

By WILTON LACKAYE

THE cry of the death of the stage is as old as the theatre. The annals of the player reek with the plaints of the elders who know excellence only as a fast receding past. I have no doubt that in the third year of Thespis landators temporis acti made moan, "Ah! the back of the cart isn't what it used to be."

Nor can we advance without criticism. The only thing for us to do is to push criticism to a legitimate conclusion and criticise our critics. If we are told, "There were giants in those days," let us, remembering some who have lagged into our time, inquire whether the mountains of other days did not derive some altitude from the flatness of the surrounding country? Hasn't the average stature increased? Was the pie that mother used to make so wonderful or was our gastronomic taste more jejune? After all, upon what does the present criticism hang?

What is the function of the stage?

What is the present public taste?

* * * *

I DO not believe that the purpose of any art is morality. Art may be brough to the service of morality. It may have enormous power for teaching. But to say that the stage is moribund because an excellent play, well acted, teaches no civic or religious lesson is unjust to the purpose of the theatre.

The play at its best, may amuse or instruct or satirize or flagellate but it may do none of these things and be an admirable specimen of the mimetic art. To say that the stage is decayed because it does not arrogate the functions of the pulpit or rostrum is a misunderstanding of its mission. Moses proscribed certain foods thousands of years before modern medicine warned us against trichinae. The Catholic Church insisted on fish when men lived on meat alone. Both helped health in the authority of religion but surely no one will claim that the duty of religion is to provide the sanitary menu.

If the stage were carried on by the necessity of proving the immortality of the soul, the seats of the theatre would be as empty as the benches of the church. The hope of every good actor is to produce plays so good that nobody will come to them except on a pass, but his necessities demand sustenance. So he tries to compound between the public taste in its majority which would crowd his theatre and wound his self-respect as an artist and a man, and his own ideal which might frighten a frivolous public from the playhouse doors.

Happy, indeed, is he who is able to gild the pill of real merit with the sugar of entertainment; who is able to inoculate his audience with a dash of intelligence by subcutaneous and unsuspected injection "Those who live to please must please to live."

* * * *

THAT there are entertainments, so-called, which disgrace the theatre, all will admit. But this is because a certain class and a large class are as far afield in an opposite direction from the purpose of the theatre as are our reverend critics. If the purpose of art is not propaganda of religion neither is it exaltation of filth. If a propagandum play may be justly called sensational what shall we say of one which panders to obscenity? The remedy of theatre-goers is to close their pockets to such "shows." They should hold up the hands of worthy managers and decent actors, not charge to honest workmen the faults of their incubi and the bad taste of patrons.

After all, there is nothing like the stage as a mirror of the life that is about it. If the brief chronicles of the time are piffling it is because the time is piffling. The six successes of the theatre may challenge comparison with the six best sellers of the bookstore which may be said to represent the literary taste of the day. Let us not stop the making of books for that reason. When cranks or perverts cloak their indecencies or stupidities with the name of religion we don't condemn the church; we fight the cult.

> "In religion, what damned error, but some sober brow will bless it and approve it with a text. Hiding its grossness with fair ornament."

Let us extend this conduct and this charity to the theatre. What



From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

FLORENCE WALTON

This popular dancer who went abroad to join her husband, Maurice, who had served in the Red Cross, is now back in America appearing in the "Ziegfeld Follies." This is the costume she wore when she danced for the Queen of Roumania

history runs. In our Christian era the first cycle closed with the ruin of the Roman Empire; the second closed with the visible foundations of the new Christian society; the third closed with the completion of the great Mediæval Age, the most perfect society created by man; the fourth is closing with the anarchy of the twentieth century, all things in devilish ferment, all beliefs, conclusions, theories, denied or disputed, and men seeking salvation by the sword. The modern stage, as a product of this fourth cycle, weakened by the same errors and diseases, must fall with it. So the Roman stage perished with the Empire in the first cycle, after successfully resisting the attack of Christianity. That is one reason.

The other is that the commercial power of the community has gripped the stage, the dramatists, the critics, the producers, the theatres, the very routes of the players, and nothing can be wrought which does not promise handsome profits. That condition is hopeless, the situation is impregnable. What then is to be done? What the early Christians did. When they could not destroy, or reform the corrupt pagan stage, they founded a stage of their own, out of which grew the modern institution. They paralleled the Roman institution, to use a railroad phrase, probably invented when the West Shore took the west bank of the Hudson in competition with the New York Central. This will be a much easier task than in the fourth century, because the churches and societies of the Catholic faith have good theatres and well-trained audiences in every city of the land, which a capable manager could easily provide with good companies and fine plays the year round. The modern stage is doomed both by its financial character and its submission to the errors and fads of the time. It is not worth while fighting for its reform, or stuffing it with nostrums, or debating methods of aid. It will die of triviality as to its form, it is already dead as to its substance.

is the remedy? Subvention. Nothing is falser in art than that the demand creates the supply. The supply of the beautiful always antedates the demand. Demand follows by slow stages and hard. We would be wearing cotton to-day if subvention and patronage had not taught the greater possibilities of beauty in silk.

The best means for the uplift of the taste of theatre-goers is the subsidized theatre. Surely there are many artists who will meet them more than half way. Not a toy theatre of snobbish society with a manager selected because he looks well in a dress suit: not a coterie of long-haired men and short-haired women determined to pour out continental degeneracy in the name of art: but a regular theatre with regular actors to present plays which have weathered the bad taste of a decade, or a century.

Culture doesn't spring up in a night. It must be fostered, tenderly cared for, like any flower. But don't let it have too much fertilizer. Morality has its rights apart from the theatre or in it. It is your duty as citizens and well-wishers of the stage to protest against commercial panders who present to our wives and daughters in the name of art, a phase of life for which a house two doors away would be raided by the police. I know a lot of managers, some ignorant, some less, but I don't know one who wouldn't rather produce a clean play than a dirty one if the public would patronize him.

The theatre is elastic. There are many workers in the theatre (I will not say artists because it perhaps sounds pretentious) who are earnest and ambitious. Every community gets as good a theatre as in the large it deserves. Your desires will determine. Your pockets will prescribe. For those who do not know we must have pity and hope. For those who arraign the theatre on Sunday and patronize its worst exposition on Monday—well, the proper attitude to the Pharisees was established by the son of God two thousand years ago.

CONVENT-BRED THESPIANS

By HUBERT SAVILE



SHAKESPEARE, the patron saint of actors and actresses, caused Hamlet to say to Ophelia, "Get thee to a nunnery!" It is a curious fact that many of the successful stage-players were educated in religious institutions. A careful investigation reveals some interesting details.

Sarah Bernhardt, undoubtedly the greatest actress of this generation, was educated at the Convent de Grandchamps, at Versailles, and is said to have astonished the good nuns by her dramatic ability, even as a young child.

Mary Anderson, whose beauty and charm attracted great attention a generation ago, was educated at the Ursuline Convent and Presentation Academy, in Louisville, Kentucky, and all through her life has remained sincerely devoted to the church.

Eleanor Robson was educated at the Sisters of St. Peter's Academy, near Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, and even before her marriage to August Belmont, and her retirement from the stage, was deeply interested in Roman Catholic institutions and charities.

Maxine Elliott, one of the great beauties of the American stage, attended the Notre Dame Academy, at Roxbury, Massachusetts, Julie Opp, another great beauty, was born in New York, and attended a local convent. Marie Nordstrom went to Georgetown Convent, District of Columbia.

Ethel Barrymore went to the Convent of Notre Dame in Philadelphia. Ethel and her brothers, Lionel and John, were brought up in the faith of their mother, Georgie Drew Barrymore, who became a convert to Roman Catholicism. Ethel Barrymore was instrumental in the conversion of her cousin, Louise, daughter of John Drew.

Lillian Russell was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in Chicago, and in after years sent her daughter, Dorothy Solomon to a convent. Dorothy Donnelly attended the Convent of the Sacred Heart, New York City. Minnie Maddern Fiske went to convents in Cincinnati and St. Louis.

Margaret Mayo went to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in Salem, Oregon. Marguerite Clark attended the Brown County Convent, in Ohio, and has always held to a high ideal in her work on the stage and before the camera. Adele Ritchie went to the Villa Marie Convent, in West Chester, Pennsylvania.

Rose Stahl was educated at the Convent of Mont St. Marie, in Montreal. Miriam Nesbitt attended St. Mary's Convent, Notre Dame, Indiana. Adelaide Keim went to St. Joseph's Academy, in New York City

Pauline Chase, who achieved fame and fortune as "Peter Pan" in England, was educated at the Convent of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, in Washington, District of Columbia. Cecilia Loftus, who long specialized in imitations of stage celebrities, went to the Convent of the Holy Child, in Blackpool, England. Marie Tempest, who triumphed first in comic opera and then in plays without music, attended the Convent des Ursulines, at Thildonck, Belgium.

Minnie Palmer, for many years an international favorite, especially in a piece called "My Sweetheart," was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in Manhattanville, New York. Sadie Martinot, who created the part of Hebe in the American production of "H. M. S. Pinafore," and only recently retired from the stage, was educated at the Ursuline Convent, in Westchester County, New York

Among the well-known actors who were educated at Roman Catholic institutions are Arnold Daly, who attended the Sacred Heart Academy, in Brooklyn, and William Courtenay, who went to the Holy Cross College, in Worcester, Massachusetts.

Wilton Lackaye attended Georgetown University, in the District of Columbia, as did also Willard Mack, who has been highly successful as an actor and a playwright. Emmett Corrigan attended St. Joseph's College, in Baltimore, and James J. Corbett, formerly a fighter but now an actor, went to the Sacred Heart College, in San Francisco.

After Maude Adams' appearances as the pathetic little Duc de Reichstadt in "L'Aiglon" in 1901, her health gave way and she suddenly left the stage to seek rest in Europe. It was not until some months later that the public learned that their favorite actress had taken refuge from a noisy world in a convent at Tours, France. There for months Miss Adams lived the life of the nuns, and on her return to New York she arranged in her house half a block from fashionable Fifth Avenue an exact replica of the cell she occupied in the convent—the bare white walls, the iron bedstead, pathetic in its simplicity.

Fritz Williams, at the age of fourteen, attracted attention as Sir Joseph Porter in a juvenile "Pinafore" company, after which he became known as a concert soloist, singing "Gilmore's American Anthem" at a concert at Madison Square Garden on St. Patrick's Day, 1880. During this time he was studying at St. John's College, Fordham, New York, from which institution he graduated at the age of twenty.

The early training received by these actors and actresses must surely have moulded their characters and taught things that have never been forgotten, even through the trials and tribulations of a stage career.



Photos White

Violet Wilson and some of the girls supporting Lew Fields in "A Lonely Romeo," the musical comedy in which this popular comedian has returned to the stage with extraordinary success



Arthur Allen and Katherine Alexander in their amusing scene satirizing the mental healing fad in Act 1 of "Love Laughs," the comedy at the Bijou

WHAT'S CURRENT IN THE THEATRE

LIGHTING THE MODERN PLAY

The stage artist has wakened up to the unlimited possibilities of lighting effects

By GRACE T. HADLEY

BARRIE'S best comedy "Dear Brutus" gets its title and its inspiration from two of Shakespeare's plays—"Julius Caesar" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." In the lines from the first, "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars. But in ourselves, that we are underlings," is found the keynote to the characters. Lob is the reincarnation of Puck, or the Spirit of Benevolent Mischief; while the mysterious wood in Act II of "Dear Brutus" could have been derived from no other source of inspiration than "A wood near Athens" in Act II of Midsummer Night's Dream, in which take place the "moonlight revels" of the fairies and the comedy play of mortals. The Philanderer in "Dear Brutus" has his prototype in Demetrius in the Dream. There is leaf-filtered moonlight, "Philomel with melody," the "night-rule about the haunted grove" and all the weirdness that characterized the wood near Athens.

In "Dear Brutus" the curtain rises upon a darkened room in Lob's house. A door opens and the gloom within the living room is suddenly pierced by a shaft of light. A group of ladies enter and grope their way into the room while one finds the electric switch and turns on the lights. It is a real switch and there is the sudden flooding of the room with light familiar to everyone who presses an electric button. A beautiful rose garden is visible without the room in which grow the blooms of which Lob is so fond. The ladies are concerned with certain mysterious happenings in the house and the motive of their eccentric host in inviting them to his house party.

IN the garden is the blue of night, the atmosphere of a midsummer evening. After the flooding of Lob's living room with light there begins a gradual dimming of the light, so gradual the audience is practically unaware of it but it is very necessary as the conversation turns more and more upon the mystic. The curtains concealing the rose garden are drawn as action proceeds, then as the mystery of the wood takes definite hold upon Lob's guests, Dearth's question shapes itself pointedly: "Lob, what do we get in that wood?" and Lob makes reply, "You get what everyone is wishing for—a second chance."

When the curtains are drawn back the garden has disappeared and on the very threshold apparently the wood is seen. The effect is very impressive. Within the room the players are still in the Real while beyond lies the Unreal into which one by one they step determined to ascertain what might have happened had each one taken a different turning.

In this play the stage artist has wakened up to the unlimited possibilities of color and the intensity and distribution of lighting effects. But there is more in stage lighting than mere color and intensity. Light is an artistic medium. Light varying in purity, intensity, color and distribution can be the means of arousing the sense of beauty. This is well worked out in the play of "Dear Brutus." In the presentation of this play the management of the lights is so important that the master electrician has an understudy. No longer are the artists the only persons who have understudies, but in lighting the modern play the proper illumination cannot be entrusted to unskilled hands, but there must be an understudy for the man at the dimmer box.

All of the lights are controlled from this dimmer box and the master electrician never takes his eyes from the stage and the action. His light play is not static. There must be a sequence of colors or intensities depending entirely upon the skill with which lighting effects are handled. Nowadays in the modern play lights are rehearsed as well as the players. In "Dear Brutus" there was a strenuous rehearsal with the lights and when just the right effect was obtained the stage manager would cry aloud: "Hold that!" and the master electrician made careful note of the effect. During the progress of the play he works every instant never taking his eyes from the action of the play nor his hands from the dimmer box, in which there is concentrated control of all the lights.

ACT II takes place in the wood itself. It is a wonderful forest scene. The trees are so illuminated that they appear huge, round, gigantic. The problem in lighting this act was to illuminate the players and to retain the mystery of a haunted grove. For this woodland scene there is a whole battery of moonlight lamps, and other lights from the fly gallery to prevent flat effects and to suppress shadows. Against this background of a weird wood, the players must play comedy and they must be well illuminated without detracting in the least from the moonlight and mystery.

A play is an animated picture in which scenery is not always the main thing. Rather is it suggestive of the surroundings in which action occurs—a background that serves by contrast to focus attention on the players. Neither by its absence nor presence should it detract from the play. Truly dramatic situations demand dramatic backgrounds. The art of the stage does not consist in presenting a dramatic episode in the midst of humdrum, commonplace surroundings, but in setting off this episode against a background just as imaginative as the play itself, and just as interpretative of nature as the drama is of life itself.

THE use of mobile color has helped to solve this difficulty. Through its use, the appearance of backgrounds can be varied by suitable lighting effects so that feeling is produced expressive of the mood in which the play develops. This is especially true of the production of "Dear Brutus," a highly imaginative play with the second act placed in a highly imaginative setting, a magic forest of Might Have Been! This demanded careful study not only of the setting itself, of the color used in painting the scenery, but also the effects produced by variations in hue, intensity and distribution of light.

Peter Pan was considered an admirable example of good American stage lighting, but "Dear Brutus" surpasses in artistic lighting effects even that interesting production. Beginning with the gloom of an unlighted living room in an English house, passing suddenly to the brilliancy of complete illumination, gradually decreasing to the mysterious leaf-filtered moonlight effect in the wood, lighting the characters in their comedy play, presenting at the right moment the mysterious little house in the wood, dimming the lights as action decreases until there is a complete fade-out of the wood with the heart-rending cry of the charming little daughter, played so artistically by Helen Hayes, for her might-have-been "Daddy," William Gillette, the dénouement of Barrie's delightful play is dramatic to the last degree!

A few years ago Maude Adams, who has been a great student of stage lighting, got word of a foreign idea that promised well. In the old-fashioned theatres of Europe where stock companies make many changes of bill, a prompter is necessary. This important person must be in a position to give first aid to the player with a faulty memory, so down at the foot-lights there is a hole in the stage covered with a shell-like shield that hides the prompter from the audience. The foreign idea was to place the electrician in the prompter's place and have him work his lighting effects from a position where he could see directly what he was doing and just exactly what the effects were.

A FINE idea," said Miss Adams, "but not artistic as it would detract from the effects to be achieved on the stage," so upon further consideration it led to a special switchboard or dimmer box built in sections that could be quickly joined together and easily moved despite its weight. This could be placed in the orchestra pit, the connection with main feed wire easily made and the electrician in evening dress could sit after the fashion of a pianist in the orchestra and quietly handle his levers and dimmers as the play proceeded.

It is the Maude Adams switchboard that is being used so effectively in "Dear Brutus." Its position is such that the master electrician has a fine view of the stage in all but one scene. This was a difficulty but it was overcome. A part of the equipment of the dimmer box is a telephone that has connection with a receiver in the rear of the theatre. When this particular scene is on, an assistant in the rear of the house telephones the required changes to the man at the box.

One of the greatest effects in "Dear Brutus" is the way in which the light is concentrated in desired places.

The instructions for the scene "In the Wood" seemed almost impossible:

"Two-thirds of the stage must be bathed in deep blue light—moonlight intensified. The characters appearing, however, must be so bathed in white light that their every expression can be noted by people not only in the orchestra, but in all parts of the house."

This was worked out with the aid of 1,000-watt lamp in glass-lined reflector. Such a lamp is used for special bright illumination or parts of the scenery, setting or groups.

A battery of these lamps is used in producing the much desired effects.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

WHAT IS BEING DONE BY AMATEURS EVERYWHERE



HUNTER COLLEGE PRESENTS "A THOUSAND YEARS AGO"

By Myrril Isaacs

THE season's tendency to oriental plays was reflected in Hunter College's choice of Percy MacKaye's Chinese romance, "A Thousand Years Ago," as the annual Varsity play. A matinée performance and two evening performances were given in April, in the college Chapel, New York. And in spite of the fact that the expenses of the play amounted to nine hundred and fifty dollars, the business committee was able to report a profit of six hundred dollars, half of which was used to pay for a very beautiful gold curtain which served as a background for the action, obviating the necessity for elaborate scenery, lessening the work of the scenery committee, and shortening the time necessary for scene shifting. The balance of the profits will be used for a Students' Activity Fund.

"A Thousand Years Ago" is a quaint fantasy whose keynote is struck in Capocomico's speech, "Here in China the world lies adream like a thousand years ago," a note that was sustained by every detail of the College production, the ushers wearing Chinese costumes, the orange-colored programs being decorated with clever Chinese drawings, the odor of incense perfuming the air, while Chinese flags decorated the Chapel walls and the orchestra played weird Oriental music. Nothing was lacking that could possibly create the illusion that the audience had left this workaday world and were back in the China of a thousand years ago.



George Muller as the Police Sergeant and Thomas Moore as the Ragged Man in "The Rising of the Moon," as presented at the New York University. The clever work of these two amateurs was a rare treat

This illusion was sustained by the gorgeous costumes and the excellent work of the cast with Helen Luckey, Minna Ast, and Helen Feldman in the leading rôles of Capocomico, Turandot, and Calaf.

IN producing their annual Varsity play the girls of Hunter College were aided by all the departments of the College, the Art Department supervising the painting of scenery, and the entire production being under the direction of the Spoken English Department of which Professor Henrietta Prentiss is the head. The aim of the College, however, was to make the production of the play a student activity, and practically all details were taken over by the members of a student committee, chosen by popular election. This year's committee, which was under the leadership of Florence Flynn, was composed of one member from every class except the Lower Freshmen. Immediately after its election the com-

(*Concluded on page 58*)



Scene from "A Thousand Years Ago," at Hunter College, New York, to which the gorgeous Chinese costumes (loaned for the occasion) gave an air of Oriental splendor. The cast, left to right: (seated) Ruth Fuzsteig, Lillian Aronsohn, Minna Ast, Florence E. Hub, Dorothy Landes, Frances L. Mertsel, Mollie Golomb, (kneeling) Iona Logie, Helen Luckey, Cecil Schapiro, (standing) Fredericka Hertel, Augusta Holser, Edith Hahn, Rose Heller, Sophia B. Heyen, Marie McGuinness, Helen Feldman, Charlotte Berg, Juillette Tombacher, Frances Reichman, Augusta Shatz, Eleanor Gordon, and Louise Rubinstein

HOW TO ORGANIZE AN HISTORICAL PAGEANT

By

CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY

THERE is no form of community drama that makes a wider appeal than the historical pageant, and in ratio, no form of community drama which, in order to be successful requires a greater amount of foresight in being planned for. And it is in the hope of being of service to communities that are planning for pageants that the following practical pageant suggestions are given. The year 1920 in which we are to celebrate the Tercentenary of the Landing of the Pilgrims promises to be the greatest pageant year America has ever had. Therefore, it is well to consider plans in advance, to unite practicality with enthusiasm.

SELECTION OF PAGEANT

THE community wishing to give the Pageant will naturally determine whether the pageant is to be elaborate or simple, basing their choice on the following considerations.

Is the Pageant to be a free civic celebration?

Is it to be given in a large city, a smaller town, or a tiny village?

How many people can be counted upon as being willing to take part in it? Two thousand? One thousand? Five hundred? Two hundred and fifty? In other words, is it to be small or large?



Some of the costumes shown here were resurrected from the attic trunks of the town forefathers, for the Pageant of Schenectady. The year 1920, celebrating the landing of the Pilgrims, promises to be the greatest Pageant year America has ever had, and in many cities, towns and villages, rich in historic interest—and forefathers too—community pageants will be given

If the Pageant is not to be given free, with funds donated by the city, but is to have an admission charge, then how much of an audience can be counted upon? And at what prices? And what are the seating facilities?

Will selling two-thirds of the seats cover the expenses of the Pageant?

Will it be wise to have the Pageant for one day only or for three or four days? (or nights, as the case may be?)

What holiday is the best on which to give the Pageant? The holiday nearest to a Saturday is often a wise choice, as in case of rain it gives two days when working people can attend or take part.

Is the Pageant to be indoor or outdoor? This choice greatly influences the Pageant, for, be the Pageant small or large, it must have adequate stage space; and it should have good acoustics.

PAGEANT COMMITTEE

THE Pageant Committee should consist of the Chairman of the Pageant who consults and advises with all the other chairmen.

The Chairman of the Pageant Site, who in consultation with his Committee selects the place where the Pageant is to be given; gives orders about the grand-stand, the parking of vehicles, the number of ushers, and ticket men for the sale and distribution of tickets.

Chairman of Organization. This is the most important Pageant chairmanship. He must see that the whole Pageant is drawn together; that the principal parts are filled, and that there are sufficient number of supernumeraries; that the rehearsals are going well, and that there are no slackers anywhere along the line.

Chairman of the Casting Committee. This Chairman must see that the right people are chosen for the right parts; that the right clubs or societies or groups of people take the right scenes.

Chairman of Pageant Rehearsals. This Chairman sends members of his Committee to attend the rehearsals and see that the participants are not absent when their scenes are being produced.

Chairman of the Pageant Dances sees to it that the rehearsals for these dances are all properly attended; that there is a suitable hall in which to rehearse them, and that there is an accompanist for the dances.

Chairman of Pageant Music should see that the Pageant choruses and the Pageant orchestra or band are doing their work; that they have full membership, and that there is a suitable place for them to rehearse; that the music arrives on time, and that the duties of the Pageant chorus and orchestra or band are thoroughly understood. This Chairman must also settle all difficulties arising from combining amateur musicians and musicians belonging to a union.

The Chairman of Pageant Costumes must keep track of the Pageant costumes and make sure that all the participants have their costumes ready and waiting by the time of the dress rehearsal; he or she is responsible for seeing that the costumes are hired from a good costume house, or if the costumes are made, that the materials are bought wholesale; that the costumes are accurate as to material, period and color.

The Pageant Treasurer. The Pageant Treasurer holds, disburses and keeps account of all the Pageant funds.

The Pageant Secretary. The Pageant Secretary answers all questions about the Pageant, attends to all correspondence, and sees that the dates and hours of rehearsal are sent out or conveniently posted.

The Pageant Director. The Pageant Director rehearses the Pageant, and his word is law on all that pertains to the dramatic and artistic side of the Pageant.

The Art Director. The Art Director sees that the Pageant costumes are correct in designs, material, color, line, and period. Often the Art Director designs the costumes. With the Art Director works the Chairman of Costumes.

Music Director. As a rule the Music Director directs and leads the choruses and orchestra or band. Also, this Director must see that the Pageant accompanist who plays for the dances is using the same tempo as the orchestra. He must attend many of the rehearsals to see how the music, incidental and otherwise, is to be used.

Chairman of the Press Committee. This Chairman must see that the right material is given to the press; that as much free advertising as possible can be secured, so that the audiences witnessing the Pageant will be large.

PAGEANT SITE

IF the Pageant is given out-of-doors the Pageant site or stage should consist of a level greensward, flanked by trees at right, left and background. These trees form a screen from behind which the Pageant actors appear or disappear. There will be no suspense or culminative interest in the Pageant unless these tree screens, real or artificial, form the "wings" of the stage.

If the Pageant is given indoors in a hall or armory, the background may be hung with curtains of dark green denim, canton flannel, or galatea. And against these curtains pine trees may be placed in picturesque groups. The base of the pine trees should have denim or burlap or cotton cambric bulked about it so as to make the pine trees appear to rise out of little natural hillocks.

HOW TO ORGANIZE THE PAGEANT

THE Pageant Committee must be organized first; next the separate episodes must be organized, and then the parts assigned. Each Pageant episode must have an Episode Leader who will take charge of that particular episode, and consult with the Pageant Director when such consultation proves necessary.

PAGEANT PARTICIPANTS

IN choosing Pageant Participants care must be taken that the leading characters resemble the parts they represent since pageantry appeals largely to the eye. Minor characters may be chosen not so much for appeal to the eye as to the ear. They should enunciate clearly. *(Concluded on page 52)*

DRAMATICS AT THE MASK AND WIG CLUB

By
THOMAS HART

THIRTY-ONE years ago, on the evening of June 8, 1889, to be exact, the Mask and Wig Club of the University of Pennsylvania presented at the Chestnut Street Opera House in the city of Philadelphia, "Lurline," its very first production.

During Easter Week of 1919, when "The Revue of Revues," (Production No. 31), was presented to the public, packed houses at the Forrest Theatre in the same city, bore witness to the great success which has attended this remarkable dramatic organization through its thirty odd years of existence.

For be it known that "Mask and Wig," and its quaint old clubhouse at 310 Quince Street, is an institution in the city of its birth. While the production is THE event of Easter Week in the calendar of Quaker City Society, more particularly is it the event of all events to those envied college youths of the Red and Blue who are privileged to take part in the performance.



The cast of "An American Stew." A clever satire on the politics of to-day in the recent Mask and Wig "Revue of Revues"

MASK and Wig may be classed among amateur theatricals only because the "actors" and "actresses" are not professionals. In the loyalty of its graduates the Club is fortunate, for in Mask and Wig, unlike other college shows, the experience gained through many years of effort is never allowed to drift away. The same mistakes are not made each year. The older members of the Club, those who have been through it before and know, direct as to what is to be done and how it shall be done. The students, with their youth and energy do it, ably, willingly and proud in the realization that they have the most important part in upholding the traditions of the Club and the success of their particular show.

Last year, although greatly in lack of material owing to war conditions, "The Bridal Not" was presented and the proceeds turned over to war relief. Came the thought this year to those in charge—why not recall to life in this, the thirty-first production, memories of bygone successes of former years, and combine the whole into a modern Mask and Wig vaudeville, something different from all precedent, and yet something to which the Club by its very nature would be peculiarly adapted. Accordingly the Plays Committee, consisting of Charles Gilpin, Howard K. Mohr and Charles S. Morgan Jr., set for themselves the task of blending together costumes, dances, songs and sketches along the lines of a Ziegfeld's "Follies," thereby producing an altogether new Mask and Wig theory—that of a Revue.

THUS came into being "The Revue of Revues," a literary digest of Mask and Wig history and the current events of the day. There was no book, but there was a Plays Committee plus seventy-five ambitious youths who knew what had to be done. Some sketches were needed. Darrell Hevenor Smith of New York, who had previously written "Miss Helen of Troy," "Paradise Prison," and other vehicles for the Club, was called upon and produced for this year, "An American Stew," and "Uncle Sam's House," two remarkable clever satires on the world-wide politics of to-day in which our country is involved. We find here the "League of Notions Stew a La Woodrow," while the chief chef himself is a speaking likeness of the President. In the house where Uncle Sam resides, we find also his two sons, Capital and Labor, who are greatly perturbed at the entrance of Mr. Common People and Prohibition to disturb their rest. An allegory of peculiar cleverness, it provides the nucleus of Act two, for a Mask and Wig show must invariably possess two acts, and only two.

The music for the production was by Charles Gilpin. There is such a thing as Mask and Wig music; there has to be in order to provide a fit companion for the dancing which Charley Morgan has put into every production he has handled, and those who witnessed this season's opening performance, saw once again Ben Franklin, Old King Cole, Mr. Hamlet of Denmark, Mr. Rip Van Winkle, Alice in Anotherland and Captain Kidd, all former title characters, brought to life one fleeting Mask and Wig season. Who can predict what famous characters of history will appear next year, for now that precedent has been shattered, it is likely to suppose that the revue idea will increase in proportion as its new Mask and Wig possibilities

THUS from the early days of February, the Clubhouse at "310," once an old barn, and now one of the most picturesque clubhouses in Philadephia, has been the center of all current Mask and Wig activities. There, night after night, came the youths from across the Schuylkill, intent on making the thirty-first the best of all. And it was at this quaint old barn that they absorbed into themselves the spirit of youth, jollity and companionship, that in the last analysis is the success of the Club. With its steins carefully hung on their respective pegs, with the pictures and play bills of former days on the wall, it is easy to realize how the undergraduate longs to "make" the Mask and Wig

(*Concluded on page 52*)



L. B. Seibert as "Old King Cole" in the Mask and Wig Club's "Revue of Revues," which scored a hit



H. J. Biberman as "Uncle Sam" in "Uncle Sam's House," a skit by Darrel H. Smith



H. J. Biberman as "Ben Franklin," the founder of the University of Pennsylvania, who comes to life to see his college once again

How Every Woman Can Have A Winning Personality

Let Me Introduce Myself

DEAR READER: *I wish to tell you* how to have a charming, winning personality because all my life I have seen that without it any woman labors under great handicaps. Without *personality*, it is almost impossible to make desirable friends, or get on in business; and yes, often must a woman give up the man on whom her heart is set because she has not the power to attract or to hold him.

During my career here and abroad, I have met a great many people whom I have been able to study under circumstances which have brought out their weak or strong points, like a tiny spot on the lens of a moving picture machine will magnify into a very large blot on the screen. And I have seen so many people, lacking in personality, try to make a success of their plans and fail completely, in a way that has been quite pathetic. I am sure that you also are famliar with one or more such cases.

Success of a Winsome Manner

I saw numerous failures that were so distressing that my thoughts could not help dwelling upon those shattered and vain ambitions. I have seen women of education, and culture and natural beauty actually fail where other women minus such advantages, but possessing certain secrets of lovableness, a certain winsomeness, a certain knack of looking right and saying the right word, would get ahead delightfully. Nor were they naturally forward women. Nor were they the kind that men call clever. Some of them, if you studied their features closely, were decidedly not handsome; *yet they seemed so.* They didn't do this by covering their faces with cosmetics; they knew the *true* means. And often winning women were in the thirties, forties, or even fifties. Yet they "appealed." You know what I mean. They drew others to them by a subtle power which seemed to emanate from them. Others liked to talk to them and to do things for them. In their presence you felt perfectly at ease—as though you had been good, good friends for very long.



Juliette Fara

French Feminine Charms

The French women among my friends seemed to me more generally endowed with this ability to fascinate, than did my friends among other nationalities. In the years that I lived in Paris, I was amazed to find that most of the women I met were enchanting.

"Is it a part of the French character?" I asked my friends.

"Were you born that way?" I would often ask some charming woman.

And they smilingly told me that "personality" as we know it here in America, is *an art*, that is *studied and acquired* by French women just as they would learn to cook, or to sing by cultivating the voice. Every girl and woman possesses latent personality. *This includes you, dear reader.* There are numerous real secrets for developing *your* personality. In France, where the women have always outnumbered the men, and where opportunity for our sex is restricted, those who wish to win husbands or shine in society, or succeed in their careers, have no choice but to develop their charms in competition with others.

How Men's Affections Are Held

Lately, the newspapers have been telling us that thousands and thousands of our fine young army men have taken French wives. It was no surprise to me, for I know *how alluring are the French girls.* Nor could I help conceding the truth in the assertion of a competent Franco-American



You may have all those attractive qualities that men adore in women

journalist that "American girls are too provincial, formal, cold and unresponsive, while the French girls radiate warmth of sympathy, devotion and all those exquisite elements of the heart that men adore in women."

And I who am successful and probably known to you by reputation through my activities on the Faubourg St. Honoré can tell you in all candor, as one woman confiding in another, that these French secrets of personality have been a very important factor in the successes of mine. But it is not my tendency to boast of myself, the *Juliette Fara* whom I want you to feel that you already know as your sincere friend, but I speak *of* YOU and *for* YOU.

French Secrets of Fascination

My continued residence in France enabled me to observe the ways and methods of the women closely. I studied and analyzed the secrets of their *fascinating powers.*

When I returned to the dear old U. S. A., I set myself at work putting together the facts, methods, secrets and formulæ that I had learned while in France.

Of one thing I am absolutely convinced—every woman who wishes it may have a winning personality.

Overcoming Deterrent Timidity

I know I can take any girl of a timid or overmodest disposition, one who lacks self-confidence, or is too self-conscious for her own good, and show her how to become *discreetly and charmingly daring,* perfectly natural and comfortable in the presence of others. I can show you *how to bring out charms which you do not even dream you possess.*

Uncouth Boldness—or Tactful Audacity?

If you are an assertive woman, the kind that suffers from too great forwardness, I can show you in a way that you will find delightful, how to be *gentle and unassuming,* to tear away the false fabric of your repelling and ungracious personality and replace it with another that wins and attracts. By this method, you will succeed, oh so well, while by uncouthness or misapplied audacity you meet with setbacks.

I can take the frail girl or woman, the listless one who usually feels that the good things in life are not for her and show her how to become vigorous and strong, tingling with enthusiasm and good cheer and how to see the whole wide world full of splendid things just for her.

Become an Attractive Woman

I can take the girl or woman who is ignorant or careless of her appearance, or the girl who dresses unbecomingly and instill in her a sense of true importance of appearance in personality; I can enlighten her in the ways of women of the world, in making the most of their apparel. All this without any extravagance; and I can show her how to acquire it with originality and taste. You realize, of course, that dressing to show yourself to advantage, is *a real art* and without that knowledge you will always be under a disadvantage.

For Married Women

There are some very important secrets which married French women know that enables them to hold the love, admiration and fidelity of their men. How the selfish spirit in a man is to be overcome so ingeniously that he *does not know what you are accomplishing* until some day he awakens to the fact that his character and his manner have undergone a delightful change —that he is not only making you happy, but he is finding far greater pleasure in life than when he was inconsiderate. There are secrets in my compilation that are likely to change a turbulent course of married life for one that is entrancingly ideal. And this power lies within you, my dear Madam.

Acquire Your Life's Victory Now!

What we call personality is made up of a number of little things. It is not something vague and indefinable. Personality, charm, good looks, winsomeness and success can be cultivated. If you know the secrets, if you learn the rules and put them into practice, you can be charming, you can have an *appealing personality.* Don't think it is impossible. Don't think you must be born that way. Don't even think it ought to be hard to acquire it; because the secrets of charm that I have collated and transcribed for you are more interesting than the most fascinating book you have ever read.

Once you have learned my lessons, they become a kind of second nature to you. When you notice the improvement in your appearance, how you get on easier with people, how your home problems seem to solve themselves, how in numberless little ways (and big ones, too) life gets to hold so many more prizes for you, you will decide to put more and more of the methods in practice in order to obtain still more of life's rewards.

No New Fad—the Success of Ages

I am well enough known by the public not to be taken as advancing some new-fangled fad. All my life I have understood the value of plain common sense and practical methods. And what I have put into my course on the cultivation of personality is just as practical as anything can be.

I could go on to tell you more and more about this truly remarkable course, but the space here does not permit. However, I have put some important secrets for you into an *inspiring little book called "How"* that I want you to read. The Gentlewoman Institute will send it to you entirely free, postpaid, in a plain wrapper, just for the asking.

My advice to you is to send for the free book *"HOW"* if you want to gain the finest of friends and to possess happiness with contentment that will come to you as the result of a *lovely and winning personality.*

Yours for Success in Life,

Juliette Fara

Mail the Coupon for Free Book



GENTLEWOMAN INSTITUTE
615 West 43rd Street, 104 A
New York, N. Y.

Please send me, postpaid, free of cost and without any obligation on my part, Madame Juliette Fara's little book entitled "How."

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Important **To obtain Madame Fara's little book "How," free, you may fill out the coupon and send in; or you may write by letter or postcard requesting it. Address as below:**

GENTLEWOMAN INSTITUTE **615 West 43rd Street, 104 A New York, N. Y.**

THE PROGRAMME OF FASHIONS

PROLOGUE: DESIGNED BY HARRY COLLINS
LEADING WOMAN: IRENE CASTLE

Act I.....Pour le Matin.
Act II.....Apres Midi.
Act III.....Pour le Soir et Autre Temps.
Act IV.....Les Petites Elegances.

DAYTIME FROCKS ASSUME a charming mode in their suggestion of Etonian days—boyish in simplicity but essentially feminine. Youthfulness and individuality is the keynote of all the models from the establishment of Harry Collins who has typified his ideas in the three gowns shown on this page, made exclusively for Mrs. Castle in her new picture, "The Firing Line," which is now being filmed by the Famous Players-Lasky Company.

The gown illustrated below is fashioned of burnt amber satin and although Bolero in effect, the jacket and waistcoat are joined by deep-toned ivory satin embroidered in fine tinsel thread. A novel cord treatment at the bottom of the skirt is a new feature and accents a delightfully slim silhouette. Topping this altogether harmonious picture is a smart chapeau of brown lisere straw.

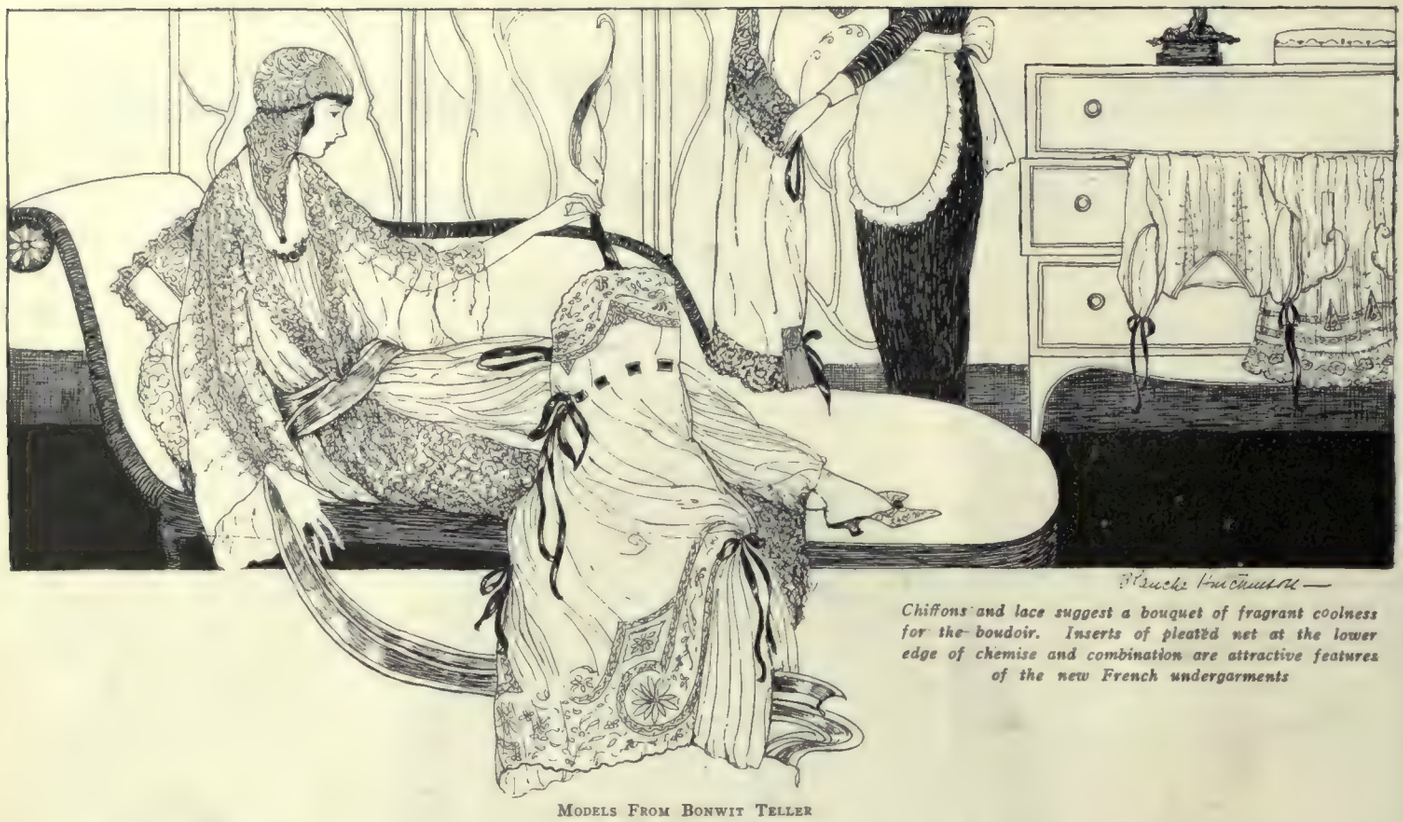


A COATEE EFFECT is one of the ingenious notes sounded by the pipes of Fashion. It is difficult to imagine or design a more artistic and suitable frock for the tea hour or early evening affairs. Constructed of ocean blue georgette, every detail of this portrait gown, to the right of the page, bespeaks the skillful touch of artistic fingers. The very essence of daintiness and coolness is epitomized in the designs of the sleeve and the unique use of Tom Thumb fringe which decorates the long slim skirt and cunning jacket. The undersleeve and tucker are of hand-tucked white net which is visible beneath the chiffon. Exquisitely elegant is the finishing touch at the wrist and the handling of the wide satin girdle. A flowerlike hat completes the costume. The color combination is in pale green tulle, with a brim facing of changeable blue taffeta.



FOR DANCING, Mrs. Castle will captivate us with an eerie gown of indestructible voile in a new shade called sunset—an illusive combination of pumpkin and flame color. Grace and beauty are embodied in the flowing sleeve, the rosettes of satin and in the long tassels of silver balls and acorns. The renewed interest in the lovely art of dancing calls for our greatest ingenuity and thought in the selection of fabrics and colors for the warm evenings immediately upon us. Mrs. Castle's idea of correct dressing is to wear the things that are becoming to one's style of beauty, irrespective of what the makers of fashion give to the world as correct. It is interesting to note that this charming dancer prefers shades of grays, blues, pink or yellow. One of her favored gowns is of black charmeuse with long draped lines and long sash. A feature is the bib collar fashioned of convent embroidered handkerchief linen.





Chiffons and lace suggest a bouquet of fragrant coolness for the boudoir. Inserts of pleated net at the lower edge of chemise and combination are attractive features of the new French undergarments

MODELS FROM BONWIT TELLER

POUR LE MATIN

FRENCH MUSLINS CAN BE AS NOTABLE AS THEY WISH WHEN RUFFLES ARE FLUTED AND EDGED WITH RICKRACK. HANDKERCHIEF LINEN HOLDS FIRST PLACE IN THE MORNING WARDROBE FOR VERANDA AND GARDEN

TO fold the graceful drapery of chiffon and lace around the uncorseted figure or to adjust quickly a slip-on robe of lustrous satin over the sleeping garment, is to make preparation in the morning or later hours for the reception of friends a la Du Barry and at the same moment to enjoy the bliss of extreme relaxation. Such a gown invites the lassitude and langour that equals the beauty tonic of the hour's sleep before midnight. The thought is illustrated in the above sketch where two shades of yellow chiffon and Renaissance lace blend in a mist of beauty. Withal its delicate construction this slip-on model is intensely practical and simple in fashioning. The soft widths of lace drape into artistic convolutions on the bodice and swing into airy loveliness at the arm. An elaborate girdle of chiffon and silver tissue outlines the figure slightly and trails in graceful sash ends or lends itself to the influence of skillful fingers that may devise original treatment for such responsive fabrics. The efficient maid in the sketch is displaying to Madame one of the newest combinations. It is of crepe de Chine with a becoming yoke and bottom panel of wide filet lace and net. Medallions of Renaissance lace and net add further desirability to this little garment. Peeping from the drawer of the French lingerie chest, a sheer lawn petticoat elaborately embroidered solidly and in eyelet, calls attention to the necessity of its addition to the summer wardrobe. A sketch is inadequate to picture the exquisite beauty of the Georgette nightgown, dainty and flowerlike is it in texture and design. The inset of the Valenciennes lace at the bust line with small design of colored embroidery at neckline and sleeve is a novel creation for dreamland hours.

The bewitching chemise model is of fine handkerchief linen with touches of hand-embroidery and Valenciennes lace. Not content with this daintiness, it borrows further charm from the inserts of net at the sides. This cunning idea masks a very practical plan for allowing greater freedom of movement.



IF one is not lounging in her boudoir, but feels the urge of coffee and toast on the breakfast porch or an hour in the garden, the three morning gowns in the group sketch offer dainty suggestions for the occasion.

A pink and white striped French muslin is the little gown at the right of the group. It has narrow flutings of white with rickrack trimming, that quaint and old-fashioned knitted lace of romantic days. The sleeve in order to be individual, divides in petal effect at the elbow and forms a flower-like opening for the arm. Wider flutings at the side of the skirt add a touch of youthfulness to this piquant costume. A surplice length of fluting becomes a fichu in effect, and encircles the waist at the back, forming a girdle finish.

There is a decided American touch woven into the charming designs of the other two gowns. Both are of white linen. The middle gown is a compromise between that which is demure and that which is dashing. in fact, it has both qualities and can therefore be worn on various occasions. The rich bonnaz embroidery qualifies really for quite an elaborate all-day wearing.

The insets of torchon lace on the third gown form a smart over-blouse design at the waistline which is a new handling of lace to provide the elongated waist effect. Sash ends of lace is a well thought out touch of a designer appealing to the lover of what is correct in dress.

The lovely leghorn hat boasts an only trimming. of white organdie with a drooping bow at the side back. Organdie on the hat—organdie bows on the parasol and organdie neckwear is exploited by the smartest designers and shops.

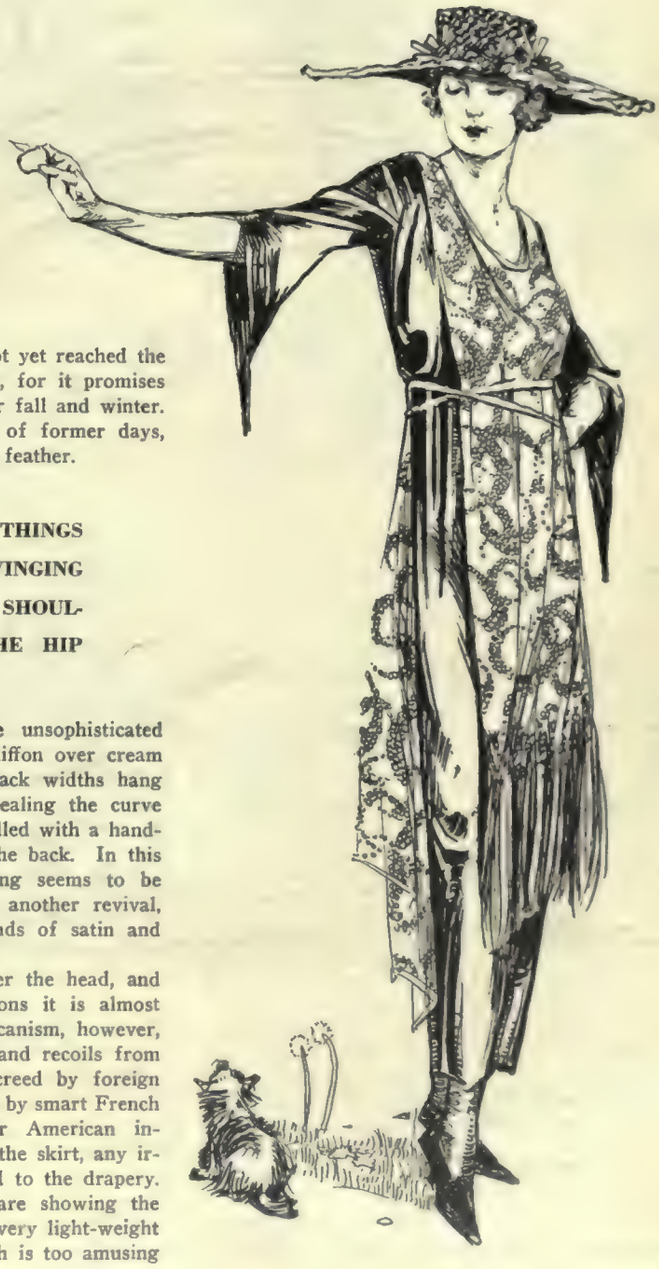
Chinese blue and pale grey linen make up most pleasingly in tailored dresses for the country. They are of the coat-dress design so much favored in recent seasons. Square necks and short sleeves banded with a deeper shade of the linen makes an attractive finish. Patch pockets add to the chic of such a tailored outfit. To be up-to-date it must slip on over the head, and fasten with crochet buttons at the neck.

APRES MIDI

AFTERNOON TUNIC FROCKS OF SATIN AND CHIFFON DESIGNED BY HICKSON, APPEAR AS FORE-RUNNERS OF REDINGOTE DAYS



Margaret Lawrence as she appears in private life. Her success in "Tea for Three" assured a further success in "Wedding Bells," which opened in Washington on May 26



FROCKS of satin and chiffon advance boldly into the arena of fashionable summer wearing apparel. There is no fight for position, as the successful debut of these fabrics several seasons ago, thrust them into undisputed leadership. The extreme simplicity of the two gowns shown on this page is very marked, yet the length and swing of the tunics suggests slightly the polonaise, a charming eighteenth century fashion which is rumored for early fall. Possibly Hickson senses the coming vogue, or perhaps it is instinctive for an eminent designer to feel the pulse of fashion through keen perception, but undoubtedly we will see a revival of the redingote style. The upper sketch illustrates the royal blue satin gown worn by Miss Lawrence in "Wedding Bells," designed for her exclusively by Hickson. The design is one which will undoubtedly be copied as a very effective afternoon gown. Fringe edging the tunic and rosettes of cut silk fringe as a decoration are unique features of this extremely effective gown. The panel at the back swings from the waist and is longer than the side tunic. The farthingale may easily develop from the present vogue for panels, and the style is predicted; let us hope however, that an extreme of this seventeenth century fashion will not be precipitated upon us. The hat worn with the gown is one of the new kind and has a balloon crown that can be made high or low, pulled into a projection on one side or dipped into a curve at the other.

A majority of afternoon hats are of unlined tulle, flaring off and around the face like the petals of a large flower. Other hats in demand for afternoon wear are of leghorn straw circled with ostrich and almost invariably faced with silk of harmonizing shades

The vogue for ostrich has not yet reached the high water mark of popularity, for it promises to be even more in demand for fall and winter. Not the flowing mane variety of former days, but the glycerined or uncurled feather.

THE CHARM OF THINGS TRANSPARENT, SWINGING FULL FROM THE SHOULDER OR FROM THE HIP

SYMBOLIC of youth is the unsophisticated gown of figured Paulette chiffon over cream colored satin—the front and back widths hang limply from the shoulder concealing the curve of the figure. The waist is girdled with a hand-made silk cord tied loosly at the back. In this instance, the mode of trimming seems to be confined to fringe and tassels, another revival, but in keeping with the demands of satin and georgette.

This little gown slips on over the head, and like many of the Paris creations it is almost shapeless. To prove its Americanism, however, the skirt remains ankle length and recoils from the extremely short length decreed by foreign couturiers and worn with delight by smart French women. To emphasise further American independence there is no hike to the skirt, any irregularity of line being confined to the drapery.

The newest French models are showing the tunics distended by the use of very light-weight feather bone, the effect of which is too amusing to find instant favor.

POUR LE SOIR ET

STEIN & BLAINE DESIGN EVENING GOWNS OF UNUSUAL DISTINCTION FOR SOCIETY AND THE STAGE



TRANSPARENT fabrics over the top of the body have created a stir wherever the subject of fashions is discussed. The upper part of the body from the waist up is about as nude as the law will permit and America has accepted the vogue which originated in France six months ago. By a peculiar psychology the backless bodice is tolerated by many women who object to a low décolleté in front. Bodices of crystal and silver embroidery or beaded net over tissue are indescribably soft and vague for the purpose of a severe little bodice. The skirt, curiously enough, is usually of heavier material and perfectly plain except for the big soft puffs at the hips or at the side pannier drapery which the house of Callot introduced recently to the fashionables at Monte Carlo. An unusual chemise dress of gold and silver tissue is covered with lavander tulle and loosly belted at the waist by a long scarf of tissue or twisted tulle. The shoulder straps consist of strings of pearls.

Alluring wraps of lace and chiffon are worn with evening gowns. Draped in the Spanish style they are effective beyond words; or perhaps the chiffon may be edged with ruffles and hug the figure tightly in surplice fashion.



THE PANNIER-PUFF AND THE NARROW SASH TRAIN BLEND IN SATINY GRACE

THE grace and slimness of a satin gown has always been undeniable; but in the hands of a fashion sculptor, the sensuous beauty of the body of this fabric unfolds new and unsuspected possibilities. One can sense the creaminess and pliability of the ivory satin illustrated at the top of the page and applaud the great achievement of its drapery. Only in the manner of catching up the skirt at the front may we suspect that the designer may have felt the influence of some French couturiere, but one catches the real spirit of America in this lovely creation. The winsome wing bolero is delicately embroidered in crystal and silver with now and then a glimpse of pale gold tissue beneath its fragile tracery. The treatment of the train which is a continuation of the original satin girdle, is correspondingly attractive, shimmering alternately on either side in cream or gold pastels.

Many evening gowns of the lily silhouette achieve more graceful lines by swathing the figure and lapping over at the front drapery. If the gown is to be used for dancing, the advantages of such an opening are obvious, for twinkling feet are much more beautiful when viewed from the front—this method of providing an opening for the evening gown applies with equal success and comfort to the street or afternoon gown.

A RENEWAL of festivities restores the evening gown and satin is of pre-eminent importance. Unquestionably, the black evening gown is ever new, always stunning and usually becoming. Black is the tea-time color, the reception color and the evening color; maid and matron alike bow to the potency of its charm, and swear allegiance to it. In the sketch, the narrow black satin foundation skirt is draped in net and discreetly embroidered in jet of brilliant cutting. The loose panel at the back has a piquant tendency to cling slightly to the figure. This time we have the narrow train trailing from an immense puff of satin which is a quaint reminder of the old time pannier puff which forms a distinct feature of the gown.

THE gowns shown on this page may be worn successfully without a corset—they are no longer required at any time of the day or evening, but the American woman suits herself in these matters. The French women who need such support are finding it in the boning of the dress itself, but the ruling is for the corsetless figure. Women unconsciously stand more gracefully and attain a more willowy figure in following this new-old idea.

AUTRE TEMPS

WHEN Stein & Blaine designed gowns of chintz and challis for Miss Claire, the object was to obtain effectiveness for Miss Claire's type of beauty, correct mode and convenience—really gowns to be worn in place of sports clothes, gowns to be donned with the least possible exertion. Simplicity is the keynote of two gowns shown in the sketch; one of all white challis with two wide tucks in the narrow overskirt, with a frill at the waist of white organdie embroidered in red. The same plan repeats itself in the collar and loose cuff of the short sleeve.

Rose colored chintz fashions the gowns on the standing figure, and rose colored lace provides a lovely garniture for neck and sleeves. A Moyen Age effect is carried out at the waist which is slightly fulled in with a narrow tailored sash, and tiny tucks give added weight and charming finish to the gown.



Ina Claire, who is resting in the mountains for the summer, but doubtless planning lovely new gowns for her early Fall appearance in a new Belasco production

MISS CLAIRE CHOOSES GIRLISH GOWNS OF CHALLIS AND CHINTZ FOR ALL-DAY WEAR

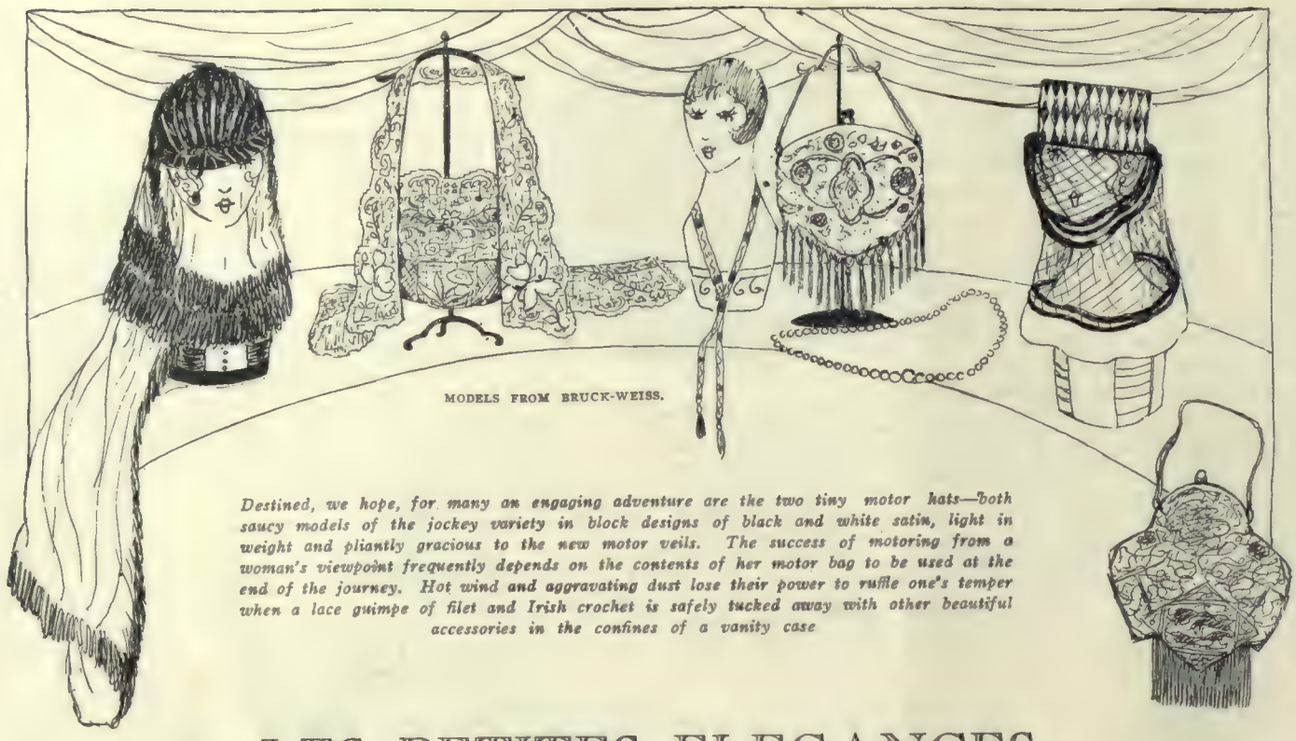




FOR GARDEN PARTY OR COUNTRY CLUB LACE AND GEORGETTE COMBINE IN PERSUASIVE SHADES

THERE is an unexplainable charm about a lace jacket or the semblance of a jacket fashioned of net or chiffon. Perhaps the secret lies in the bewitching grace of its lines which obligingly conceals or reveals the curves of the figure. The fall of the jacket can be extended over the hip to any desired length or it may stop abruptly at the waist line affecting a diminutive pinafore front. The idea has been successfully developed in the garden party frock sketched to the left, where lace net outlines the figure slightly and follows up an artistic advantage by appearing again at the sleeve in deep flouncing. In a wonderful shade of hydrangea georgette over gray satin, the gown delights the eye and is the embodiment of every desired feature in a summer gown. With a flaring hat of gray tulle pulled down over the eyes to show its crown of dull rose flowers, the entire effect of the toilette suggest a Gainsborough painting. We note the silhouette with pleasure and regret the thought of parting with it—for Paris prophesies full skirts for autumn days. However, the American woman does not yield as easily to the dictum of French couturiers as formerly—her individuality and independence in style of dress is becoming more manifest each day.

WHEN the summer girl goes to the races she wears taffeta, organdie and the inevitable figured georgette or chiffon. There is something decidedly attractive about a black taffeta frock if it is without ornamentation—a perky sash, a ruffle or two, the sleeves cut short and the neck cut low, and all the requirements for a successful summer toilette are fulfilled. It never looks warm if it is made simply and with the addition of a white frill or two, the result is decidedly cool and refreshing. A hat of black taffeta, showing a large bow of black organdie may be worn effectively, with a taffeta gown. Speaking of short sleeves—what is to be worn as an arm-covering during the day? The answer is, unless you wish to wear a long glove of white glace kid, you will wear long silk gloves or none at all. Clever little wristlets of black taffeta ribbon boasting a saucy little bow tie is a suggestion obtained from the dainty Marie Doro who is the personification of all that is flowerlike in appearance. It is almost impossible to buy long kid gloves in tans and grays—the vogue for short sleeves came upon us so suddenly that the manufacturers are at a loss to meet the insistent demand. The opportunity is ripe therefore for our leading women of fashion to launch a new armlet or bracelet idea.



MODELS FROM BRUCK-WEISS.

Destined, we hope, for many an engaging adventure are the two tiny motor hats—both saucy models of the jockey variety in block designs of black and white satin, light in weight and pliantly gracious to the new motor veils. The success of motoring from a woman's viewpoint frequently depends on the contents of her motor bag to be used at the end of the journey. Hot wind and aggravating dust lose their power to ruffle one's temper when a lace guimpe of filet and Irish crochet is safely tucked away with other beautiful accessories in the confines of a vanity case

LES PETITES ELEGANCES

"IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT—" CAREFUL DETAILS OF DRESS, LIKE CAREFUL DETAILS OF CONVERSATION, HAVE A FAR-REACHING INFLUENCE

THE smartly gowned woman revels in her private discoveries of where she can buy that "something different" which establishes for her a reputation of knowing what is correct in every detail of dress. New York more than any other American city, recognizes the increasing demand for specialty shops, and even the larger stores catering ever to a discriminating patronage are dividing their spacious floors into miniature shops where merchandise assumes a more alluring aspect and where service becomes the perfection of artistry.



The small accessory affords much latitude to the woman who depends upon details in dress rather than on fundamentals. Veils, sashes, and neckwear are of immediate interest. At present there is no striking novelty in the actual design of the veil, the cachet depending upon the adjustment of its lacy substance. The short veil flaring below the eyes and cascading at the back is a piquant Spanish style. immensely becoming and picturesque. We may look for further influence from the Latin countries in the arrangement of veils, coiffures and shawls.

The infant veil at present is less absorbing than the more mature motor veil, which in order to attract attention, has found new ornamentation and methods of protection from sun and wind.

INDIVIDUALITY may express itself in the handling of the big squashable sashes which are in high favor, due to the many opportunities for ingenious draping.

There is no denying the impression made by well-chosen neckwear—and one is well advised to make such purchases under the name of a good maker, for there is perhaps no article of wearing apparel that is so beguiling in its promise of smart lines and durability. Organdie and tucked net provide a smart finish for any tub frock, and a slip of a gown may be entirely transformed by the addition of exquisite neckwear.

Many well-dressed stage women have adopted the fashion of wearing sets of oriental jewelry with the simplest sort of satin frocks to express personality—then, too, many delightful superstitions may become manifest through such a vogue. It is very smart, indeed, to combine Imperial Jade with seed pearls, and if one is of a romantic turn of mind, she may be certain of a new heart affair, according to an ancient custom.

As to rings, the larger they are the better, many women subscribing to the fashion of wearing an oriental stone that covers at least half of the finger. In the sketch we find the complete set of oriental jewelry. The earrings are deserving of special mention for tiny seed pearls hover around the jade drop like a fringe of lace. The necklace speaks for itself and provides a unique poster effect against a neutral colored gown.

Bead bags grow in beauty of design and color but are smaller in size—the two bags shown in the sketch have unusual colorings; one is of henna, the other a combination of old blue and pale gold.

Fans dazzle us with their colorings and invite us to buy. Not many women, however, appreciate the possibilities in the rather neglected art of using a fan. For the sake of coquetry and arch glances; for the sake of providing an inviting background for a gown of severe simplicity, and for the sake of accenting the coloring of hair and eyes, introduce this lovely accessory to your wardrobe of fineries.

The lace mantilla also offers a new idea in the way of effects. Nothing in the realm of headgear is quite so romantic and becoming, and the box party at the theatre or opera brings one the opportunity of wearing this charming headdress.

Each month through "The Programme of Fashions" section there will be exploited fashion news and illustrations of ultra-smart wearing apparel as designed by American and European couturiers and sponsored by women of the stage and society. Inquiries are invited regarding fashions shown through these columns. This service is offered gratis to the readers of the Theatre Magazine. Address Pauline S. Morgan, Theatre Magazine, 6 East 39th Street, New York



MODELS FROM TIMOTHY F. CROWLEY

A new fichu collar of finest organdie, with a petal fold about the neck, offers a dainty suggestion for warm days

For the girl who commutes, a sleeveless guimpe of barred or novelty organdie contributes to a freshly appointed toilette. A mannish sport stock of tub silk adds distinction to any out-of-doors outfit, and is correctly worn with a linen tailleur—



Photograph by Maurice Goldberg.

MISS ALICE BRADY

I LOVE Dorin's Compactes because they give you in a minute that *rested* look which every woman must have to appear at her best. I not only keep my favorite shades of La Dorine and Dorin's Compact Rouge in my vanity box, but I have the large sizes on my dressing table. After the exhausting strain of stage work they banish the external traces of fatigue with entire success.

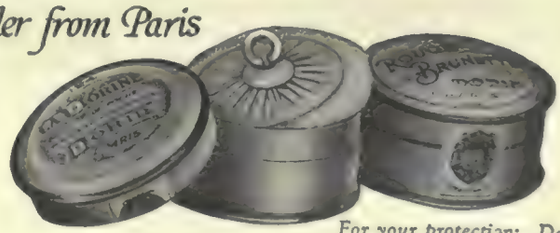
Alice Brady

LA DORINE

The Imported Compact Powder from Paris

WHAT IS YOUR COLORING? Send us a description of your hair, eyes and complexion, with 10c in stamps, and we will send you our booklet reproducing in full color seven different exquisite types of beauty with directions for choosing the correct shades of La Dorine and Dorin's Compact Rouges to harmonize with your natural tints. We will also send a sample of La Dorine and one of Dorin's Rouges selected by our complexion expert in accordance with your description.

La Dorine comes in four shades to harmonize with every complexion—Blanche, Naturelle, Rosee and Rachel. Dorins Compact Rouges are in a variety of natural tones of which Rouge Brunette and Rouge Framboise are the favorites. Convenient hand bag size, 50c, for either Powder or Rouge. Large dressing table size, $1.



For your protection: Dorin's Preparations are sold only in containers marked "DORIN, PARIS"

F. R. ARNOLD & CO. :: *Importers* :: 5 WEST 22ND STREET, NEW YORK



Photos Francis Bruguiere

Madame Namara, choosing presents—to send back to Mexico City where she has just been singing and making friends—from that famous half-moon vitrine that faces the entrance at Gidding's, hesitates between the choice of a carved comb traced with lines of sparkling blue, a jade pendant, and a fan

MADAME NAMARA TAKES ME SHOPPING WITH HER

By ANGELINA

TUESDAY is my lucky day, and three my lucky number. And when, in the course of the months, the clock ticks round to a Tuesday the third, something particularly fortunate invariably happens.

So when on leaving the office on a recent Tuesday morning my eye caught the magic number on the calendar I knew that destiny was even then cooking something auspicious for me. And sure enough, as I was walking up the Avenue a minute later, and had just arrived in front of Gidding's—you see how neatly fate had dovetailed me into the psychological moment—who should be getting out of her car but the lovely Madame Namara of the Chicago Opera Company.

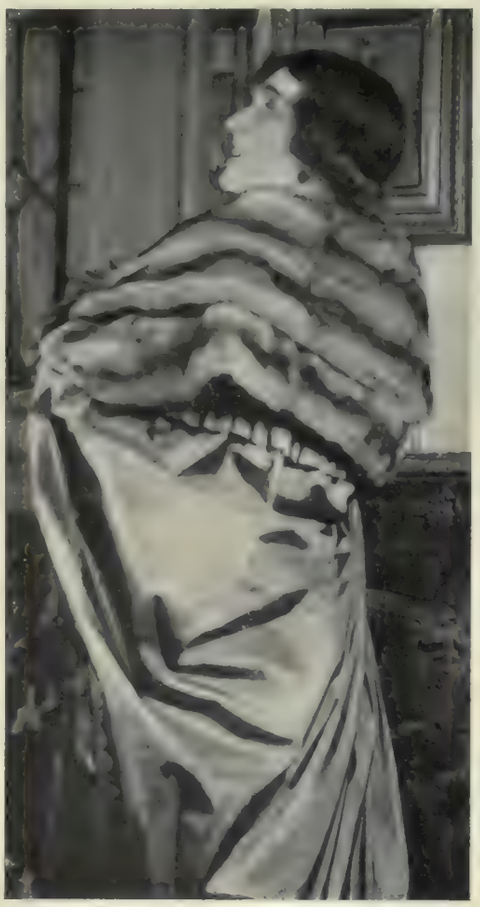
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SHE'S one of the people I'm most keen about. For half a dozen reasons! Not only because I admire her voice and her art, not only because she's so good to look at, with her fresh skin, large, wide-set blue eyes, and white, white teeth that go all the way back (some don't, you know). Not only because she's always so smartly and individually turned out, but also because she's so charming, so varied, so alive. She's one of the women to whom that over-worked and much-abused adjective, *fascinating,* really applies.

"I thought you were still singing on tour in Mexico City," I said, after our greeting.

"No, I've been back several weeks," elucidated Madame Namara, "out at Great Neck, vacationing with my baby and husband" (he comes into the story later). "We go up into the mountains next week, and I'm in town to do some important shopping, before going. Don't you like Gidding's to shop at? It's one of my pet places. So many wonderfully different and unusual things under the same roof. Why can't you come in, and go round with me, and we'll have lunch at the Ritz after. Do."

And so that's the way *that* happened.



Above stairs, in one of the salons devoted to gowns and wraps, Madame Namara tries on an evening cloak of rose taffeta with brown fur collar, not because, as she says, she really needs an evening cloak at that moment, but because the coats are such bargains for such beauties, and because her playwright-husband-Guy-Bolton, who, such a pity! is just 'round the margin of the picture, insists on making her a present

INSIDE, Madame Namara stopped in front of the famous half-moon vitrine that faces the door, and that contains such multifold treasures.

"While I was in Mexico City I took a villa, instead of trying to stay at the hotel, like the rest of the company," she explained. "People used to come in for lunch and tea, and I made several very interesting friends, who were charming to me. I want to send them back a remembrance. What would you suggest?" she asked, turning to the clerk.

"How about an unusual string of beads?" he began. "Or one of these small gold vanity boxes on a short black silk cord? The rectangular shape and the cord are very new. Or this pendant of carved jade to hang at the end of a chain or a ribbon? Jade the stone is more popular than ever since jade has come in as a fashionable color. Or better yet, how about a fan? We have some wonderful fans that have just come in from a famous collection."

"A fan! Just the thing, isn't it?" exclaimed Madame Namara, and turned to me holding it up for my confirmation. "They may have fans in Mexico, but none like these."

* * *

THEN there was a choice to be made between a bead bag of the conventional pattern and one of the new "miser" bags of netted silk with steel beads, and some lovely carved combs that had just come in from Paris. And while we were still on the main floor, Madame Namara couldn't resist a hat she saw, nor a French blouse. *And,* a filet crochet sweater, in pale grey silk. Because, although she already has a filet crochet sweater in sunflower yellow, that has sleeves, and you can't have too many, and anyway grey is one of her favorite colors.

After which we went up to the fifth floor to select a motor coat for hot days, the choice falling on a deep cream linen one,—really no more nor less than a kind of glorified, dear old-fashioned linen duster. We were tipped off—



No one who goes to shop at Gidding's for a frock, or a suit, or a wrap or a blouse, or whatever, gets away without being snared by a Gidding's hat. They have a reputation, especially with the actress, all their own; whether they have been brought over from Paris, or confectioned to suit the individuality right in the house. Madame Namara has discovered one that "just must" be hers—a wide-brimmed, floppy-brimmed dark blue straw, faced with blue taffeta and wreathed with field flowers, red, yellow, blue, from which long green grasses fall out over on the brim

As Madame Namara has such a reputation for smart and individual costumes, you will like to know that this shopping frock for a warm summer day is of beige poplin criss-crossed with lines of midnight blue, the sleeveless (please note) jacket being worn over a blouse of linen with valenciennes-edged frills; that the small turban has panaches on either side of midnight blue paradise; and that there are blue silk stockings and brown leather pumps on the slender feet. As to the bead bag Madame Namara is holding up for inspection at that famous vitrine of "goodies," it is "very unusual" she is saying. "She has never seen any quite like it, with the alphabet going round the top."



that's one of the beauties of Gidding's, you know they know the latest "what's what"—that these were to be exceedingly smart this summer.

* * *

AT this juncture enter, on the scene, via the elevator, (upper left) the celebrated playwright Guy Bolton. What was he doing in Gidding's? Well, he happens to be Madame Namara's husband for one thing. And then, it seems, quite unlike A Husband, he likes to come shopping with her and help her select. Perhaps the fact of his English origin has something to do with that. Englishmen, you know, are much more accustomed to go shopping with their ladies than Americans.

Madame Namara introduced me. I was ever so thrilled. Mr. Bolton is quite as charming as she is, young and good-looking, with jolly English clothes. They're really a most remarkable pair.

* * *

THEN we went on with the shopping, Mr. Bolton and I ensconced on one of the comfortable little padded sofas that encircle the pillars in the centre of the salon—just made for husbands shopping—and Madame Namara acted as mannequin, displaying the modes on her slender, graceful figure. She darted animatedly into the little galleries, on either side of the room, where the models hung, chose this and that with the help of the attendant, and then posed each before the mirror for our inspection. It was the greatest fun!

When in the course of the process—a straight-hanging cape-wrap of henna-colored tricotine with a large grey angora collar having been previously selected and set aside—Madame Namara arrived at a cloak of deep rose-colored taffeta, brown-fur collared, Mr. Bolton registered distinct approval, and signified a wish that she have it.

"But I don't really need an evening cloak at this moment, dear," protested Madame Namara.

"Take it anyway, as a small token of my esteem," insisted the playwright.

And Madame Namara, agreeing that it was a pity such a beautiful bargain should escape, obediently did as she was bid.

After which delightful and merry hour, we passed on to the Ritz. Was it, or was it not, a lucky Tuesday the third?

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The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

THOUGH it was not possible to take a franchise beforehand it has occurred to "The Vanity Box" that many of its readers might like to have us say something on the subject of hushing-up grey hair. And we have therefore been giving our attention in a small way to the modern methods of accomplishing this.

Grey hair is charming and piquant under certain circumstances. It is charming even when premature, if the skin that goes with it is very fresh and young looking, the coloring pink and white, of which the Baroness de Meyer with her bobbed grey curls is an enchanting instance. So, too, Miss Elsie de Wolfe, and several more society women whom I could name. It is charming on women over fifty, who have a sufficiency of hair that is soft and fluffy, and that has changed to a pretty, even tone. But it is in the nature of a tragedy for young women whose complexions, not conspicuously pink and white, cannot counteract at first sight the impression given to people of age. For grey hair does to the average person, and I think especially to men, whose observations on women's appearance, are as a rule, somewhat superficial, connote years.

UP until recently the really successful covering up of grey hair—that is making the head look natural, glossy, and utterly unsuspected, without, at the same time, producing any bad effects on the scalp—has been within the reach only of the woman who had a good deal of money to spend. And entailed distinct inconvenience besides, necessitating keeping in constant touch with your hairdresser. I am told that a prominent young diva, whom you all know, and who has black hair that she wears onduléd back from her forehead has to do this, or else appear with absolutely grey hair. She even is obliged to take the hairdresser along in her private car when she goes on tour, that he may keep it in perfect color for her.

I know, too, a young and very beautiful society woman, a large part of whose beauty, however, would be lost if there were not the raven black of her tresses to contrast with an olive skin and limpid grey eyes, and who, consequently, has also to keep near New York and her hairdresser. If she goes out of town for four or five days, it has been observed that the grey has noticeably crept up from the roots by the time she returns.

BUT the chemists and toilet specialty people seem to have been at work on the problem whereby women of moderate income may have similar privileges for maintaining their youthful tresses, and with that inconvenience of the hairdresser obviated besides. If they haven't found the absolutely perfect preparation as yet, at least it is a very much improved brand over the old. And one can be assured that it will not contain any injurious ingredients to injure the scalp or hair. Provided, they say, that your system is not poisoned with uric acid, and you do not have any skin or scalp disease beforehand.

WHILE we can not offer to guarantee the absolute success of any grey hair preparation we can suggest two that are being sold by reputable people. Each acts in a different way. The one preparation is a colorless liquid which, applied from day to day, gradually restores the color of the hair to its natural shade. At the end of the first bottle your youthful hair will have returned. From then on once-a-week's application is all that is necessary. The other preparation is that of a Frenchman and consists of two liquids which are to be mixed together in such proportions—directions come, of course, for this— as will give the requisite shade. And this Monsieur claims is the *only* way the original color of the hair can be correctly attained. We leave the choice to our readers.

(If you wish further details of these preparations, write The Vanity Box, care The Theatre Magazine, 6 East 39th Street, New York City, and we shall be very glad to give them to you, and also tell you where they may be purchased.)

Miss May Leslie who charms with her dancing on the Century Roof is wondering when her Vanity Fair undersilks will ever wear out! Even dancing—which she explains pulls everything to pieces—has no effect on Vanity Fair! Miss Leslie is wearing the Vanity Fair step-in envelope chemise No. 44012 in this photograph.



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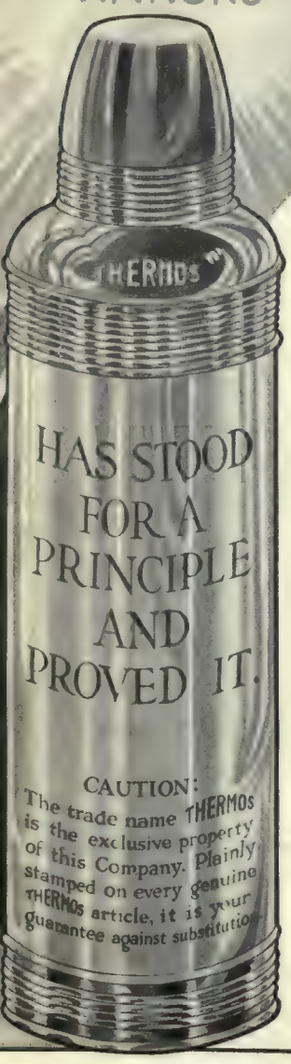
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AMATEUR THEATRICALS

HOW TO ORGANIZE AN HISTORICAL PAGEANT

(Continued from page 38)

PAGEANT Rehearsals are usually in charge of an experienced professional pageant director where the Pageant is given on a large scale. Where the Pageant is given on a small scale there may be a professional director or an amateur director. In the latter case the director must see that the scenes are pictorial as well as of dramatic quality. That is, the scenes must have pictorial value; they must convey a sense of space and of finished grouping. The groups must not be "bunched" or "huddled" together. Entrances must be varied and interesting. So must exits. Suspense must be built up wherever possible. *Thought and gesture must be synchronized.* That is. the speech and the gesture must be made at the same time so that the full meaning of the scene will be carried. The action of the scenes must be planned beforehand and written down. It must accord with the limitations of the stage. There should be no movement of individuals or groups that is not natural and reasonable. The Pageant Players must speak in a natural realistic manner. Very probably they will have to use clearer and louder tones than those employed in ordinary conversation since the audience must hear what goes forward. For this reason, too, the pantomime of the Pageant must be sharp-etched and suggestive.

FOR the small celebration where no one person in the community feels equal to the task of producing the whole Pageant the best plan is to have a director for each episode, choosing the most intelligent and dramatically inclined for this position.

The principal parts should have understudies.

It cannot be said too emphatically or too often that the whole success of any Pageant depends upon whether or not Pageant participants come regularly to rehearsal.

Where the Pageant is given in a very large out-door amphitheatre a set of gesture-cues must be decided upon by the Director, so that where the lines fail to be heard in back of the stage, the gesture-cues can be seen.

THE amateur producer should see that the scenes have rhythm. Some will be dreamy and poetic with a slow movement; others will move forward with snap and swing. No scene should lag or drag. In particular the amateur producer should be warned about having the characters amble off a scene when the scene is done, instead of moving off in a brisk decisive manner as if they were really going somewhere. In poetic scenes this decisive movement should be less obvious; but there should be no dragging. Many amateur players seem to have a feeling that when their lines are spoken and the episode in which they take part is finished that their responsibility is over and that it does not matter how they get off the stage. But it does matter. Their exit is just as important as their entrance. It is like playing a piece of music and letting the last chords ruin the whole effect by playing them carelessly.

The Pageant Players, once their scene is done, should leave the stage entirely and not be seen lurking around the edges of it. It absolutely mars a Pageant to have people of the seventeenth century peeping from behind trees to see what people of the eighteenth century are doing. It is grotesque . . . laughable . . . absurd. And thoroughly inartistic.

The scenes should follow each other in rapid succession with perhaps a minute's wait between episodes when the stage is entirely clear. This cleared stage in a pageant gives the effect of a curtain rung down in a theatre. It spaces the episodes.

THAT the Pageant Dances are first rehearsed indoors and then out-of-doors is a fact so well known that it has become trite. These dances must be under skilled direction for much of the effect of the pageant depends on them. They must enter into the mood of the Pagant and be permeated with the spirit of the scene in which they are given. They must at all times forward the action of the Pageant.

The Pageant Music intensifies the atmosphere of the Pageant, builds up the mood of the different scenes. As in the ancient Greek drama, the Pageant Chorus binds the Pageant together and acts as a kind of prologue or epilogue, since a great stretch of years have to be compassed within the Pageant. Pageant music should never be dragged in. It should be there, because the scene logically calls for it. The music should be sent for long in advance so that there will be no unnecessary hitches and delays. Whether the Pageant be on a large or a small scale there must be one full rehearsal with orchestra and chorus and Pageant participants.

MASK AND WIG CLUB

(Continued from page 39)

Club. For not all those who take part in the performance become members of the Club.

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"POMANDER WALK" *at the* NEW ROCHELLE HIGH-SCHOOL

"POMANDER WALK"—that quaint costume play of the days of King George, with its retired crescent of old fashioned houses, in which Louis N. Parker laid the scenes of his delightful comedy, came into being at the New Rochelle High School under the skilful hands and the convincing acting of the Senior Class.

To attempt a play, depending to a large extent upon the "atmosphere" created by the stage sets, with only a small inadequate stage to accommodate the old fashioned crescent of houses, to say nothing of the background of "The river, singing of the sea so far away," which the scenic plot demanded, was a task that might have discouraged less ambitious amateurs. But the Senior boys, under the direction of Mr. Ralph Baker, Instructor of Manual Training, produced the summer house, the five old-time houses, the lamps, the very convincing tree shown in the scene above, and under the guidance of the Instructor of Drawing, Miss Selma Engelbrekt, the background of river, trees and church steeple was effected, and last came the supreme achievement —a moon that rose!

AND then in a thoroughly business-like and professional manner these youthful players proceeded to appoint wardrobe and property mistresses, business and publicity managers, to "put the show over"! And they succeeded. From the moment the curtain rose upon the flower-banked little by-way of Pomander Walk until the moon smiled in benevolent blessing upon four pairs of happy lovers, the interest was sustained, the youthful actors seeming really to live and feel their parts.

The most hopeful feature of the production was its promise for the future. Through the general sharing of responsibility it has established a lasting virile interest in the Drama—an interest that it is hoped will become one of the strongest unifying and vivifying forces of the school life.



The Students of New Rochelle High School, in "Pomander Walk." From left to right: Mildred Bashore, Madame Lachesnais; Thomas Kerwin, John Sayle; Henry Domenech, Jim; Julian Kaiser, the Eyesore; Elizabeth Dunham, Mrs. Pamela Poskett; Dennis Maduro, Admiral Antrobus; Mary Mason, Nanette; John Schopp, Lieut. Sayle; Margaret Wilson, Mlle. Marjolaine Lachesnais; Winfield Weser, Rev. Jacob Sternroyd; Sarah Colwell, Jane; Lester Albertson, Jerome Brooke Hoskyn; Francis Caster, Mr. Basil Pringle; Mildred Foley, Miss Barbara Pennymint; Pearl Bragdon, Miss Ruth Pennymint; Wallace Rainger, the Lamplighter

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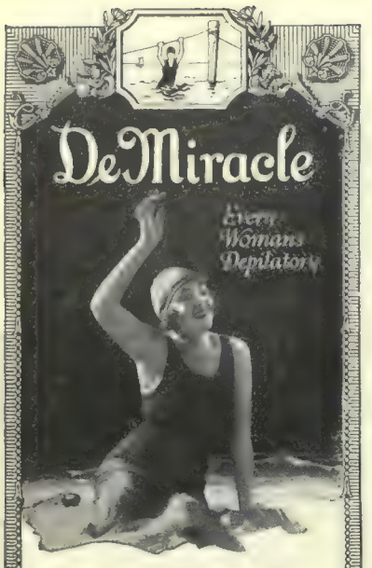
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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 16)

tain. Fields and Harry B. Smith are its authors. It deals with one Augustus Tripp, a well-conducted hatter by day and a cabaret fiend by night. The reconcilement of his dual personality provides the complications.

It is a rôle which fits Fields to a splendid nicety, in the which he reveals all the comic possibilities of his very earnest art.

The production is a lavish one. The scenery is showy and pretty, the costumes rich and harmonious, and the numerous girls employed measure well up to the present high standard of Broadway pulchritude. As W. H. Post, who staged it, adopts a rattle-paced tempo, the show moves with fine dash and briskness.

Malvin M. Franklin and Robert Hood Bowers are responsible for the score. It is simple and harmonious; with one song, *"Wait for Me,"* that is sure of wide-spread popularity. It is a big cast in which Frank Doane shines out conspicuously. The climax of acrobatic dancing seemed to have been reached in the contributions of the St. Clairs, Jessica Brown, Joe Wilmot Mermeyer, Willie Solar and Artie Leeming.

TEMPER OR TEMPERAMENT—WHICH?

(Continued from page 10)

in musical comedies. But they had an abnormal sense of their own importance, and were always making new demands npon the management, for bigger salaries and for better billing. So they left one company and went to another, leaving the second for a third, and so on continually. At last the managers refused to engage these young women at any price, in any capacity, and it is several years since they have been seen or heard of. On the other hand, such singing and dancing sisters as the Dollys have remained absolutely unspoiled by success.

A vaudeville woman who has developed "temperament" to the 'nth degree still manages to "get away with it," as they say in the vernacular. The stage must be cleared while she is performing. No one must linger in the wings, nothing must disturb or distract. But she does not believe in doing as she would be done by, and sometimes has her most "temperamental" spells while standing by watching someone else's act. She has frequently refused to finish a week, and has sometimes walked out after the first performance. All of which may be a clever means of creating comment and arousing curiosity. It is suspected that there is method in the madness of this particular person.

ALL SORTS OF HAMLETS

(Continued from page 8)

Sarah Bernhardt, noted delineator of exotic heroines, also presented herself as—Hamlet! Audiences were attracted out of sheer curiosity, and criticisms were penned more in sorrow than in anger. Facetious fellows declared that the title-rôle should be changed to Hamlette or Hamletina, wondering if the next impersonator of the Prince of Denmark would be—Vesta Tilley! But Bernhardt was not discouraged or dismayed, and proceeded with other masculine parts, including L'Aiglon and Shylock, playing the latter rôle with a beard, which was ridiculed as being "literally, the last straw!"

A most remarkable performance of Hamlet was given some years ago in London, when J. C. M. Bellew, an English clergyman, father of Kyrle Bellew, the well-known actor, entertained an audience of invited friends with a presentation of the Shakespearian tragedy, in which the actors played their parts in pantomime, while the reverend gentleman sat in the place generally reserved for the leader of the orchestra, and recited all the lines of all the characters!

During the height of "the aesthetic craze," a generation ago, while Oscar Wilde was hailed as "the high priest" in England, Edmund Russell resolved to become "the high priest" in America. He gave lessons in deportment, teaching people how to sit down and stand up in an aesthetic manner. He was taken up by smart society, and became a fashionable fad. But he sighed for new worlds to conquer, so announced an appearance at Wallack's Theatre. He was to be an aesthetic Hamlet! When the star appeared, the friends applauded and the foes hooted, but, before long the whole house united in laughing outright, for Mr. Russell bent over and ripped his tights, at the same time almost losing his toupée! As a wag remarked at the time, Edmund Russell split more than "the ears of the groundlings"!

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"The Borax softens the water so that the dirt loosens and rinses out with scarcely any rubbing.

"My linens come off the line snowy white. Blankets, sweaters and other woolens wash without shrinking; and I never use anything but 20 Mule Team Borax Soap Chips to cleanse waists and sheer fabrics.

"The best way to use them is to make a Soap Jelly by boiling 3 tablespoonfuls of the "Chips" in a quart of water. Add enough of this solution to washwater to make a good suds. Then launder as usual."

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Why Germs Breed On Your Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



They Breed in a Film

The teeth's great enemy is a slimy film. You feel it with your tongue.

The tooth brush doesn't end it. So millions of people who brush teeth daily do not prevent tooth troubles.

That film is what discolors, not your teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Dentists call it "bacterial plaque," because millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are caused by that film.

The film is clinging. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays. The ordinary dentifrice doesn't dissolve it. That is why brushed teeth so generally discolor and decay. Statistics show that tooth troubles have been constantly increasing.

Dental science has long sought a way to combat that film. It has now been found. Convincing clinical tests by able authorities prove this beyond question. Leading dentists all over America now urge its use.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a delightful product. And to quickly make its action known we are offering to millions a ten-day trial tube.

A Ten-Day Test Amazes

Pepsodent will do its own convincing. Just ask for this free tube, watch its effects, then look at your teeth in ten days. The book we send will explain to you all the unique effects.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin alone is inert. It must be activated, and the usual method is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed debarred. But science now has found a harmless activating method. Patents have been granted by five governments already. That method, used in Pepsodent, is fast bringing about a new era in teeth cleaning.

You should find this out. You have found that old methods do not end this film. Find now a way that does.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Use like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Do that for ten days. If the results delight you, get them always. And teach your children how to really clean their teeth. You will find folks all about you who are doing that today.

Cut out the coupon now.

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO.,
Dept. 576, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail Ten-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name .....

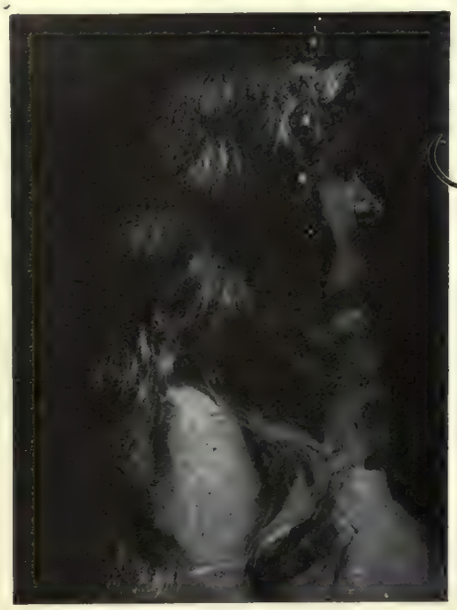
Address .....

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste based on activated pepsin. An efficient film combatant, now endorsed by dentists everywhere and sold by druggists in large tubes.

[186]



For sheen and softness

Shampooing regularly with PACKER'S TAR SOAP protects the health of the scalp and brings out the beauty of the hair.

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

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Franklin H. Sargent, President

The standard institution of dramatic education for thirty-three years

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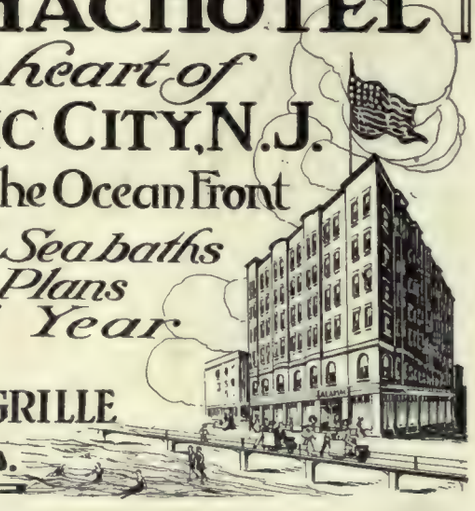
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AMATEUR THEATRICALS

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY DRAMATICS

AT its reorganization three years ago, the New York University Dramatic Society declared its independence of the type of production which had for a number of years engaged the fruitless efforts of both its student members and its faculty advisors. Alleged musical comedy not only had failed to engage the sympathy of the students at large, but also had proved its inability to enlist the enthusiasm anl full support of its perpetrators and promoters. A new theory of dramatic production motivated the first presentations of the reformed organization when it began its new work with performances of the old Miracle play. "Abraham and Isaac," of the Medieval farce "Pierre Patelin," and of scenes from "King John." Despite the opposition usually encountered by a reform, these plays were adequately produced. But the notion of the home-made music-farce had not been dispelled completely; and a few straggling efforts to revive the slapstick, chorus-boy variety-show made ineffectual bids for support.

THE full result of this pioneer work was felt only when, having survived the army of occupation known as the S. A. T. C., the University resumed its normal activities last January. Then, a small group of men, influenced by their experience in the plays already performed, urged members of the Faculty to support them in a spring production. Immediately, Carey C. D. Briggs, of the Department of Public Speaking, heartily undertook to prepare a performance of Molière's farce, "The Doctor in Spite of Himself," in English, and Randolph Somerville, of the Department of English, put into rehearsal Lady Gregory's "The Rising of the Moon" and Lord Dunsany's "The Murderers." The interest shown in the selection of casts was revolutionary.

An appreciable portion of the unusual interest displayed in college dramatics at New York University may be attributed to two things: the type of play selected for performance; and the influence exerted by the appearance before the student assembly of three generous men of the theatre: Stuart Walker, Walter Hampden, and Louis Calvert, who simulated a keen interest in the ideals of the professional stage—the ideals which have, in their realization, given New York an unusual *Hamlet*, and richly imaginative plays of Lord Dunsany.

HUNTER COLLEGE PRESENTS "A THOUSAND YEARS AGO"

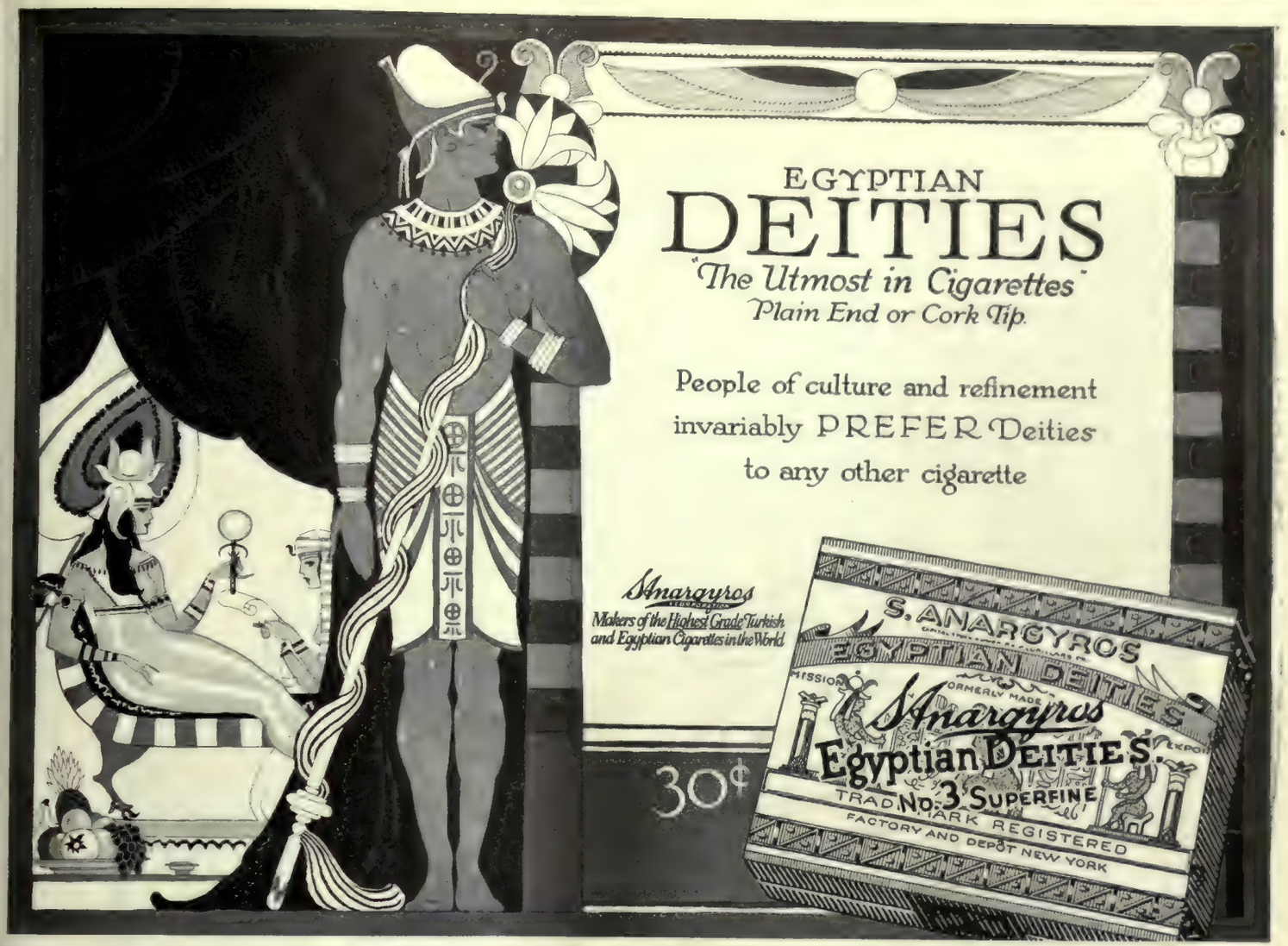
(Continued from page 37)

mittee met to consider possible plays, choose a date for the performance, and make all necessary arrangements for the production. After the play had been chosen with the aid of suggestions from the student body, the members of the cast were selected by means of competitive "try-outs" open to the College at large, the seven members of the student committee and five members of the faculty acting as judges. After the cast had been chosen and rehearsals begun, the members of the various committees took charge of all the work in their respective departments.

CONTRARY to the usual custom of having costumes made by the girls, basing their designs upon ideas gotten through study at the Metropolitan Museum, the New York Public Library, and previous productions, this year's costumes came from Miller's Antique Shop, and the girls were "made-up" by a professional. The costumes of the ushers, however, were designed and made by the students themselves. The scenery, which was designed by Miss Beulah Stevenson, was constructed and painted by the girls on the scenery committee, from the sawing of the wood to the final daub of paint. Other students made all the business arrangements. The stage-manager worked out her own light-plots and took charge of the management of the lights. The publicity manager saw to it that wide-spread publicity was given to the play by means of advance notices in the leading New York newspapers, numberless posters in the college halls, and weekly articles in the college newspaper. Not a single detail of the production but was worked out by some member of the student body. Even the music, which was of truly professional quality, was supplied by the college orchestra and conducted by Flora Rube, the chairman of music.

AN unusual idea which has made for the improvement of each year's play is the keeping of notebooks by each member of the committee, in which are noted from time to time, criticisms of details of the production and suggestions for future improvements. These books are handed down from year to year, and form valuable handbooks for use in future productions.

"A Thousand Years Ago" is the fifth Varsity play to be given by Hunter College. Each performance has helped to bring all the members of the college together, for practically every girl in the college helps in some way to make the play a success, and to make the College better known because of its dramatic work. This year's performance was undoubtedly the most artistic that Hunter has ever given, and there is no lack of indications that future productions will not fail to reach the high mark set by the production of "A Thousand Years Ago."



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DEITIES
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People of culture and refinement invariably PREFER Deities to any other cigarette

Anargyros
Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

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FACTORY AND DEPOT NEW YORK



DURING your stay in New York it will be pleasant to be near the fashionable shopping district, the theatres and the busy part of town, and at the same time in a district noted for its quite air of comfort.

All of this you will find at the Vanderbilt Hotel, on the direct car lines to both the Pennsylvania and Grand Central Terminals. The Vanderbilt Hotel is noted for its cuisine and its service. Its appointments are beautiful and home-like; the charges are reasonable, and it makes its own appeal to exclusive travellers.

WALTON H. MARSHALL,
Manager



From a photograph by Abbe

LILLIAN GISH

FORMER child actress, now a film star. An ex-protegeé of Belasco, the possibilities of her winsome personality attracted the attention of D. W. Griffith, who featured her in his spectacular film production "The Birth of a Nation." She is now playing the leading feminine rôle in Griffith's new film, "Broken Blossoms," at the Cohan Theatre

MOTION PICTURE SECTION

MOVIE-MAD! MOVIE-MAD!

By EDGAR CARTWIN

IS everyone in this country going movie-mad? That is the question. Most certainly within the last few years, the European War notwithstanding, the ubiquitous movies have come to be regarded as our most popular indoor sport. Men are more fond of baseball than women, but everyone is crazy about the movies. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, man, mistress, maid and child—all enjoy the democracy of the movie. While they are laughing or sobbing over the acting of Mary Pickford, thrilling at the latest daredevil deed of William S. Hart, gasping at the extent of the wardrobe of Virginia Pearson or grinning in sympathy with the million-dollar smile of Douglas Fairbanks, the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are more than sisters under their skin. As a leveller of all ranks, the movies are more potent than Bolshevism—and far less bloody. And they have done more to put the bar-room out of commission than William Jennings Bryan and all the Prohibitionists in captivity.

A THOUSAND EYES

Speaking of prohibition, by the way, I am convinced that when the hilarious highball and the cunning cocktail are "one with Nineveh and Tyre," we shall be more movie-mad than ever. Instead of going out ever and anon in the evening to buy some friend a "little drink" and talk politics over the polished bar, while a friendly gentleman in a white apron hovers sympathetically near to "fill 'em up again," the paterfamilias will invite his next-door neighbor, or the prisoner who occupies the next cell in his apartment house to "have a movie on me." And they will hie them to the nearest movie emporium, talking business or politics on the way, and then sit in a dim auditorium with the incense of soft drinks in their nostrils, while "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true," smiles his Quaker Oats smile for the 'steenth time and jumps from his eighty-second window.

The movie is the handmaiden of the millions. It fetches and carries for them from all quarters of the world; it bulges their eyes by showing them queer inhabitants at the bottom of the sea; it initiates them into the mysteries of preparing sponges for the market; it astounds them by intimate glimpses into the animal kingdom; it spies upon the flowers when they are expanding under the sultry kiss of the sun; it shows them doughboys preparing to lick the Hun—and it shows them licking him; it sits down to dinner with General Pershing and arises in the morning with Premier Clemenceau; it brings to life David Copperfield and Mr. Micawber, and makes more vivid the colorful yarns of O. Henry. Like the night, it has a thousand eyes, and these eyes are constantly working overtime in out-of-the-way nooks and corners of the globe, bringing their finds to Tom McCarthy and Maggie O'Flaherty as they sit in gum-chewing bliss before the wonder-screen. The movie prestidigitator goes aloft with the aviator and reveals the wonders of flying, then hikes over to Russia and shows us how the busy little Bolshevist doth improve each shining hour. The movies even show us President Wilson changing his mind every minute over the European situation!

FEATS OF THE CAMERA

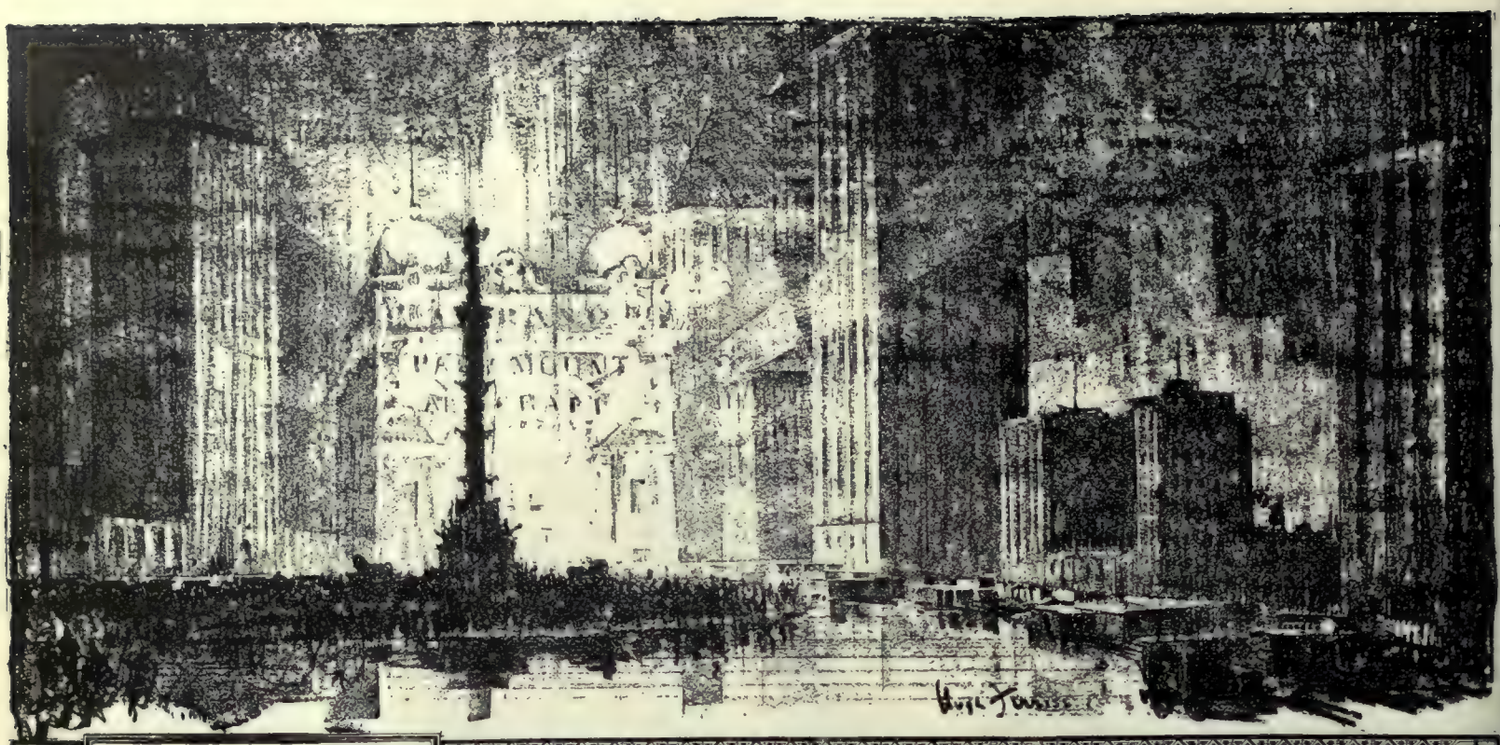
Talk about Aladdin and his wonderful lamp or the magic carpet of Bagdad! Why, the things that they could do were old wives' tales compared with the feats of the modern movie. Does "Bill" Hart want a camp of Indians through which he can dash on his trusty little horse



Mildred Harris, the youthful photoplay star, who actually cornered the world's laugh market by her marriage to Charlie Chaplin



Looking out over Los Angeles from the surrounding Hollywood trees is the artistic little home to which Charlie Chaplin brought his young wife



Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Listed alphabetically, released up to June 30th.

Save the list! And see the pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore *in* "The Test of Honor"
*Enid Bennett *in* "The Haunted Bedroom"
Billie Burke *in* "Good Gracious Annabelle"
Marguerite Clark *in* "Girls"
Ethel Clayton *in* "Men, Women and Money"
*Dorothy Dalton *in* "Other Men's Wives"
Dorothy Gish *in* "I'll Get Him Yet"
Lila Lee *in* "A Daughter of the Wolf"
"Oh! You Women"
A John Emerson-Anita Loos Production
Vivian Martin *in* "An Innocent Adventuress"
Shirley Mason *in* "The Final Close-Up"
*Charles Ray *in* "Hay Foot, Straw Foot"
Wallace Reid *in* "You're Fired"
Bryant Washburn *in* "Putting It Over"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"Little Women"
(from Louisa M. Alcott's famous book)
A Wm. A. Brady Production
Maurice Tourneur's Production "Sporting Life"
"The Silver King" *starring* William Faversham
"The False Faces"
A Thomas H. Ince Production
"The Woman Thou Gavest Me"
Hugh Ford's Production of Hall Caine's Novel
Maurice Tourneur's Production "The White Heather"
"Secret Service" *starring* Robert Warwick

Artcraft

Cecil B. deMille's Production "For Better, For Worse"
Douglas Fairbanks *in* "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo"
Elsie Ferguson *in* "The Avalanche"
D. W. Griffith's Production "True Heart Susie"
*William S. Hart *in* "Square Deal Sanderson"
Mary Pickford *in* "Captain Kidd, Jr."
Fred Stone *in* "Johnny Get Your Gun"

*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "A Desert Hero"
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies "Hearts and Flowers" "No Mother To Guide Him"
Paramount-Flagg Comedy "The 'Con' in Economy"
Paramount-Drew Comedy "Squared"

Paramount-Bray Pictograph—One each week
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures—One each week

And remember that *any* Paramount or Artcraft Picture that you haven't seen is as new as a book you have never read.

What's the brightest spot in town?

THE spot where hearts beat faster.

The spot where the audience becomes one living unit of happiness.

The spot where no man or woman can remain isolated.

The spot where the spirit of Paramount-Artcraft catches everyone happily up.

You know where the better theatre is in your locality, don't you?

Then you know where Paramount-Artcraft Pictures are.

You are happy there because you are in touch with the pulsing heart of all humanity.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is out to see that there is at least one spot in every tiny section of this country where every human being can get in quick touch with the best fun in the world.

That's Paramount-Artcraft Pictures

—and they're *yours!*

Paramount-Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying *Paramount-Artcraft* Pictures—and the theatres that show them.

Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, Pres. JESSE L. LASKY, Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE, Director General
NEW YORK

Artcraft Pictures

as he rescues the latest damsel in distress? All right, please ship one thousand Indians, f. o. b. somewhere in California, and the Mammoth Movie Company will foot the bill. And, presto! it is done—just like that!

Nothing is impossible in movie land. It is a magic country, inhabited by beings who are just as outlandish and fantastic as those Alice encountered when she stepped through the looking glass. Saunter through this movie land and you feel that your latest nightmare has come true. At one moment you brush elbows with Julius Caesar and then hobnob the next with Abraham Lincoln and Benvenuto Cellini. Dozens of pretty little girls are there with curly Pickford ringlets, all striving desperately to out-Pickford Pickford. And here comes a man with a funny flat-footed walk and a little cane. Is it Charley Chaplin? No, but his manager will tell you that he is "just as good as Chaplin."

ALICE IN MOVIE LAND

Our own Alice went through this movie wonderland the other day and she has not recovered yet. She had not been there a minute before she was dumfounded to see President Wilson chatting merrily with Lucretia Borgia. Alice had as her guide a hatchet-faced, gimlet-eyed young man who answered to the name of Pete Pratt, as smooth a gentleman as ever robbed a cripple or double-crossed a friend. His language was a sort of movie patois, strange and wonderful.

Alice was also astonished to see the walrus and the stage carpenter having an animated discussion with David Crockett and St. Paul, but Pete Pratt told her that was nothing unusual.

"Onct I saw Joanna Ark havin' a bowl of Java with Oliver Cromwell," he said, "an' Bill Shakespeare was passin' them saltines. Can you beat it?"

"Oh, look at the fat man on the velocipede!" Alice cried suddenly. "Who is that?"

Pete looked at her with infinite pity.

"I didn't know there wuz anybody in de woild what wasn't hep to him," he said sadly. "Why that gink is the biggest scream in the movies 'cep' Charley Chaplin. He makes more gilt in a minnit than I makes in a year."

"Who is he?" asked Alice patiently.

"FATTY ARBUCKLE!" said Pete explosively.

As they walked on, Alice found herself surrounded by a troop of sinister-looking, dark-haired women, who walked with the tread of panthers and looked predatory. Involuntarily, she shuddered and drew closer to Pete.

"What are they seeking?" she asked in alarm.

"Huh! Them's 'vamps,'" said Pete.

"Vamps!" cried Alice in bewilderment. "Why, I thought vamps were things in shoes."

"Not in movie land," said her disgusted guide. "In our dictionary a 'vamp' is a glassy-eyed beauty what is always lookin' for a simp to bleed."

"A simp!" exclaimed Alice, more bewildered than ever.

"Soitinly, soitinly! The simp is the poor boob what falls for her. Get me?"

"No," said Alice politely, "but I thank you just the same."

They walked on!

"Look there!" cried Alice excitedly. "There is William Jennings Bryan and the Kaiser drinking grape juice together."

"Huh! Them's both phonies," explained her guide. "Them two guys is just supers. They've got walkin' jobs in a new fillum called 'Prohibition an' Kaiserism; or, The Twin Hells.'"

They walked on and Alice exclaimed in wonder to see the ice-clad summits of the Alps close at hand. While gazing upward, she almost walked into Niagara Falls and then stepped back in terror from a fiery lava pit that boiled and hissed almost at her feet.

"Don't be afraid, little girl," said a kindly voice. and our own Alice turned with a start to find herself gazing straight into the face of George Washington.

ALL CAMOUFLAGE

"Little girl," said Washington, "I cannot tell a lie. Them things are not real that you just looked at. They're camouflage."

"I-I beg your pardon," stammered Alice timidly, "but I thought you were dead long ago. And 'camouflage' is a word that came out of the European War. They didn't have camouflage in your day."

Washington winked at her.



Hartsook

John B. O'Brien, the well-known screen director who endeared himself to movie fans by his remarkable film production, "Hulda From Holland," with Mary Pickford. As Vice-President and Director General of the Virginia Pearson Photoplays, Inc., Mr. O'Brien has now another film triumph to his credit—the six-reel master feature, "The Bishop's Emeralds," a picture just released and conceded by press critics to be one of the best directed productions of English Society drama yet seen on the screen



Dolores Cassinelli, a daughter of sunny Italy, who combines the fine emotional ability of Alla Nazimova with classic beauty. Known as the Cameo Girl, on account of her remarkable profile, this film artiste's first picture for the Albert Capellani Productions bears the decidedly prosaic title, "The Gutter"



Campbell



Witzel

Enid Bennett will be seen shortly in a mystery ghost picture by C. Gardner Sullivan under the Ince banner

(Center)

Catherine Calvert, admired as much for her acting as her beauty, will be seen shortly in a picturization of Elinor Glyn's novel "The Career of Katharine Bush"



MISS VIRGINIA PEARSON

"The Velvet-Eyed Lady of the Screen," who has just achieved a notable success as Lady Hester in "The Bishop's Emeralds"—the first production of the Virginia Pearson Photoplays, Inc. Miss Pearson will soon be featured in the delightful and humorous rôle of "Impossible Catherine"

"Oh, my dear young lady," he said, "every day has had its camouflage. Actions by any other name would be as deceitful. I assure you that in my day we put one over on the enemy whenever we got the chance. As a matter of fact, I am only camouflage myself."

"I—I don't understand," gasped Alice.

"Then get this, kid," said Washington, and pulling off his powdered wig with a flourish, he displayed to the amazement of Alice the plain Hibernian features of Mike McGraw, the South Brooklyn matinée idol.

"You see," said Pete Pratt in a hoarse whisper, "nothin' ain't what it seems in this dump. We showed a picture last week with a swell Wenice water scene. In one of them classy gondollars was Harold X. Limebush, the beautifullest actor before the screen. What do you tink he was doin'?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Alice wildly.

"He was whisperin' love dope into the transmitter of the leadin' loidy. An' where do you tink we took that pickshur?"

"I am sure I don't know," repeated Alice like a person under the influence of ether.

"It was the big lake in Prospect Park—in Brooklyn. Do you get that?" asked Pete, with a thin cackle of laughter. *"Brooklyn!"*

Further on, Alice saw Benjamin Franklin eating a ham sandwich with Judas Iscariot.

"He is in bad company, don't you think?" asked Alice. She spoke in a very small voice, for her amazing experiences had made her feel as crazy as the Mad Hatter, and she was beginning to doubt her own existence.

"They are just supers," said Pete disdainfully.

"But they are not eating soup," protested Alice. "They are eating ham sandwiches."

"We call 'em supers when they just fill in," explained Pete. "They ain't got much to do."

"But Benjamin Franklin was an awful great man. He—"

"I know," said Pete, "he founded the sateve-post."

"Of course," said Alice in an even smaller voice. "I hadn't thought of that."

She felt that the facts that had been carefully fed to her by her father and mother were disagreeing with her horribly.

It was a sort of mental indigestion and she didn't like it a bit.

"I know what's the matter with *you*, little girl," said Pete with rough friendliness.

"What?" she asked, raising her hand to her head with a dazed gesture.

"You are movie-mad," he said seriously. "We all are."

MOVIE MEN HONOR CHARLES PATHÉ

AT the Hotel Astor, this city, on June 10 last, a dinner was given to Mr. Charles Pathé, head of the world organization that bears his name, by his associates and friends, the occasion marking the eve of Mr. Pathé's departure for France after a brief business visit here.

Seventy-five covers were laid, among the invited guests being some of the best-known men in the motion picture world. Among others present were: Louis Meyer, President of the Virginia Pearson Photoplays, Inc.; Charles Gatchell, Editor of Pictureplay Magazine; E. K. Gillette, of the Motion Picture News; E. C. Lynch, George B. Seitz, Bertram Milhauser, G. L. Chanier, Adolphe Osso, L. G. Gasnier, A. S. Abeles, W. S. Wesslin, L. S. Diamond, J. W. Kyle, E. O. Brooks, Elmer R. Pearson, Harry Lewis, J. T. Richards, C. W. Allers, J. Humm, G. A. Gray, F. V. Bruner, Robert Welch, P. A. Parsons, Randolph Lewis, H. E. Genet, Mr. Alicoate, W. C. Smith, Fred Chapin, A. E. Rousseau, P. Barbier, L. E. Franconi, E. Cohen, F. R. Clarke, A. Miller, A. Adatte, C. J. Fischer, A. Werkmesiter, C. Julien, C. A. Brady and G. Bardet.



Vernon Steele and Elsie Ferguson in the forthcoming Artcraft picture "The Avalanche"

The Governors of thirty-seven states contributed to the occasion personal appreciation of Mr. Pathé and his educational and patriotic work and forecast of the cinema's future. Mr. Louis Landry, Assistant General Manager, on behalf of the staff of the home office, presented Mr. Pathé with an inscribed cigarette case and match safe. William Raynor, Manager of the New York branch, presented the distinguished chief with a desk set from the branch Managers.

Mr. Paul Brunet, Vice-President and General Manager in a brief address of greeting said:

"I am truly happy to welcome you here on this most pleasant occasion. Most pleasant because it means to many of us a renewal of personal association with Mr. Pathé, who has been for a long time away from us and can now be with us but for a little while. Most pleasant, too, since he has found us of the Clan of the Red Rooster flourishing and filled with energy, optimism and ambition. Most pleasant, too, because the Pathé Exchange has achieved heights from which we may see far; and wide as is the field of our vision, we can see nothing but the success which will surely crown our efforts. We are gathered here to do honor to the man who gave to the world the industry which today ranks as the fifth largest in the United States; which has penetrated to the utmost corners of the earth; which is the chief amusement of tens of millions; which gives a livelihood to vast numbers; and which is destined to be one of the greatest of all instruments of entertainment and education—the Motion Picture! We are glad to personally do this honor to Mr. Pathé when we remember that his own government has signally honored him and that the Governors of most of the States of the Union have also honored him with their personal messages of appreciation. Gentlemen, it *means* something to be associated with Mr. Pathé. Little time is given tonight for speeches so I cannot say the many things I would like to say. You, friends of the House of Pathé, will be glad to know that I have expressed to Mr. Pathé for you and myself, the belief that we have in common—that prosperous as he finds us on this all too brief visit of his, it is as nothing compared to the lustiness which he will find we possess when he comes to these shores again. Doing well, we propose to do better. That is the spirit which has always animated Mr. Pathé and it has brought him far. And the same spirit will take us far also!"

In reply, Mr. Pathé said:

"Before leaving America, I have called you all together on this occasion to express to you all the satisfaction I have felt during my stay amongst you. The success of the business of Pathé Exchange is due in a large degree to its manager, Mr. Brunet, who has risen with the organization. He can and ought to serve as an example to you all—who are his immediate colleagues—of what any one who gives himself up entirely to his profession and his work, may aspire to. To have only one vital preoccupation—that of the work you have to do—is sufficient to obtain success, which means to attain an enviable situation in the profession you follow. Concentration on your work takes the place of genius, if there really exists such a thing. For my part, I have never known anyone who really succeeded in life without doing more work daily than he was really obliged to by the strict limitation of the duty imposed on him by his engagements. Sooner or later the man or woman who follows this programme is observed in a business house and the extended knowledge which is thus forcibly acquired is made use of and paid for as it deserves to be. The business of Pathé Exchange which has considerably increased during the past year, is still capable of considerable increase. Its future is in your hands and for this reason it is my desire to interest you in a large measure in its welfare. I intend to return to New York next October and purpose studying with Mr. Brunet an arrangement with the intention of making all the immediate colleagues of the Administrative, Industrial and Commercial Management share in the profits of Pathé Exchange, Inc. Mr. Brunet and myself hope, in this way, to increase the personal activity of each of you.

CAMERA FLASHES

By the Captious Critic

MOVIE fans often ask me why certain exhibitors expect them to sit through an orchestral and vocal concert when all they want are pictures. I confess I don't know the answer to the riddle. Do you?

* * *

APROPOS of the recent outcry about loose morals on the stage—and off, a mother writes:

"There is much to praise in the movies, but also much to condemn. I, for one, protest against those exhibitions which make a feature of immoral women. To all right-thinking persons the "vampire" is the lowest of all feminine types, but, unfortunately, our daughters don't see the danger with our experienced eyes. Bad women fascinate them. They copy their looks, their gestures and too often, alas, their morals. Only the other day I heard a young girl announce unblushingly, that she was learning to 'vamp.' What is the world coming to?"

T. B.—L. G. and sister vamps please take notice!

* * *

SOME BRIDE," the new Viola Dana picture, is the story of jealousy, the horrible green-eyed monster, who creeps into the tiny dovecote of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Morley, just married, and follows them in their travels from the mountains to the shore, stirring up trouble and dodging into the shadows to grin while eager mutual friends endeavor to patch up the quarrels of the impetuous couple, until the great light dawns and love reigns supreme. Viola is, of course, the star and bride. One of the most striking scenes of the picture shows the masque ball in which all the players and extras appear in the guise of birds and beasts of the barnyard quite after the manner of Rostand's "Chantecler."

* * *

IN her recent release, "THE NEW MOON"—a somewhat lurid tale of Soviet Russia—Norma Talmadge, resplendent as a princess of the Czar's household and wearing a tiara that must have cost at least a billion rubles, has to flee the Palace to escape the blood-thirsty reds who break in while a Court ball is in progress. To avoid notice of hostile eyes, the terrified princess covers her dainty shoulders with a peasant's shawl, but in her haste she quite forgets the billion dollar tiara which must have had the dazzling effect of a headlight on a dark country road on whoever she chanced to meet. A stage director's blunder this, or merely the pardonable vanity of a pretty woman? In any case, Norma, you'd better remove the tiara or the Bolsheviki will sure get you, if you don't watch out.

* * *

THE film story of Helen Keller's life, shortly to be shown in one of the Shubert theatres, should prove a highly interesting screen feature and something quite out of the ordinary. The very title, "Deliverance," is full of significance showing as it does the childhood, girlhood and womanhood of this remarkable woman who by sheer force of will-power and intellect, finally triumphed over the terrible bodily handicap Nature put upon her until today she is one of the guiding spiritual figures in the life of the nation. The fact that George Foster Platt, the well-known scenic artist, is directing the production ensures an adequate setting.

* * *

GERTRUDE ATHERTON, the well-known novelist, whose story, "The Avalanche," with Elsie Ferguson, was released by Artcraft recently, has always declined to write for the stage on the ground that the theatre, as at present conducted, can never do entire justice to the author. Her attitude to the motion picture is, however, entirely different. As one of the authors of the Eminent Authors' Pictures, Inc., recently organized by Rex Beach and Samuel Goldwyn, she says:

"I have always believed in the great future of the moving pictures, and resented for more reasons than one the 'highbrow' attitude taken toward them by second-rate 'intellectuals.' Nothing so beneficent has ever been invented, nothing that has brought so much diversion and cheer into the drab lives of millions of people too poor to go to the theatre, or living in small towns where plays on tour rarely penetrated. And as for the war, the majority of our vast population would not have known before 1917 of its existence if it had not been for the movies.

* * *

THERE are certain penalties attached to being known as the best dressed star in filmland. Virginia Pearson, for instance, receives letters daily asking not only for autographed photos, but sometimes for money, jewelry, or perhaps for a certain gown that the writer has admired. One girl wanted the actress' sable coat when she finished wearing it. New Yorkers have the reputation of being nervy, but as these letters come from all over the world, they prove that New York has no monopoly in that direction.

Pity the movie star! Even her clothes are not her own!

* * *

RUPERT HUGHES' new story, "The Cup of Fury," will be the first film released by the Eminent Authors' Pictures, Inc. Some corporation name—what? A subscriber writes asking if Shakespeare and the late Elbert Hubbard are eminent enough to be eligible to membership. I should imagine they would be. Bill Shakespeare wrote some po'erful good po'try in his day and when it came to slinging forcible English, the picturesque Elbert was hard to beat.



ETHEL CLAYTON

The screen favorite has one distinct advantage over the legitimate star. Instead of having to live in hotels and travel about the country in draughty trains, she can have a beautiful home in Sunny California where most of the motion picture studios are. Here is Ethel Clayton, the Paramount star, seen recently in "Men, Women and Money," enjoying all the comforts of a shady porch after a strenuous morning rehearsing her new picture, "Miss Hobbs"



From a camera study by Abbe

MAE MARSH

THE screen boasts of many idols and by no means the least among them is Miss Marsh whose quaint ways and sympathetic, artistic personality has made her screen work quite individual. In such pictures as "Polly of the Circus," and her latest release, "Spotlight Sadie," she won many admirers

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A Word from the Publishers—

HAVEN'T you found your copy of Theatre Magazine unusually thumbed during the past year? That's because your friends, like yourself, appreciate the fact that it is growing better all the time.

Through all the troublous times of war we managed to keep our magazine up to the high standard set—and even before the triumphant note of victory was sounded, the Theatre Magazine made preparations for new features to buoy the spirits of its readers.

We are like one great, happy family—constantly increasing, to be sure, but ready to take and give suggestions. For example, Our Amateur Theatrical Department was the outcome of a valuable suggestion made by one of our readers. Our Motion Picture Department was a foregone conclusion, to be sure, but haven't we succeeded admirably in making it more beautiful and more dignified than others?

The Hamilton King girls that appear every month on the cover have a great, admiring following. Even our fashion department we felt could be improved upon, so we instituted a distinctive and elaborate fashion section, edited by Pauline Morgan, starting with the July issue. We know that this will be met with hearty applause by well-groomed women all over the country.

We were just getting ready to make the greatest announcement of all —but find that our editor has "stolen a march" on us and told you something about it on the opposite page.

Starting with the September issue we are going to publish a short fiction story every month, written by prominent authors and with plots that surround the theatrical world. We can divulge this much, and since the editor won't mention it—we will—the title of the first story is "Not Press Agent Stuff" and the author is Lewis Allen Browne, who wrote the successful comedy "Please Get Married."

Tell this to the dear friends who have been imposing on your good nature and borrowing your magazine every month. (Just think—they might forget to return it, and then you would be short one copy from your collection.) You may also tell them that their $4.00 for a yearly subscription to Theatre Magazine will be just as acceptable as yours.

THEATRE MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1919

THE war is over, peace is signed, and everybody is ready for fun and frolic once more.

The theatre has come into its own again! The season of 1919-20 will find Broadway more dazzling and brighter than ever before.

With the launching of the new productions, new stars and new dramatists comes the September number of the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Beginning with the new season, why not become a regular playgoer? No, you don't have to attend all the premières. Just read the THEATRE MAGAZINE each month. It contains all there is to know about the most fascinating of all subjects—the stage.

WE'VE got a surprise for our readers!

It's to be something that's never appeared in the THEATRE MAGAZINE before, and it's a treat!

A theatrical fiction story in the September number!

Players are the most interesting people in the world, their lives are the most exciting, their careers the most startling and their personalities the most bewitching.

Well—this is to be a story about the world of the stage. No, we're not going to tell you whether it will be sentimental, melodramatic, romantic or farcical.

As we said before, it's a s'prise! Read the September issue and see for yourself!

YOU know Granville Barker, don't you?

He's the world-famous theatrical producer who came to this country several seasons ago and gave us "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife" and the gold-fairied "Midsummer Night's Dream."

He's not only a distinguished author, but an actor and manager as well.

Have you ever wondered how plays are rehearsed, how stupendous productions are managed so that they are played with clock-like regularity.

Then read 'Rehearsing a Play," the first of two important articles, by Granville Barker, to appear in the September THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Such an eminent authority as he has surely something interesting to tell you.

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ARTHUR HORNBLOW
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The September issue will tell you in "How I Pick Beauties," by Flo Ziegfeld.

WOULD you like to know what happens around Broadway?

Would you like to hear the funny experiences famous stars have when they dine out, or go promenading, or buy new clothes?

We thought you would! So the next number will contain a column full of theatrical witticisms that will bring you close to Broadway.

Everyone is saying, "Give a thought to Broadway." We say, "Get a laugh from Broadway."

Read "Round Broadway," our sprightly column in the September THEATRE MAGAZINE.

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXX. No. 222

AUGUST, 1919



From a portrait by Lewis-Smith

MARILYNN MILLER

The most adorable of "The Follies" and the daintiest dancer of them all

THE PURITAN AND THE PLAYER

Undress of the chorus girl scarcely exceeds that of the ladies in the audience

By LOUIS V. DE FOE

WHEN a noted Jewish rabbi of liberal views asserted before his New York congregation the belief that "the American drama is being written by hosiery buyers of department stores," and that "as a business, the business of the theatre is the dirtiest business in America today," he at least was restrained enough in the language of his invective to permit the latest puritan outburst against the stage to rise to its full flood by gradations calculated to intensify its culminative dramatic force.

A minister of the Christian church, brought up in the placid surroundings of a southern town and quite naturally shocked by the broader standards of the metropolitan life of which he had only recently become a part, was the next to send his verbal shock battalions "over the top" against the citadel of sin. His convictions of the evil machinations of the theatre, as he had investigated it, but by hearsay, on Broadway, he delivered to his flock in these less restricted terms:

"When Broadway is mentioned today anywhere in America, it does not mean to the hearer any of the great and dignified things that have been associated with it in the past, but it means the jarring discord of the jazz band, the glare and glitter of garish lights, the twinkle of comely limbs in pink tights, and the cheap, dirty, salacious play which by charity is called drama."

THUS continued the marshaling of the hosts of righteousness against the enemy disguised in the cloak of Thespis. But it was left for a very reverend gentleman from Chicago to deliver the poison gas attack that was the climax of the puritan assault upon the theatre and its profession. With his base of operation at Atlantic City, where even cool ocean breezes could not lower the temperature of his wrath, his stigmatic utterance was unhampered by lingual decorum.

"The modern stage," he declared, "is set for hell. With a few worthy and notable exceptions of legitimate drama, the stage now reeks with moral filth and sensual exhibits which might make devils blush. Its chief attractions are displays of a fleshy debauch of semi-nudeness, more repulsively lewd than the naked form can be, and these are employed chiefly as setting for sensual song, filthy story, dialogue or action which it is a libel to call 'comedy'."

Are these sweeping assertions by churchmen who admit that they themselves are not theatre-goers, based upon fact? Or are they symptoms of regularly recurring midsummer madness? Or are they, which is more likely, only a preliminary manifestation of the inevitable puritan back-wave of the war?

Who these men are who have yielded to the pulpit's characteristic illogic of drawing sweeping and general conclusions from special and specific instances, I know, but I will not name. More than twenty years at the dramatic critic's desk of one New York newspaper—years in which I have sometimes been reproached for assuming a prudish attitude toward the theatre—have taught me the methods of press-agentry when sensationalism is the end sought. It is significant that the sermons in which these attacks on the stage were made were laid before me, hot off the ecclesiastical typewriters, even before they were delivered from the pulpits.

Whatever may be the motive for this recent outburst against the stage, it surely is not a new experience for the players. The powers of righteousness have ever held the theatre and its profession under suspicion, and they have never been backward about assailing it.

AN extract from an Elizabethan statute of 1572 thus deals with the actors:

"And for the full expressing what persone and persones shalbe intended within this Braunche to be Roges and Vacaboundes and Sturdye Beggers, to have and receive the punyshement aforesaid for the said lewde maner of Lyfe... shalbe taken adjugded and deemed Roges Vacaboundes and Sturdy Beggers, intended of by this present Acte."

When this law was promulgated Shakespeare was eight years old. When he had reached fifteen, John Northbrook was leading, in 1579, an attack on the moral corruption of the English stage with his treatise, "Wherein Dicing, Daunc-ing and Vaine plaies or Enterludes are Reproved." In the same year came Stephen Gosson's "Playes confuted in five Actions," which sounds curiously like the most recent of the vitriolic denunciations of our contemporaneous theatre:—

"Playes are the inventions of the devil, the offerings of Idolatrie, the pompe of Worldlinges, the blossomes of Vanitie, the root of Apostacy, the foode of iniquitie, ryot, and adulterie, detest them. Players are masters of vice, teachers of Wantonnesse, spurres to impuritie, the Sonnes of Idolnesse, so long as they live in this order, loathe them."

If, as the Chicago puritan avowed in his sermon at Atlantic City last June, "the modern stage is set for hell," he is echoing almost verbatim the conviction expressed by his remote predecessor in 1579, when the English-speaking theatre was in its infancy. By comparison of such testimony it must be admitted that the drama has, at least, not been moving backward. It has been against the wall since the beginning.

THERE is, nevertheless, a difference between the charges of the two widely separated reformers. The plays of our English forefathers were assailed for corrupting the minds of the people. The indictment brought against them now is not aimed at their themes. Rather is it provoked by their ocular improprieties. In this respect the Elizabethan's attitude toward his stage has undergone a complete reversal in our own day. The vulgar frankness of the spoken word, which we instinctively abhor, was inoffensive to his ear; but the vision of the female form, which we not only tolerate but invite, violently shocked the modesty of his eye.

I hold no brief for any production of the stage which offends, in its theme, story or action, the recognized proprieties or the accepted standards of good taste, but having witnessed and analyzed every play acted in New York during a great many years, I am at a loss to understand this indiscriminate condemnation of the theatre on strictly moral grounds, especially when such condemnation is directed against what is commonly known as legitimate plays.

In the recent season, for instance, there took place, in the fifty theatres of the so-called first class, one hundred and sixty-five different events. Thirty of these were musical comedies to which I shall presently refer. Of the remainder, there were seven bedroom farces, all reprehensible and some of nauseating vulgarity, and possibly as many more in which the theme of sex was unbecomingly emphasized or violation of the moral code was inexcusably condoned. Considering that the theatre is wholly unrestrained, except by the censorship of public opinion, the number of its real offenses is conspicuously small.

There were trivial, inept, almost illiterate compositions by the dozen—plays that affronted ordinary intelligence, plays that should have travelled the shortest route to the waste basket. They were the inevitable result of our over-supply of theatres, the fruit of relaxed standards of selection brought about by the necessity, at all hazards, of keeping the curtains up. But mentally stupifying as some of these plays often were, they were without moral offense. The wildest exaggeration of their faults does not justify the assertion that the modern stage, reeking with moral filth, is set for hell. At its worst, it is only set for feeble minds.

AND what of "Dear Brutus," "The Betrothal," "John Ferguson," "Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans," "The Bonds of Interest," "Lightnin'," "Three Wise Fools," "A Little Journey," '39 East," "Daddies," "The Book of Job," Hampden's "Hamlet," "Friendly Enemies," "Three Faces East" and half a dozen other plays about the war, the Dunsany group, "The Saving Grace," "Be Calm, Camilla," "Dark Rosaleen" and possibly a dozen more that might be named—plays of varying quality, but quite incapable of jarring the most fragile sensibilities. These must be taken into account when an assertion is made from the pulpit, which is supposed to be the fountain-head of truth, that the American drama is written by hosiery buyers and that the business of the theatre is the dirtiest business in America today.

Is it not true, then, that our drama, though too often trivial, is not less moral than at any other time, and that our theatre, if the charges of the clergymen who slur it now and probably would not be in sympathy with it under any circumstances, is suffering the stigma of the black sheep of its family, musical comedy, which can claim only a distant relationship to drama? Has not a puritan mania, which is the back-wave of nearly five years of world-wide stress and suspense, made the mistake of judging a whole institution and its people because of the misdeeds of one of the smaller of its integral parts?

Our musical comedy is, indeed, undressed. Its frequent calculated exploitation of nudity is an



Photos Maurice Goldberg

Alden Gay, formerly a model for Baron de Meyer



(Center)

Virginia Lee, who has posed for Clarence Underwood and Neysa McMein



Arjamont, dark-eyed, tall and slender, a member of the chorus at the Greenwich Village Theatre



Irene Marcellus, the original of some of the Harrison Fisher and Howard Chandler Christy girls



Irene Mathews, Charles Dana Gibson's model, a conspicuous member of the "Greenwich Village Nights" chorus

MODELS MAKE THEIR DEBUT IN "GREENWICH VILLAGE NIGHTS"

evil which no one of healthy mind and habits will deny. Its pandering to sensual appetite through the eye, its studied disregard of every intellectual or artistic purpose, its consequent offense against refinement and its debasement of taste—these are transgressions which cannot be denied of many of our glittering, expensive girl-and-music shows. The jazz that accompanies them in the pretense of melody is only animal appetite expressed in terms of sound; the zoological writhing that has become a substitute for the dance is no more than the sensual invitations of the menagerie.

TOLERANCE of this sort of thing has been of gradual growth. It has been stealing upon us almost unawares. When Francisque Hutin, ninety-two years ago, attempted to introduce French ballet-dancing in America at the Bowery Theatre, the shocked élite who filled the stalls and boxes fled in dismay. Yet M'lle Hutin, in her flaring tarlatans and high bodice, was uncomfortably uphostered compared with the jazzing houris of our contemporary musical shows. Forty years later, at Niblo's Garden, came "The Black Crook" to contradict the decree that the female of the human species in public places must not be visibly endowed with legs. This time the audience lingered. Clergymen declaimed violently from their pulpits, giving valuable free advertising to the show and putting mischievous thoughts in the minds of their deacons. But in spite of them the public was unabashed and the modesty of the eye was no longer affronted. So, by degrees, we have arrived at the flagrant undress of a Winter Garden spectacle and the scantily draped, designedly sensual, loveliness of a Ziegfeld "Follies."

It is altogether unjust for puritan critics to put the sole blame upon the theatre, and the people who make it their profession, for this decadence of the musical shows. The shafts of their invectives will fail this time, as they have failed before, for they are aimed at the effect rather than at the cause. Water will not rise higher than its own level, and the theatre, whether it be privately or municipally conducted, will never be superior to the taste of those who support it.

An invariable peculiarity of the theatre, both in England and in America, is that it does not lead. It follows. It is affected by the manners, thought, tastes and fashions of its time. But it neither creates nor guides them. In dealing with the problems of our social system the stage and its dramatists have always lagged at least five years behind.

Such has been its sluggishness in the higher forms of dramatic art, and such also is its tendency in relation to the dances, the music and the dresses of our girl-and-music shows. The zoological contortions of the turkey trot, which originated in a San Francisco brothel, were commonplaces of the ballrooms of New York's exclusively fashionable hotels and restaurants before any manager of a Broadway theatre dared to exhibit them publicly on his stage. The discordance of the jazz was dinned between courses in innumerable public and private dining rooms before it found its way to the footlights.

THE undress of the chorus girl scarcely exceeds that of the ladies in the boxes and stalls who would resent the least insinuation of the unseemliness of their attire. The only real difference is that the ladies in the boxes began to undress first. When grandma, without petticoats and in her hobble skirt, shows her stockings above her knee each time she climbs the elevated stairs, is there not something altogether too sweeping in the puritan cry which singles out the chorus girl in her slashed skirt and with exposed back as the helpmeet of the devil, on a stage set for hell, and a part of the dirtiest business in America today?

ONE admits the existence of the evil, but one disagrees with the puritan method of correcting it. Theatre audiences, and also the public in general, must be educated to exercise a finer taste in choosing their stage entertainments. When this education is accomplished the quality of the entertainments will respond to the new demands. As at all other times in its history, the stage will be sensitive to the desire of its greatest public. The task of effecting such an education is difficult. In our notions of rigid propriety, as well as in our views of art, we are a heterogeneous lot. It is a task in the accomplishment of which the pulpit must accept its share, if it is to make good its pretention of being society's moral guide.

It is a significant, though regrettable fact, that churches, where sittings are free, decline steadily in attendance, while theatres, where the cost of admission is high, grow constantly in patronage. One explanation for this disparity of the people's interest may be that congregations have learned by experience not to believe all they hear from the pulpits. The false logic, or narrow prejudice, or wilful untruth, which hysterically seeks to condemn the whole native theatre because of the sins of a few within its walls, is only one of many instances in point.

The puritan back-wave of the Great War, similar to the puritan back-wave which has followed every great upheaval in history, may help to promote a better standard of living, but only in the proportion that it appeals intelligently to common sense, to the mind and to the heart.

GEORGE M. WROTE OUR TOWN

By A. H. BALLARD

Columbus crossed the ocean,
  Hailing from somewhere near France,
And although he hadn't the notion
  He gave George Cohan his chance.

Hudson discovered the River,
  And the years have given down
To keep us from being a flivver,
  But George M. wrote our town.

We love the new Rialto
  And everybody there,
And some of us date back to
  Original Union Square.

When Vanderbilt drove horses,
  And the Waldorf wasn't dreamed,
And populous Long Acre
  Mighty lonely seemed;

When Kellogg and Hauk and Gerster
  Meant the old Academy,
And Mrs. Astor's diamonds
  Were enough for us to see;

When Daly and Wallack and Palmer
  Launched each theatrical run;—
Life was somewhat calmer,
  But we had a lot of fun.

We've quaffed convivial glasses
  With Winter and Steele Mackaye
When other lads and lasses
  Were in the public eye:

They came from many places
  And a few to Broadway clung,
But there weren't so many faces
  When Lillian Russell was young.

We felt the call of the city,
  The spirit of our town,
Its love and its laugh and its pity—
  But Georgie wrote it down.

His *"Johnny Jones"* was wooing,
  The New York note was struck,
And all his subsequent doing—
  To the one war song that stuck.

Our national artist squarely
  In play and song and rag,
He's earned the honor fairly
  To wave the American flag.

Some music with a wallop,
  A theme you understand,
A grace note and a scallop,
  And a waving of the hand,—

Somehow he told it plainly,
  American stuff and such,
I believe he succeeded mainly
  Because he loved it so much.

There is always a winner near you,
  As all experience shows;
Let George's record cheer you;
  You may be next,—who knows?



Photos White

THE FOLLIES OF 1919—A BEN ALI HAGGIN PICTURE



ANOTHER STRIKING PICTURE POSED BY BEN ALI HAGGIN

PICTURESQUE TABLEAUX IN THE "ZIEGFELD FOLLIES"

AN AFTERNOON WITH GABY DESLYS

Chic and charming as ever, this Paris favorite prepares for another American visit

By HOWARD GREER

THERE are times when the reckless taxi-drivers of Paris become a positive blessing. That's when you have an appointment on the other side of Paris at 4 p. m., and you hail the taxi at 3:50. The driver may knock over a few lamp posts, and have a collection of divers and sundry push-carts hanging from the fenders by the time he arrives at your destination, but if you brace yourself against the cushions and trust to scarlet-fingered, green-haired Fate, you will arrive quite unharmed, with little more to fear than an extra half-franc or so tacked onto the fare by a suave chauffeur.

AFTER such a preamble—one should get somewhere, and I did—at the attractive town house of Gaby Deslys, in the Passy district. The Rue Henri de Bornier is one of the tiniest of its kind. There are but three houses in its entire length, and Gaby's is one of them. It is what one might call a *chic maison,* three or four stories high, with imposing portals of wrought iron and shimmering glass. Behind this network, one catches a glimpse of a priceless curtain of lace and embroidery.

One is grateful for the semi-darkness of the entrance hall, when the maid closes the door—(why do famous beauties surround themselves with such ancient functionaries—so unlike the trim little servants of fiction—and film-land?)—but we are invited to proceed, the dim outlines of antique furniture and tapestries, leading into a charming salon, from which mounts a spiral stairway, the light from a stained glass dome three flights above flooding the carpet with warm and subtle shades. Upon the third floor—as we would say in America, but here it's the first above the *entresol*—is Gaby's little receiving room.

PRESENTLY, Gaby herself entered, with her charming smile, a shock of boyish sun-kissed curls, a rope of lustrous pearls that could not fail to draw a second glance, and a simple frock of soft silk, in tones of yellow and vermillion, with a girdle of gold cord.

Unlike many "stars," a "close-up" of Gaby reveals a marvellous beauty that stage-distance cannot convey to one. In a dark corner, away from the sun, her silken hair would have a sparkle and life in its luxurious depths akin to the radiance of a true diamond, as it lies upon a cushion of black velvet. Her eager clear-blue eyes are fringed with perfect lashes, while the brows are drawn up in an inquisitive, innocent fashion.

But quite the most delightful thing about Gaby is the lisping manner in which she speaks her English. For over a year now, I have wrestled with the idioms and pronunciation of the French language, until I feel like some noble martyr, who has set out to accomplish a thing in the face of natural opposition and even of non-necessity, for, as the Parisienne says—"one must know English to get about Paris these days." So, still clinging to a rather vain hope that I may some day master the intricacies of the tongue, I find myself laboring with strange words and phrases when I might make myself better understood with good old English. And that's the sort of a conversation that we carried on—Gaby lisping in English—and I giving vent to outbursts of barbarous French.



It so happened that the afternoon of my sketch-interview was upon the day of Gaby's last appearance in her *revue* at the "Femina." In a few days she leaves for London, where business will detain her little more than a fortnight—and then she returns to Paris, preparatory to another visit to America. As I unrolled a sheet of paper and stretched it upon my portfolio, I handed her a collection of sketches and designs.

YOU can look at those little atrocities while I'm sketching you, if you like," I said. So she sank into the depths of a be-pillowed couch and began running through the designs, some of which she is to use in America this fall.

"And don't pose," I suggested, "for it's only an impression that I'm after, and it's much easier to get if you're natural, and pretend you're only engaging in conversation."

"Why aren't you at the races today?" she inquired. "It's a gala day, you know."

"Yes, but I'm not so awfully interested," I replied, "and I've been a bit disappointed when I did attend. I'd always supposed that each woman one saw outdid the other" (or something to that effect in my lame French!)

"Ah, you've been spoiled by New York!" she exclaimed.

I dropped my gum-eraser, and chewed the tip of my pencil. Was it possible—could she mean—?

"Just what do you mean—I've been spoiled by New York?" I asked.

She answered me with a question: "Tell me, what is your impression of French women?"

TO tell you the truth," and I faltered a bit, "I've been disappointed! They are smart, and each one asserts her own individuality in her dress, but they aren't beautiful!"

"No, you have the most beautiful women in the world in New York." At the moment Gaby was running through a recent issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE which I had taken with me, and she stopped at a page of four Ziegfeld Beauties.

"Now there!" she cried, sliding her tiny hand down the sheet, "Look! They are all marvellous! And New York is *full* of them."

I felt free to continue with my own trend of thought.

"Yes, I've been awfully disappointed, especially at the theatres. The women have grace of carriage, and the art of decoration, but—well, they aren't quite like those on Fifth Avenue!"

"Fifth Avenue!" Gaby sighed as she said it. 'Where is there another street like that? Such women, such motors, such shops—oh, I really want to go back!"

BY this time I was upon the verge of tears, and the penciled outline before me had become too dim to follow. Gaby herself wore a mournful expression, and a minute specimen of hairless canine, which had hitherto been enjoying himself immensely with the flavor of my gloves, stopped gnawing for a bit, and I thought that he, too, had a far-away look in his watery little orbs which seemed to say, "We *all* wanta go back to New York!"

So I made a frenzied swipe at the outline with the gum-eraser and shifted the scene of our conversation to English soil.

"What do you think about London?" I asked, with a series of flippant pencil strokes that were meant to frame the oval of Gaby's face with a mass of turbulent curls.

"London?" she mused, "Oh, that's where one finds the smart man—the man of taste—but America has the woman, while Paris has, perhaps, the *style.*" *(Concluded on page 134)*



From a portrait, copyright, Strauss-Peyton

LENORE ULRIC—NEWEST OF STAGE STARS

Two years' hard work in "Tiger Rose" has brought this favorite actress the Rialto's supreme reward—elevation to stardom. Next Fall Mr. Belasco will present Miss Ulric in a Chinese play as yet unnamed

IN THE SPOTLIGHT



Bruguiere

DUDLEY DIGGES

WHO plays the coward in "John Ferguson" with realism so poignant that he stirs pity in the hearts of the Garrick's most sophisticated audiences, was a volunteer to the Irish National Theatre. When that fairy godmother of the fates of Irish players and playwrights of this decade was looking about for actors for the Keats' play, "Kathleen ni Houlahan," and Russell's "Deidre," its projectors learned to their dismay that all the Irish actors were playing in English theatres. It called for volunteers from the ranks of the promising amateurs. Dudley Digges came from W. F. Fay's company of amateurs. Mr. Digges' offer of service was accepted. He became a prominent member of the Irish National Theatre's company. He came to this country to play a rôle in Arnold Daly's production of "John Bull's Other Island" at the same playhouse in which he is now appearing. He was a member of Mrs. Fiske's company while she was presenting "The New York Idea." For eight years he was stage manager for George Arliss. His success as the pitiable craven in "John Ferguson" was instantaneous.



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RAY DOOLEY

THE eccentric little comedienne who tries to convey that she is made of rubber, and weighted, diver-like with lead in her boots, is the Carmen of "A Spanish Frolic" and the servant girl among the group of "Popular Pests" in the "Ziegfeld Follies." Miss Dooley is one of the huge family of stage Dooleys. "There are ninty-nine or so of us on the stage and we are all related, but how I can't for the life of me tell," she says. Miss Dooley and her brother Johnny, the odd Toreador of the lead-weighted rubber Carmen, are from that source of inexhaustible replenishment of musical comedy, the land of vaudeville.



White

JOHN STEEL

MR. Steel, who not so long ago was called Master Jack, for he is twenty-four, is of Montclair, N. J. His parents sent him to Paris, where he became a pupil of Jean de Reszké's. Returning to this country he joined the San Carlo Opera company. His singing of *My Tambourine Girl* this summer at the New Amsterdam proclaims his possession of a pleasing voice, a sound method and the quality that is always at or above par in musical comedy: youth. He is in the quartette whose other members are Gus Van, Joe Schenck, and Eddie Dowling, that is a feature of the "Follies" Minstrels.

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



NEW AMSTERDAM. "ZIEGFELD FOLLIES." Words and music by Irving Berlin, Gene Buck, Rennold Wolf, and Dave Stamper; ballet composed by Victor Herbert. Produced on June 16th with this cast:

Toreador	Johnny Dooley
Carmen	Ray Dooley
Announcer	Eddie Dowling
Matador	Wesley Pierce
Picador	Jack Lynch
The Bull { "Fore"	Phil Dwyer
The Bull { "Aft"	Willie Newsome
Janitor	Bert Williams
The Motorman	Gus Van
The Hall Boy	Joe Schenck
A Dancer	Lucille Levant
Sure Shot Dick	George Lemaire
The Lady of Coventry	Simone D'Herlys
The Heralds	Fairbanks Twins
The Jester	Addison Young
Dr. Cheeseboro Simpson	George Lemaire
Percival Fingersnapper	Eddie Cantor
Orchid Swan, a stenographer	Kathryn Perry
A Visitor	Hazel Washburn
Second Tenor	John Steel
George Primrose	Marilynn Miller
The New Folly	Jessie Reed
Delyle Alda	Mary Hay

I CONFESS that I have not always been in perfect sympathy with Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld's means or methods, but in the matter of "The Follies of 1919," now jamming the New Amsterdam, I am compelled to award him a generous medal for the supreme art he has displayed in this his latest production.

Scenes and costumes supremely rich and beautiful simply beggar description. To describe them in detail would take columns, for there are some fifteen or twenty scenes, while it seems as if the chorus changed its clothes two or three times for each setting.

If the quality of the actual offerings at our theatres these days is often flashy and cheap, it must be said that our managers have advanced in one respect; they now engage the best of talent to set them pictorially forth in an engaging way. Joseph Urban is supreme in his branch of art. Not only does he revel in the most gorgeous coloring, but better still—by a proper knowledge of lighting reveals it with marvellous brilliancy and effect. The Harem scene is an example of rare beauty. What could be more beautiful than that in which the white-glazed camels—heroic size—figure as decorative detail? All from his picturesque brush lend fitting background for the display of the hundreds of sartorial creations.

It is in its sensuous appeal—to the eye particularly, that this production is strongest. If you would display beautiful gowns at their best, they should drape similarly beautiful figures. He is captious indeed who would cavil at the array of feminine pulchritude that Mr. Ziegfeld has summoned to his standard. Mt. Ida at her palmiest never presented such an aggregation of womanly beauty. Herein Mr. Ziegfeld gets another medal; as a connoisseur of female loveliness none picks, chooses, nor culls as well as he.

After you have subscribed to all this sensuous appeal, one's enthusiasm begins gradually to diminish. The score is perhaps all that a summer show requires. It has lilt, rhythm and an easy melodic charm that makes it possible to carry home with you most of the tunes—that is, if you can keep them individualized from some of those you have heard in previous good old summer times.

The long programme contains one gem of comic expression called "At the Osteopaths." I ask for no funnier exhibition than that contributed by Eddie Cantor as the subject of the Chiropractitioners' acrobatic exercises. It was one prolonged scream. To my mind, Mr. Cantor is a veritable artist.

Others of the many who shine are Marilynn Miller, daintiest of dancers, John Steel, a singer of pleasing distinction, Van and Schenck and Delyle Alda who also ably help along the musical side and the Dooleys, Johnny and Ray who work with a comic zest deserving of high praise.

BELMONT. "WHO DID IT." Play in three acts by Stephen Gardner Champlin. Produced on June 18 with this cast:

Absolom	Roy Briant
Robert Greyson	George L. Spaulding
Mary O'Hare	Millie Freeman
Mildred Greyson	Mary Moore
Ethel Tate	Beulah Poynter
Foster Manson	J. Palmer Collins
Fredrick Murdock	Francis Morey
Jimmy Norton	George Stuart Christie
Agnes Howard	Frederica Going
Jerry Mac Comber	Robert Bentley
Nate Hendricks	Arthur C. Morris
Brown	Daniel Jarrett

"WHO DID IT" rang out the season of 1918-19. The departed had been one of the best seasons in the history of the theatre. Had President Wilson known this he would, doubtless, have said the prosperity was the psychological result of the early November armistice. Certainly many went to the theatre to rejoice at the world's riddance of the crushing burden of war. The fact that war conditions have caused 33,000 millionaires to come into being in America may be a contributory one.

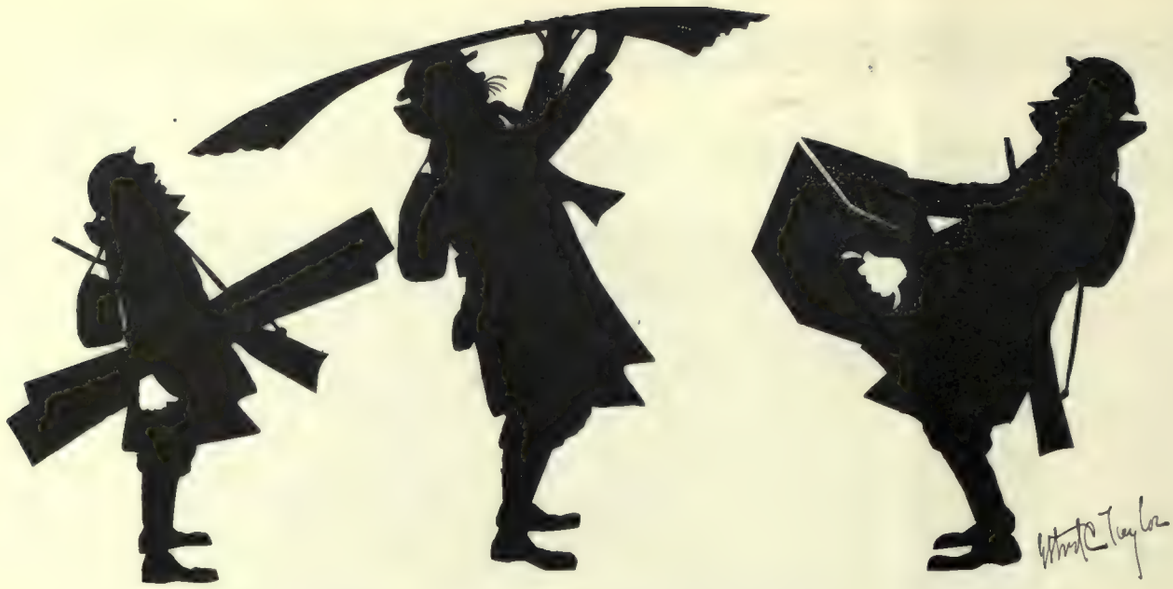
The knell of the dead season was a merry little tinkle. Stephen Gardner Champlin's play at the cozy Belmont was housed as it should have been in an intimate theatre. It was made up of three acts of sudden turns and amazing complications. It made the critics peevish because it kept them in their seats until the curtain fell with its final swish. No appraiser of play values was owlish enough to predict what would happen next.

A young wife undertakes without her husband's knowledge, but with the aid of a group of clever friends, to convince her husband that she has dramatic talent. Their own home is the stage she chooses for the performance. While waiting for his delayed dinner the husband learns with husbandly horror that his wife has been married before and that he is a bigamous product. While he stands astounded at the revelation she attempts to commit suicide from which he saves her. Complications are caused by the disappearance of the blackmailer first husband's corpse from in the drawing room; by the wife's best friend's profession that it was she who killed the blackmailer; and by the entrance of another distressed friend who was actually in the position of an innocent bigamist. The play's chief value was its remarkably maintained suspense.

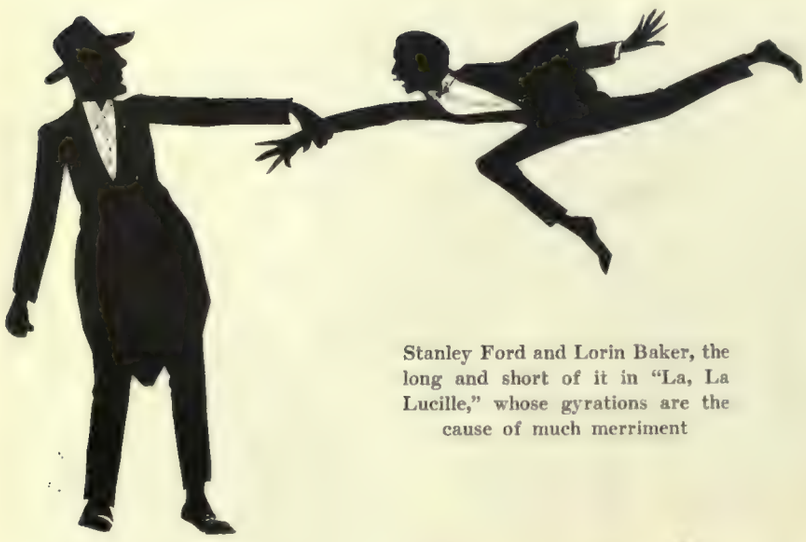
The cast, save for Mary Moore, who played the stage-struck wife intelligently, and Roy Briant who portrayed the negro butler with unction, reached an average level.

PLAYHOUSE. "AT 9:45." Melodrama in three acts by Owen Davis. Produced in June 28 with this cast:

Judge Robert Clayton	George Backus
Howard	Noel Tearle
Jim Everett	Edward Langford
Jack Grover	Walter Lewis
Captain Dixon	John Cromwell
Doane	Frank Hatch



Colin Campbell, Charles Coburn and Charles McNaughton—the three muskrats, Alf, Old Bill, and Bert, in "The Better 'Ole." Here they are on their way to the front, with equipment and all, but the booming of cannon and crashing of shells does not dampen their jovial spirits or lessen their sense of humor. The three most life-like figures of the 1918-19 season



Stanley Ford and Lorin Baker, the long and short of it in "La, La Lucille," whose gyrations are the cause of much merriment



Rozetta and Vivian Duncan, the pert kiddies who are doing much to keep "She's a Good Fellow" at the Globe Theatre all summer



Confronted with a check book and pen in "A Lonely Romeo" what is Lew Fields to do? Here he is in the dilemma. The important, if diminutive members of the chorus, insisted on being in the picture, too

BITS THAT STAND OUT IN THE PAST SEASON

Sketches by Ethel C. Taylor

Doyle	Frank Hilton
Mack	Peter Lang
Dr. Norton	Robert Thorne
Gillaini	Alfred Hesse
Mrs. Clayton	Edith Shayne
Molly	Elise Bartlett
Ruth Jordan	Marie Goff
Mary Doane	Madeleine King
Margaret Clancy	Idalene Cotton
Tom Daly	John Harrington

EACH year the new theatrical season is further and further advanced. Now comes W. A. Brady to declare that there shall be no interregnum during the summer solstice. Defying the hot spells that must inevitably intervene he starts off the season of 1919-20 with an original production at the Playhouse on June 28th. Be it said that in spite of the date, furs and overcoats were entirely in order.

Owen Davis is the author of this new melodramatic offering which is called "At 9:45," the precise hour at which an assault with intent to kill was perpetrated. Who did it? That is Mr. Davis' thesis, a problem which he exploits with an odd combination of adroit skilfulness and clumsy detail. It belongs to that class of mystery play of which perhaps "The Thirteenth Chair" was the most successful sample. In turn, the audience is led to believe that of four persons severally possessed of a logical motive, each did it.

In a hurried finale it turns out that a figure silent throughout the action, and with the least cause of any, fired the shot. The surprise to my mind was anti-climacteric and destroyed much of the sustained and well developed mystery with its baffling and varied turns that had gone before.

At its best, "At 9:45" is a clever bit of mechanical dexterity. Its literary quality is negligible and the scene at the Ritz quite hopeless in its crudity.

Some of the acting was excellent, some fair, and some hopelessly impossible. George Backus gave distinction to Judge Clayton. His wife, a supremely difficult rôle, one calling for hysterical emotion, with no preparation was acted with power by Edith Shayne. Graphically grim and aggressive was John Harrington as a suspected chauffeur, and in his one scene the wounded man was played with a picturesque touch by Noel Tearle. The veteran, Frank Hatch, was at his best as an old butler—his was the real acting for sincerity and adroitness of method and the business-like Police Inspector whose theories were constantly knocked on the head was altogether real and convincing at the hands of John Cromwell. His two satellites, Frank Hilton and Peter Lang, seemed as if they had just stepped around from the 47th Street Police Station.

PALACE. VAUDEVILLE. We are not given to much roaming in the realm of vaudeville, but during the summer solstice when Broadway's offerings are not as numerous as usual, one is lured into the bypaths of the drama.

Vaudeville is never "set," as they say in the show business, and the men who compose the High Command of "Big Time" are against maintaining the *statu quo* in the two-a-day. Growth and consistent improvement in quality and variety of entertainment is E. F. Albee's daily preachment to his associates and that manager certainly lives up to his own propaganda.

One of the new modes in vaudeville is the musical *revue* in tabloid form. These snappy little musical comedies, ranging from thirty minutes to an hour in playing time, are steadily gaining in popularity so much so that the Palace, Broadway's biggest "Big Time" house, books them as regularly as they are available.

Over in London and Paris the music hall fans demand a *revue* on every programme. They like a first half of vaudeville and then a girly, tuneful, dancy, musical farce or comedy after intermission. And it is coming to that here.

Take the Palace as an example. The Overseas *Revue* with Elizabeth Brice and May Boley featured was boiled down to an hour out of "Toot Sweet" which ran the regulation three hours at the Princess and "flopped." With the padding ripped out, the longeurs eliminated, and only the high spots retained, the result was a tabloid that played the Palace two weeks and was immediately given a season's booking.

The original cast goes with it including Will Morrissey, Clarence Nordstrom, Lon Haskell and Jeannette Tourneur. The piece dragged as a full length musical comedy, but as a vaudeville revue running on a vaudeville forced draught schedule it is a premier hit.

As one theatre-goer remarked: "'Toot Sweet' rolled off my knife but I am crazy about the 'Overseas Revue.' The first time out they made a novel out of a short story but now the condensation has dehydrated the water and I think the same process would benefit a lot of pretentious musical shows."

Business was big at the Palace for the "Overseas Revue" and then along came "Kiss Me," a smart musical tabloid, written, composed and staged by William B. Friedlander who aims to bring distinction to the music hall and is succeeding. This ran forty minutes and introduced a new musical comedy personality in Miss Ethel Cochrane who registered one of the big hits of the season. Friedlander goes in for class. He likes the operetta form rather than the musical farce. His "Kiss Me" was bright, amusing and well bred. The audience liked it.

Another successful type of musical *revue* in vaudeville is that purveyed by the Four Marx Brothers who between them sing, dance, clown, play musical instruments, act cleverly and keep their company running on high speed for forty minutes. They were at the Palace recently in "'N Everything" and also scored. They are delightfully droll low comedians and go in for jazz, hokum, and the other ingredients of uproarious music hall comedy.

Another entertaining tabloid at the Palace in the early summer was "Not Yet, Marie" with a big company of clever people. Then there were the various military musical shows, all of which were popular. The tendency is toward the musical tabloid if one judges by the bills and the fact that the out-of-town managers are booking these little musical farces, comedies and operettas proves that the country at large wants greater diversity of entertainment in the two-a-day. The vaudeville magnates point out that most of the musical hits on Broadway recruit their talent from vaudeville and argue that they might as well put on their own musical shows with their own people, therefore musical tabloids will increase in number.

MACDOUGALL'S BARN. Duncan MacDougall is a Scotch playwright actor who hopes to establish in New York a theatre for the people. It is an interesting experiment that he is trying and one that deserves to succeed, but his first little theatre at 17 East 14th Street did not meet with the approval of the Fire Department and he had to close prematurely. His programme included "Crainquebille," a folk comedy by Anatole France, "The Gollywog's Control," a bit of satire on birth control, and J. M. Synge's Irish comedy, "The Tinker's Wedding." Mr. MacDougall hopes to resume next season in more adequate quarters.

WORLD STATESMEN APPLAUD YANKEE ACTORS

Presidents, Premiers, Ambassadors, witness special performance of Argonne Players

TO the Argonne Players of the lately demobilized 77th Division belongs the distinction of having entertained all ranks of the A. E. F.—from the "Buckest buck private" to their commander-in-chief, General Pershing.

Even this does not constitute all the laurels the Argonne Players won overseas. At the Champs-Elysées Theatre, Paris, they gave a special performance in honor of President and Mrs. Wilson. The audience on this unique occasion was the most brilliant and notable ever gathered in a theatre at one time. Another unique feature of this remarkable event was that many an everyday, garden variety American private got a chance to jog elbows with high officers, statesmen, ambassadors, and titled persons from every country represented at the Paris Peace Conference. Enough seats were reserved for the members of the American Commission, the military and diplomatic leaders of the U. S. and her Allies, and representative American, French and English civilians. The remaining hundreds of seats were quickly filled up with doughboys.

CREDIT for organizing this unique performance goes to Charles K. Gordon, a young American newspaper man who, as press representative of the Argonne Players, was responsible for the whole affair. Mr. Gordon recently returned from Paris, bringing with him the interesting autographed programme reproduced on this page. This programme was autographed for him, partly at the theatre during the performance, and partly through his own efforts afterwards. It was also Mr. Gordon who, after strenuous efforts, finally secured President Wilson's consent to be present at this special Presidential performance.

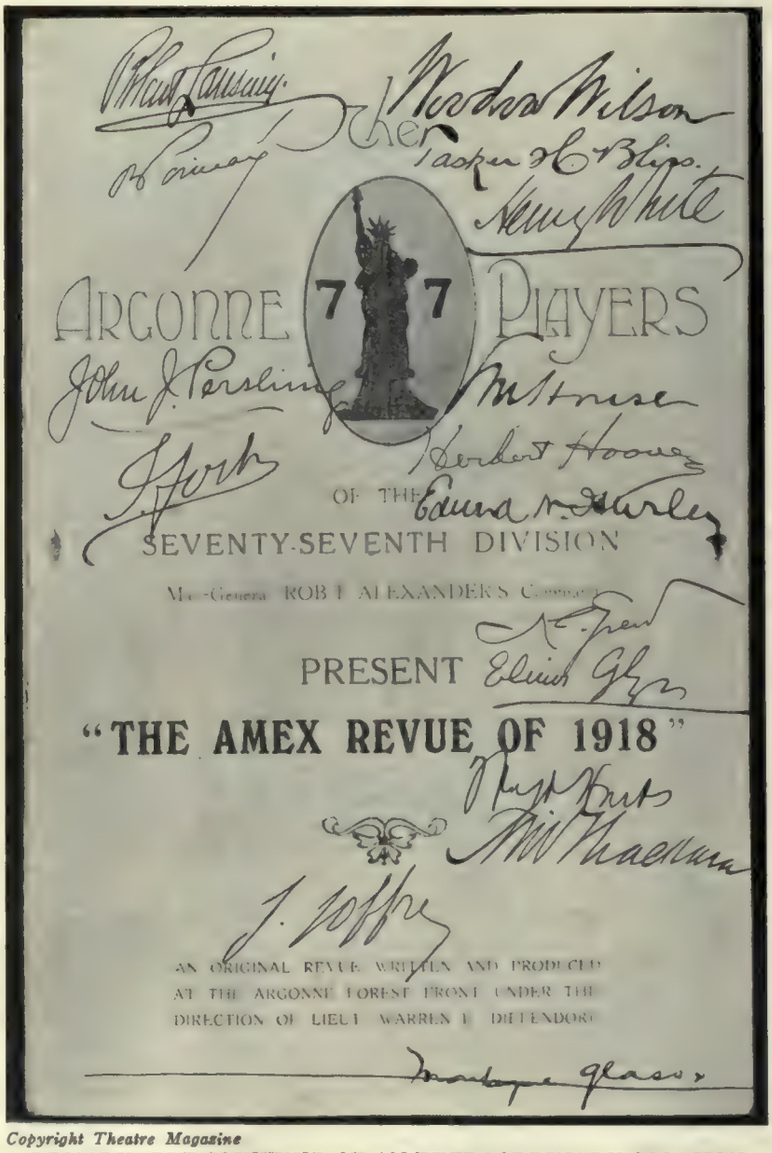
After a month of persistent interviewing almost everyone of importance in the Army, Navy, and Peace Commission, President Wilson was finally prevailed upon to set a definite date for the special performance. There were only six days' time to send out invitations, wait for the replies and then send the tickets requested. Private Gordon had the invitations mimeographed in both French and English and from Ambassador Sharpe (still in office at the time) he secured the Embassy's list of "Who's Who in Paris." Messenger boys were sent out to deliver the invitations, as there was no time to mail them.

When the replies came back in every way imaginable, the tickets were sent out with the aid of three Y. M. C. A. men. As it was necessary to arrange the loges in the order of precedence, President Wilson's ceremonial officer and a member of the American Embassy attended to this detail.

The Players themselves who had been touring Bordeaux, Nantes, St. Nazaire and Tours arrived in Paris the night before they were to appear as entertainers before the most memorable audience an artist ever gazed upon. Among those present were:

Colonel and Mrs. E. M. House, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lansing, President and Mrs. Wilson and party, Mr. Henry White, Gen. Tasker H. Bliss, Admiral Benson, Mrs. Elinor Glyn, members of the French Academy, members of the Chamber of Deputies, Provost Marshal of Paris, Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Auchincloss, Mr. Bernard Baruch, Mr. Herbert Hoover, American Consul General, members of the British Embassy, Belgian Embassy, Italian Embassy, Japanese Embassy, representatives of Marshals Foch, Joffre, and Petain; M. Venizelos, Prime Minister of Greece; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Grew, Mr. Edw. N. Hurley, Mr. Vance McCormick, Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, Y. M. C. A. Officials, Red Cross Officials, Knights of Columbus Officials, Officers of 77th Division, Baron Rothschild.

New York audiences saw the Argonne Players before they were discharged from the Army in their "Amex Revue of 1918" as they had played it for their comrades-in-arms in shell torn cathedrals, captured German *spielhausen*, hospital tents, underground "dugout theatres," ruined chateaux, hastily constructed open air platforms and the magnificent theatres of Bordeaux and the other large cities. Everywhere the military thespians were enthusiastically acclaimed, the local newspaper critics according the Yankees the warmest praise for their spirited and unique performance.



Copyright Theatre Magazine

REMARKABLE SOUVENIR OF AN EXTRAORDINARY OCCASION —A BRILLIANT GATHERING OF FAMOUS MEN WHO BROUGHT PEACE TO THE WORLD

Among those whose signatures appear are President Woodrow Wilson, Gen. Tasker H. Bliss, Henry White, Col. E. M. House, American Peace Plenipotentiaries; Herbert Hoover, Chief American Food Commission; Edward N. Hurley, Chief American Shipping Board; J. C. Grew, Secretary American Commission to Negotiate Peace; Elinor Glyn and Montague Glass, Authors; Robert Lansing, U. S. Secretary of State; William W. Harts, Commanding General U. S. A. District of Paris; A. N. Thackara, U. S. Consul General to France; Marshal Joffre; President Poincare; General John J. Pershing; Marshal Foch

THE Argonne Players are now disbanded and the members have resumed their pre-war pursuits. Jack Waldron, who was probably the most popular soldier in the 77th Division, is now doing a delightful act with Emma Haig in vaudeville, which was recently seen at the Palace Theatre. Mario Rudolfi is singing for Columbia records, and the Argonne Five are continuing in vaudeville.

Percy Helton is now appearing on Broadway in "The Five Million" by Guy Bolton and Frank Mandel, one of the first offerings of the new season at the Lyric Theatre. At the Little Club, Joe Raymond who led the Players' orchestra, is leading his own orchestra. Howard K. Greer decided to remain in Paris and was discharged from the Army over there. He has made sketches and posters of many leading French and English artists of the stage and screen and contributes to the leading French fashion magazine. Mr. Greer is also on the staff of the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Two more of the boys are in the "Ziegfeld Frolic" and the rest are scattered through vaudeville, drama and musical comedy.

Charles K. Gordon has resumed his journalistic work.



WILLIAM GILLETTE

AFTER a strenuous and highly successful season playing the leading rôle in "Dear Brutus" at the Empire, this favorite actor is summering on his houseboat, the "Aunt Polly," before starting on an all-season tour with the Barrie fantasy. The above portrait sketch is of unusual interest, it being the work of that promising young actress, Lola Fisher

THE POOR DRY DRAMA

What will happen to the stage when the whole derned world goes dry?

By ADA PATTERSON



LOUD have been the protests, bitter the grief, and high the wails of the industries that will suffer when, according to the plaint of today, "The whole derned world goes dry." But what of the de-alcoholized stage? While you mount the convenient stump to inveigh against the alleged curtailment of personal liberties by the prohibition law, pity the poor, dry drama!

Pity first the poor author deprived of liquid inspiration. Some critics have intimated that certain dramatists write best when under the stimulus of rosy beverages. They have said that Pegasus indulges in farther and higher flights when urged by the spur of intoxicants. They have boldly hinted that Thespis is a tippler. Unkind! Have you not seen William Gillette, actor-playwright, imbibing sweet milk at the dairy that backs against the Empire Theatre? I have. 'Twas a nocturnal sight. It ended only when the dairy did.

But whether the dramatist writes with a bottle of something other than ink on his desk is not fundamental. Playwrights there may be who are total abstainers, though they do not boast about it. It is their output with which we are concerned; their output, not their intake.

A dramatic author writes of the manner of life that is being lived about him. Said a playwright who has retired with a safe deposit box full of coupons and a heart brimming with content: "The man who writes well about what people are thinking about will make a fortune." If the cup that cheers and inebriates is long deprived him a man will cease to think of it. When the public ceases thinking about it it will have no interest for the dramatist.



DRAMA is objective. If the law has pushed a man's foot from the brass rail, his elbow from the bar, of what would it avail a writer for the stage to present such a figure? Human beings soon forget—even their bad habits.

Had prohibition always been operative that hardy perennial, "Ten Nights in a Barroom" would have had no root. It would never have been. Had this been a drinkless age there would have been no Lord and Lady Algy. The great melodrama "Drink" would not have thrilled ten thousand galleries.

If there had been no powerful beverages there would have been no "Face on the Barroom Floor," George Ade would not have written "Mrs. Peckham's Carouse." We would not have had the screen drama, "Broken Blossoms," for if the prize fighter's unamiable nature had not been inflamed by drink he would not have beaten the girl to death. Sir James Barrie would not have written his appealing playlet, "Old Friends." Maud Fulton might not have given us glimpses and full views of "The Brat."

Consider the opportunities lost to mimes had no high percentage liquors been quaffed on the stage. Maud Adams came to public attention by way of a tipsy scene in "The Masked Ball." Irene Fenwick waxed uproarious and lost her young man over a bottle in "The Song of Songs." Eileen Huban's versatility registered in the consciousness of the public when she made the transition from the Irish waif in "The Grasshopper" to the girl of bibulous inheritance in "Old Friends." It was William Faversham's portrayal of staggering, amiable Lord Algy, that revealed his stellar potentialities. May Irwin's lachrymose stage in her unconscious spree in "Mrs. Black Is Back" was her greatest comedy scene. H. B. Warner's father, Charles Warner's, name, was a synonym for the tragedy, in which he made thousands of appearances. Had there been no absinthe there might have been no "Madame X," and Dorothy Donnelly and all the other Madame X's would have languished in obscurity. Frank Bacon might have blushed unseen had not his drunken Bill been the parent of one "souse" after another until he was sublimated in the never quite sober "Lightnin'." And where, Oh! where, would have been "Lightnin's" spirit father, "Rip Van Winkle," and Joseph Jefferson's most loveable interpretation, but for strong drink? George Broadhurst's best, "Bought and Paid For," would have had no plot had its hero remained sober.



GEORGE Nash might not have been rated, so soon, if ever, as one of the best American actors had he not played the lovelorn youth in "Chimmie Fadden." Crossed in love, the young wastrel was doing his best to drink himself to death. His one more glass of champagne—there was always one more—held admiringly aloft, called from him the most poetic phrase ever invented about the bubbling beverage: "To the imprisoned laughter of the girls of France." "Gentlemanly Jags" became W. J. Ferguson's art label. Even though that excellent actor is the only surviving player who witnessed the assassination of President Lincoln, that tragic association is forgotten while the audience sits back comfortably filling its chairs and says: "I wonder if he will be drunk. He generally is." While, like Frank Bacon, in private life he is sobriety itself, he calls forth the smiling comment from the "folk in front:" "Drunk again." "Seven Days" was the gayer for its ladylike jag, played, I think, by the then rising but now full-risen, Georgie O'Ramey.



THE vocabulary of stage wit will require expurgation. No such state being possible, there will be no further need of the expressive term "pifflicated." Nor will the man who is trying to provide for a laugh say: "Jones is pickled," the pickling fluid being absent from the stage and from the United States. The man who writes the great American play may use the word "loaded" if he desires, but it must be employed to fit the state of the cannon not the man. "Half seas over" may be utilized, but in its literal sense. "Paralyzed" will have reference solely to a cataclysm of the nerves. The utterance of "skin-full" will no longer stimulate risibility. The state of being "stewed" will apply merely to fowl and vegetables. A "tank" will mean a weapon of war or a large receptacle for water, not a human channel for flowing wine. "Bun" will no longer be a generic term for that fluidly induced state of mind which renders a man indifferent, or superior, to life's troubles. The colorful word "booze" will fade from memory as the stuff that inspired it is missing from the stomach. It will be realized that no man can be "half shot." The term "mellow" will apply to fruit, not mankind. "Walking on stilts" will be an allusion to physical skill, not the mental viewpoint. "Three sheets to the wind" and "all sails set" will be restricted to nautical use. "Orie-eyed" will become obsolete.

With the richly descriptive words and phrases will pass the always-to-be-relied-upon drinking song. The Robin Hoods written in 1919 and 1920, lacking inspiration of custom, will have no rollicking *"Brown October Ale."* The future "Old Heidelberg" will lack its rollicking choruses, for what college youth would clink his soda glass with others? That declaration of independence of inebriates, *"We Won't Go Home Until Morning,"* will lose its snap and verisimilitude.

The old comedy business built upon the state and symptoms of inebriety was one of the playwright's set of tools. Reluctantly will he relinquish it. The man communing with the lamp-posts or whispering vacuities to the keyhole was part of the farceur's stock in trade. Sadly will he bury these old comrades in fun.

From what jest material will the dramatist of the future draw? The mother-in-law joke suffers from anaemia. Some men actually like their mothers-in-law. When one of them eloped with his mother-in-law the ancient joke staggered into a corner and took the count. The old maid jest has lost its mirth.



THE play of politics has been as unpopular in this country as it has been popular in France and England. But war has bred a new interest in politics at home and across seas.

In the settling process after the world war much driftwood may float to the surface. The war play, unless of gigantic stature and undeniably worthy, has already heard its doom. Mankind is war-sick. Even the humors of war-life pall. In the light of our new understanding, the lighter side of international politics, the dangers and dolors of diplomacy, may furnish a rich field of comedy.

The proverbial lack of reverence in the American character, which prompted the saying quoted for a decade in Europe, "The President has a great deal of taste and it is very bad," will not spare the peace table events and personnel. When the sanguinary odor has left our nostrils, what fun the comedy writers will extract from the attempts of the world's nations and the leaders of those nations to get together!

And infinite are the variations that can be devised of the trial of the Kaiser and the vagaries of his voluble and excusatory son, whom the Ziegfeld Follies' character called the "Clown Pinch." After booze as a stage laughter-maker the fallen and muttering bashaw of the Boche!



(Left)

CONSTANCE FARBER

After closing with the Winter Garden extravaganza, "Sinbad," Constance will return to her first love, vaudeville, to amuse audiences with her well-known tough girl impersonation. Irene Farber is the other member of the team

(Below)

GRACE LA RUE

As we go to press, Miss La Rue, whose singing is always a delight, can't quite make up her mind whether to remain in vaudeville or to return to the legitimate stage



EVA TANGUAY

Cyclonic Eva is just as popular as ever in vaudeville, and is to be seen shortly at the Palace in a new act which promises to be wilder and more of a riot than ever



Photos copyright, Strauss-Peyton

IN THE GLARE OF VAUDEVILLE'S SPOTLIGHT

CHARACTER ACTING

Some wit, much heart and an orchestra within—qualifications for success in this field

By LOUIS MANN

(STARRING IN "FRIENDLY ENEMIES")

CHARACTER acting is simple, if one can do it. Dialect character ought not to be essayed by those who do not have some knowledge of the language, the English dialect of which they attempt to project. This seems, perhaps, an ultra statement, but it is true, nevertheless.

Rarely will one find an accurate dialect, unless the actor is more or less conversant with the mother tongue he seeks to imitate. This does not, of course, hold good in all cases, for there are many splendid artists with sufficient melody in their souls to reproduce mimetically the tones and inflections of a foreigner attempting to speak English. This is true of Warfield, for example, who knows little or nothing of Italian, yet his dialect of a native of Italy is perfect. The best character actors are Americans of foreign parentage, who have inherently absorbed the characteristics through consanguinity.

There are, for examples, in the present day: David Warfield, of foreign parentage; George M. Cohan, of foreign blood one generation removed, and who, by reason of his origin, is able not only to play, but to write and do the many things connected with the theatre so wonderfully. (Of course, this country, with the glorious spirit it breathes, gives the actor the chance for such emotional outlet.) Then there is Arnold Daly, of Irish blood; Leo Ditrichstein, born abroad; Sam Bernard, as humorous a man as the American stage has ever seen, both his father and mother foreigners; Joe Weber; Lew Fields; Jess Dandy; Wilton Lackaye, one of our most intellectual actors of the present day; Tim Murphy, also originally of foreign origin; Al Jolson, also a character actor, even though many good folks believe him only the best projector of Coon Songs. His parents, too, were born far across the seas.

SUCH character actresses as I shall name here below are rare these days because that kind is cultivated by very few managers. Yet, they all made more money and had longer runs than the Squab Farms of today.

A small number of them are Maggie Mitchell, Lotta, Mrs. John Drew, Mme. Janauschek, Mrs. John Gilbert, Ada Rehan, Clara Morris, Ellen Terry, Sarah Bernhardt, May Irwin, and our dear Mrs. Fiske who burnishes more brightly and scintillates more happily the longer she plays.

Almost all the plays of modern times and even those of the long ago, including the classical, owe their success to greater or lesser extent to character acting, yes, even dialect characterization. Looking backward in the flight of years, within my knowledge, one will find the greatest successes and the longest runs are plays in which some distinct character actor was the protagonist.

Let's see, there was, for instance, W. J. Florence in "The Mighty Dollar," and his "Obenreiser" in "No Thoroughfare," the latter a dialect part; Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," a dialect character part; John E. Owens in "The Cricket on the Hearth"; Frank S. Chanfrau in "Kit, the Arkansas Traveller"; John T. Raymond as "Colonel Mulberry Sellars"; Oliver Dowd Byron in "Across the Continent"; Denman Thompson in "The Old Homestead," a dialect part, for I count a bucolic type of character such as his, a dialect part; Sol Smith Russell, who played "Edgewood Folks" for five years, "Peaceful Valley" many years, also "A Poor Relation" for numerous seasons; James A. Herne in "Hearts of Oak," "Shore Acres" and "Sag Harbor"; Richard Mansfield, born abroad, whose "Baron Chevrial" in the "Parisian Romance," and "Prince Karl," were all long run plays.

ROBSON and Crane, both character actors in "The Two Dromios," and "The Henrietta," and later William H. Crane alone, in numerous successes, such as, "The Senator," "Brother John," "David Harum," and "Father and the Boys," all long runs; Lewis Morrison in "Faust"; Roland Reed in "Humbug," and whose daughter is one of our greatest players today; Nat. C. Goodwin, who in his prime was one of the greatest character actors that ever lived, played "Turned Up," "The Gilded Fool," "Nathan Hale," and "When We Were 21," all for season after season; Maclyn Arbuckle in "The Round Up," Francis Wilson in five or six big successes that stood him in good stead for years; William Collier in "On the Quiet," "The Man from Mexico," and others; Otis Skinner played his great success and a character part in "Kismet" a number of seasons; Thomas Wise in the 'Gentleman from Mississippi" had several healthy seasons. All these players were the protagonists in distinctly character parts.

Right now, the three most distinctive successes in New York are due to strong character acting; viz: Fay Bainter, George Nash and Lester Lonergan in "East is West"; John and Lional Barrymore in "The Jest," and another play which has been running in New York for forty-two weeks, and which I leave you to guess.

Going back again, I am mindful that the achievements of Edwin Booth, our greatest actor; Tomasso Salvini, Italy's greatest actor; Coquelin, the great French actor; and Sir Henry Irving, the most intellectual actor of his time, and a character actor, with a succession of plays that lasted longer than any of the so-called leading men juvenile, or half-baked young women stars with treacle plays, are evidence that the character actor is truly the "Survival of the Fittest."

THERE is straight acting and there is character acting. The straight actor has nothing that differentiates him from the ordinary actor. What do we mean when we say, "He's a character?" It is that he has traits out of the ordinary, that he has eccentricities which mark him apart from the rest of his fellow-men,—and it is always the art of the character actor to catch these eccentricities and project them. But as these eccentricities are subtle and diversified, it takes a great artist to paint them,—hence it is that the great actors of the world are character actors.

There are certain of our managers who rarely give a character actor a chance, preferring to elevate to stardom some girlish inanity, upon the theory of an old Spanish proverb that says, "A girl draws more than a rope." But a careful study of the character actors and their plays, and the long runs which I have mentioned, proves that the public has taken a longer look and a keener delight, and given more of the necessary Rex Pecuniarum to them, than the skyrocket blaze of the trail of the "Skirt."

I cannot conclude without what I believe to be the recipe for good character acting. Here are the ingredients:

Inherent ability, plus brains, plus observation (which is the keynote of all art), some wit, much heart, and an orchestra within responding to the actors' magic baton.

If the young and ambitious victim of the disease called "stage struck" possess all these qualifications, plus the will to stand the relentless furies of shifty, fluctuating managers, incompetent stage directors, jealous colleagues, petulant authors, splenetic critics, he stands an even chance of becoming, after ten or fifteen years of hard work, *a good character actor.*

THEATRE THOUGHTS

Theda Bara is a riddle. Many people are satisfied to give her up.

You can't put a Sarah Bernhardt head on Clara Kimball Young shoulders.

Eddie Foy was always good at the multiplication table.

If Geraldine Farrar ever loses her voice, she can become an actress.

Nora Bayes is very magnetic. The box-office is the compass which proves this fact.

Bertha Kalich is haunted by the ghost of Sarah Siddons.

Charlie Chaplin got there "with both feet."

Julia Marlowe speaks with a Sothern accent.

There's nothing half so sweet in life as—Maude Adams.

The Dolly Sisters are double-jointed.



Photo Campbell

Mollie King is now Mrs. Kenneth Alexander. Here she is in her bridal costume with Mary Miles Minter as bridesmaid and her sister, Nellie King, as maid of honor. As the photograph shows, Miss King was not only a pretty, but a happy, bride

(Below center)

LORNA VOLARE

If you hear "Isn't she the sweetest thing" after a performance of "Daddies," you just know it refers to six year old Lorna who has an important part in the piece



White

In "A Lonely Romeo," the musical comedy which has caught Broadway favor, Lew Fields is given excellent support, in a typical scene, by his son, Herbert Fields



Abbe



Photo Bobby Edwards

Bobby Edwards and Bessie McCoy Davis rehearsing the Euk dance for the "Greenwich Village Nights" on the roof of the Greenwich Village Theatre

EVENTS OF THE SEASON—ON STAGE AND OFF

DISCIPLINING THE PLAYER

Famous rules and regulations controlling America's historic theatres

By WILLIAM SEYMOUR
FORMER STAGE MANAGER AT THE BOSTON MUSEUM

RULES and Regulations"—those were household words to the actors of fifty years ago. They were printed on the back of every theatrical contract and were "signed to" as part of that contract. They were displayed conspicuously in the Green Room and Dressing Rooms of every theatre. And, what is perhaps more important, they were lived up to and enforced as strictly and submitted to as obediently as the orders in an army camp or on a battleship. I believe the actor was happier and more contented when thus governed by an intelligent and congenial management.

The last playhouse in this country to have a set of established rules was Daly's Theatre, and the last manager to enforce them was Augustin Daly. In 1898—a year before Mr. Daly's death—a well-known critic in reviewing his career wrote: "Augustin Daly was the last representative of the type of managers who formed, developed, and preserved the best traditions of the stage. His theatre was the richest repository of the best dramatic traditions and the only true school of acting in the United States."

Napoleon had plenty of trouble during his Russian campaign of 1812, but he was not too busy to issue his famous rules regarding the organization, administration, policy, and discipline of the Théâtre Français.

ON our own stage, as far back as 1863, the rules and regulations of the theatre were as familiar to me as Mother Goose's rhymes. With the advent of "Travelling Companies" and theatres rented by such organizations from night to night, or week to week, there came the first infringements of the old established rules, and, with the dying out of the "Stock Companies" throughout the country began the decay of the time-honored regulations. When I joined the Boston Museum Stock Company in 1879, I found the traditional set of "Rules and Regulations" signed "Fred Williams, Stage Manager. Approved R. M. Field." There were twenty-five clauses in the list with this the final one:

"Non-observance of the above regulations, formed for the good and benefit of all—and to the maintenance of which the co-operation of all is cordially invited—shall be considered as cancelling all engagement of and with the Boston Museum."

After my first season I trimmed these rules to eleven clauses, and began with a slight modification of that one just given, as follows:—

The DISCIPLINE that governs every *first class theatre* will be observed in this establishment, and the co-operation therein of ALL employed is most earnestly solicited.

1. The Green Room is provided for the quiet and respectable assemblage of the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Company. Previous to the commencement of the performance, three calls will be made at the doors of the dressing rooms, *"half hour," "twenty minutes,"* and *"orchestra in."* The call for each act will be made in the dressing room corridors, and all subsequent calls for the play will be made in the Green Room only. TEN MINUTES will be allowed for change of dress between the acts of the play. FIFTEEN MINUTES allowed between pieces when complete "make up," wig, etc., require alteration.

2. REHEARSALS MUST BE PROMPTLY ATTENDED. The calls for same will be put up by the Prompter, in the Green and Music Room *before the end of the second act*, on the evening previous to the day for which the call is made. The Green Room clock is to regulate the time. Ten minutes will be allowed for difference of clocks at beginning of rehearsal. The Business for the week will be put up in the Green Room on the preceding Friday of each week. The Ladies and Gentleman of the Company must keep themselves advised of the calls, and order of business, and inform the Prompter of their places of residence. Those who are not in the bills of the day, and expect to be absent from home for any number of hours, will leave notice where they may be found in the event of unforeseen emergency.

3. Every Gentleman engaged in the Museum, must provide himself with such hosiery, wigs, feathers, swords, shoes, boots, buckles, gloves, cravats, laces, and ornaments, etc., as may be appropriate and necessary to the costume he is required to wear. When the costume is of the present period, the whole must be provided by the performer. The Ladies of the Company furnish their own dresses in each and every case.

4. During the performance, conversation behind the scenes and in the Green Room must be carried on in very low tones, and ALL UNNECESSARY NOISE AVOIDED.

5. NO SMOKING WILL BE ALLOWED beyond the limits of the MUSIC ROOM, which is set APART FOR THAT PURPOSE for the use of REGULAR MEMBERS OF THE COMPANY AND ORCHESTRA ONLY.

6. No one connected with the Establishment, in any capacity, will be permitted to introduce friends, relatives, or strangers behind the scenes, into the Green Room, or any of the dressing rooms, without permission of the Management.

7. No one will be allowed to enter the auditorium on evenings during which they are concerned in any part of the performance.

8. LOUD TALKING and boisterous laughter at the fall of the drop or curtain can be heard distinctly by the audience, *and has repeatedly been made the subject of public complaint.* The Ladies and Gentlemen are requested to remember the proximity of the audience, and leave the stage without noise.

9. The Stage Manager's and Prompter's tables are strictly private. All business will be transacted in the Stage Manager's Office.

10. Each dressing room will be under lock and key, and a key board provided at the Back Door, where the last person using the room is requested to leave the key.

11. All engagements, for whatever department of the Boston Museum, Orchestra, Chorus, Ballet, Mechanical Department, etc., except where made by duly signed contract or "memoranda," *are by the week*, and may be terminated at any time, with or without the giving of a week's notice, as the Management may elect.

THE system of forfeiture was abolished and the honor and integrity of the artists was deemed sufficient to uphold the traditions and dignity of the famous old house.

Really, the old actors did not require the instructions or warnings conveyed by the rules. The most punctilious in observing them, and ever amenable to discipline, were the leading and older members of the company, and the beginners looked up to and tried to emulate those veterans, as in college life the Freshmen do the Seniors.

With the changed conditions of the stage, these almost elementary rules and stringent forfeitures are no longer necessary. The actor has advanced personally and socially; his duties are not so arduous, the public has more knowledge of his private life, the mysterious glamour of the stage has been lifted, the old musty odor of the paint and canvas has faded away. And now, instead of an hour's boon companionship, after the performance, in the cozy corner of a favorite chop house (all the time then allowed him from the nightly studying of a new part and the daily rehearsal of a change of bill), he has his clubs, his golf, his motor car, his summer trip to Europe for remunerative recreation.

Augustin Daly, as is well-known, was a strict disciplinarian. His Rules and Regulations as posted in Daly's Theatre in 1889 are prefaced by this introduction:

"In establishing this Theatre the aim of the Manager has been to assemble a Company of ladies and gentlemen who may, and will, act in harmony with each other for the development of a time-honored pursuit. He has aimed, moreover, to bring together a number of artists whose development he can assist in, and to whom he may be proud to furnish opportunities for advancement in an eminent profession. But, as no society can exist unless certain established rules be observed, the following regulations are proposed for the proper government of this Company, and for the furtherance of the aims above suggested. The Man-



GREEN ROOM AT THE BOSTON MUSEUM, 1886

The theatre green room, now generally abolished, was a retiring room for actors engaged in a play, and was painted green in order to relieve the eye from the glare of the stage lights. The portraits seen are those of early stage managers of the theatre, and one of the popular stars of the time. The banjo clock hung in the Museum Green Room fifty years ago now ticks its way to posterity in Mr. Seymour's own dining room

RULES AND REGULATIONS

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

1. Gentlemen, at the time of rehearsal of performance, are not to wear their hats in the Green Room, or talk vociferously. The Green Room is a place appropriated for the quiet and regular meeting of the company, who are to be called thence, *and thence only*, by the call boy, to attend on the stage. The Manager is not to be applied to in that place, on any matter of business, or with any personal complaint. For a breach of any part of this article, fifty cents will be forfeited.

2. The call for all rehearsals will be put up by the Prompter between the play and farce, or earlier, on evenings of performance. No plea that such call was not seen will be received. All rehearsals must be attended. For absence from each scene, a fine of twenty-five cents; whole rehearsal, five dollars.

3. Any person appearing intoxicated on the stage shall forfeit a week's salary, and be liable to be discharged.

4. For making stage wait—fine, one dollar.

5. A Performer rehearsing from a book or part at the last rehearsal of a new piece, and after proper time given for study, forfeits one dollar.

6. A Performer introducing his own language or improper jests not in the author, or swearing in his part, shall forfeit one dollar.

7. A Performer refusing a part allotted him or her, by the Manager, will forfeit his or her salary during the run of the piece, and on any night of its representation during the season, and be liable to be discharged by the Manager.

8. A Performer restoring what is cut out by the Manager, will forfeit one dollar.

9. A Performer absenting himself from the Theatre of an evening, when concerned in the business of the stage, will forfeit a week's salary, and be liable to be discharged by the Manager.

10. In all cases of sickness, the Manager reserves to himself the right of payment or stoppage of salary during the absence of the sick person.

11. No person permitted *on any account to address the audience*, without the consent of the Manager. *Any violation of this article will subject the party to forfeiture of a week's salary, and a discharge by the Manager.*

12. No *Prompter, Performer, or Musician* will be permitted to copy any manuscript or music belonging to the Theatre, without permission from the Manager, under the penalty of fifty dollars.

13. Every gentleman engaged in the Theatre is to provide himself with such silk or cotton tights and stockings, wigs, feathers, swords, shoes and boots as may be appropriate and necessary to the costume he is wearing. If the costume be of the present period, *the whole of it* must be provided by the Performer.

14. The regulations guiding the evening performances will apply equally to those given as matinees.

15. Ladies bringing servants, must on no account permit them behind the scenes.

16. Ladies and gentlemen are requested not to bring children behind the scenes, unless actually required in the business.

17. It is particularly requested that every lady and gentleman will report to the Prompter their respective places of residence.

18. Ladies and gentlemen prevented attending the rehearsal by indisposition will please give notice to the Prompter *before* the hour of beginning.

19. No stranger, or person not connected with the Theatre, will be admitted behind the scenes, without the written permission of the Manager.

20. Any new rule which may be found necessary shall be considered as part of these Rules and Regulations, after it is publicly made known in the Green Room.

From the collection of William Seymour

A RELIC OF A BYGONE THEATRICAL ERA—A DOCUMENT THAT RULED THE LITTLE WORLD BEHIND THE CURTAIN IN THE PALMY DAYS OF THE DRAMA

ager is fully aware that the mere imposition of a penalty for misbehavior may fail to remedy the evil done, or enforce correctness in the future; but these penalties are imposed and will be enforced out of a sense of *justice* to those ladies and gentlemen who distinguish themselves by a strict and honorable observance of the Rules. A week at this Theatre comprises eight performances—when required, and Extra Matinees on all legal holidays."

SECTION I. No lady or gentleman should talk boisterously in the Green Room or behind the scenes or in their dressing rooms, or apply to the Manager, on any matter of business, or with any personal complaint in either of said places. The Manager may be consulted *upon special application by note* or in his business office any morning between 9 and 11 o'clock.

SECTION II. *Rehearsals* will be called by written notice, posted in the Green Room, which must be *conclusive notice* to all ladies and gentlemen, and employees of the theatre. Calls may be sent out of the theatre at the option of the Manager in cases of sickness in special instances, but a neglect to receive such will not be accepted as an excuse for absence or delay. For absence or lateness at a *scene at rehearsal one dollar* forfeit. For absence from an *entire rehearsal* a forfeit of *five dollars*. Ten minutes' grace will be allowed for difference of clocks on every first rehearsal, *but at none other*.

SECTION III. No member of the Company may

1. Make the *stage wait;* or

2. *Rehearse from book or part* after perfect rehearsal is called; or

3. Introduce *improper jests* or his *own language*, or *oaths* not in his part, or *restore* what is cut out by the Manager at rehearsal or performance without the Manager's permission; or

4. Be imperfect in the text, or give imperfect cues at performance under penalty of a forfeit of from *one* to *five dollars* for each offence, according to magnitude of the results therefrom.

SECTION IV. No one shall bring children, strangers, servants or animals behind the scenes or into the dressing rooms.

SECTION V. Any member of the Company who shall so far forget the respect he owes the public, or the duty he owes his Manager by passing *sotto voce* remarks, observations, or otherwise "guying" through their performance, shall be liable to a fine of half the night's salary for each offence; and upon persisting in the practice shall be liable to be suspended from his or her part, and, in addition, a suspension of salary while their substitute performs duty. And any person who shall aid or abet the instigator of any such misconduct by replying to or smiling thereat, shall be subject to a fine of one or five dollars, according to the aggravating character of the offence.

SECTION VI. If any member of the Company shall—

1. Appear *intoxicated* at rehearsal or performance, the penalty shall be immediate discharge or forfeit of one week's salary.

2. If they *absent* themselves from the city on any evening, though not connected with the performances of the evening, or at any time whatever, during the progress of the season, without permission of the Manager; or

3. If they *address the audience*, or attempt to do so (without permission of the Manager); or

4. If they send communications to newspapers about their personal concerns, or the concerns of the theatre, without the Manager's permission; or

5. If they *refuse a part* allotted by the Manager, the penalty for each infraction shall be forfeit of *one week's salary*, or discharge from the theatre—at the option of the Manager.

SECTION VII. In the case of the *refusal* of a *part*, the *salary* of the person refusing may be *forfeited* during the *run* of a particular *piece*, or any portion of the run of a play, at the option of the Manager.

SECTION VIII. In case of *absence* of any member of the Company through *sickness*, the Manager reserves the option of paying *salary*, or not, during such absence. Unless the case is a very peculiar one, salary will not be paid while any one is absent from duty.

SECTION IX. Any person whatsoever employed in the theatre, who shall—

1. By any conduct whatever, unbecoming a gentleman or lady, commit the same so publicly as to bring disgrace to themselves or discredit upon this Company, or by such conduct, either in act or deed, injure any of his or her associate members, or the business or character of the theatre; or

2. *Copy* any *Manuscript* or *Music* used in the theatre, without permission of the Manager; or

3. *Disclose the name or nature*, or any particulars, of the *plays* or *entertainments* in preparation at the theatre, or give any *information* about the *business*, or *concerns* of said theatre, until the same is publicly advertised by the Manager—shall be subject to a forfeit of from *ten* to *fifty dollars*, or be *discharged* by the Manager, or suffer both penalties, according to the aggravated character of the offence and the mischief caused by it; or

4. Any member of the Company who by gossip or remarks about the "Cast" of a play or the business in any performance, which the Manager sees fit to assign to any gentleman or lady, shall create ill-feeling or pain, or cause any dissatisfaction whatever, will be liable to a fine (light or heavy according to the mischief caused) or discharge, or both, at the discretion of the Manager.

SECTION X. The *directions of the Manager concerning the performances and business* of the theatre must be followed, under penalty of forfeit of from *five* to *fifty dollars*, or of being *discharged*, or both.

SECTION XI. *Intoxicating liquors* will not be allowed in any part of the theatre.

2. *Cigars or tobacco* in any shape must not be used about the stage or the working departments.

3. *No improper conduct* shall be permitted in the theatre, under penalty of forfeit, or of being *discharged* by the Manager, or both.

4. No *oaths* or *questionable language* or conversation that would not be tolerated in polite society, will be permitted in the Green Room or dressing rooms, under penalty of forfeit of *one dollar* for each offence.

SECTION XII. *All persons* engaged in performances or about the theatre must give notice of *their residence* to the *prompter;* they should also promply notify him of any and every change of residence they may make.

2. All persons who have to play in the first act of a piece must be in the theatre an hour before the commencement of the performances; those who have not to appear until the subsequent acts must be in by the commencement of the play, at least. Penalty for infraction from *one* to *five dollars*, in addition to other penalties heretofore provided.

3. Must *send notice* to the prompter an hour before rehearsal, when prevented by *sickness* from attending such rehearsal.

4. Must *send a written notice*, with a *physician's certificate six hours* before the commencement of *performance*, when prevented by sickness from attending such performance, under penalty of severe forfeit, or of being *discharged*, or both, at the option of the Manager.

5. Members of the Company having entered the theatre at Matinee or evening performances, to fulfill their duties, must not leave the building again until they pass out finally at the conclusion of their duties.

6. The Boys, Doorkeepers, Dressers or Servants of the theatre will not be allowed to go out on errands unless by special permission of the Manager or Prompter, which will only be granted in cases of urgent necessity.

SECTION XIII. Every *gentleman* must *provide* his silk and cotton tights, stockings, wigs, feathers, swords, shoes and boots, appropriate and necessary for any character he has to perform. If the costume be of the present period he must provide the whole of it.

SECTION XIV. *Ladies* must *provide* their own shoes, stockings, tights and gloves. The provision in contracts by which the Manager is to provide costumes, does not include these articles.

SECTION XV. All *costumes* will be *regulated* and arranged during the early rehearsals of a play, and no appeal will be permitted against the decision of the Manager; and no changes will be allowed, afterwards or during the run of the play, without permission.

SECTION XVI. No loose clothes or papers are to be left hanging about the dressing rooms nor on the gas-burners; and all waste of water and gas is strictly prohibited.

SECTION XVII. All *salaries* will be paid weekly, on Tuesday at noon.

SECTION XVIII. All *sums forfeited* as above will be deducted from the salary of the *week* during which the forfeiture occurred, if not remitted by the Manager.

SECTION XIX. All *alterations* and *additions* to these Rules shall be posted in the Green Room, and be notice thenceforth to all persons engaged in the theatre.

It will be noted that in all of these Rules, etc., the Green Room plays a very important part. It was a sort of clearing house for the business of the Actors. It was a large, well-lighted and ventilated room—and usually with green cushions on the seats or benches.

The Green Room went out of existence with the Rules and Regulations, and they "are seen and used no more." And with the Green Room went the Call Boy, the Cast Case, the Dictionary—often fastened to the wall—the long plate Mirrors, the Green Drop Curtain, and the Green Baize Stage Carpet. All that remains is the Call Board, or an apology for one, that hangs at the Stage Door.

MORE SUITABLE TITLES

"The Little Bother."

"Reeds of Destiny."

"Tigress! Tigress!"

"Drear Brutus."

"Gaddies."

"Friendly German Comedians."

"Electric-lightnin'."

"The better Coburn."

"A Cohan There Was."

"Mounted Cristo."

"The Invisible Show."

"The Unknown Bennett."

"Forever After Alice Brady."

"Somebody's Nonette."

"Talk for Three."

"Dinbad."

"East is Worst."

"The Honor of Otis Skinner."

"The Marquis de Ditrichstein."

"Mrs. Fiske of New Orleans."

"The Cowléd Hour."

"Ladies First: Nora Bayes Last."

"The Voice of Chauncey Olcott."

"The Riddle: Kalich."

"Under Orders; or Shannondoah."

"Al Woods in Room 13."

"Up In Al Wood's Room."

"Lessen Lester."

"The Misfortune-Teller."

HAROLD SETON.



From portraits, copyright, Strauss-Peyton



CAROLYN THOMPSON

Continuing to sing her way successfully through that popular musical comedy, "Maytime"



(Circle)

JUSTINE JOHNSON

Who has given up a stellar rôle in Broadway musical comedy to climb the ladder of dramatic success. She is now on the first rung—playing many parts in stock at Waterbury, Conn.

(Left)

VIVIENNE SEGAL

On tour with "Oh, Lady, Lady," Miss Segal has again proven that she can do a little bit of everything in musical comedy, and do it well

WON'T YOU PLUCK A ROSE WITH ME?



The lounge, heavily paneled with rich Italian marble, is flooded with sun in the daytime and at night lit by specially designed blue and gold chandeliers and lamps of exquisite artistry

MAGNIFICENT NEW HOME FOR NATIONAL VAUDEVILLE ARTISTS



The new clubhouse of the National Vaudeville Artists at 229 West 46th Street, New York City, presents an impressive appearance of solidity and architectural grace



A typical bedroom of which there are a hundred and eight, each one different,—all bright, cozy and artistic

Photos White



The ladies' room is exquisitely done in the late Georgian manner. The walls are covered with gold silk brocade and the hangings are all of the daintiest taffeta



(Center)
A sunparlor which really lives up to its name

(Below)
The ball room and theatre is rich and lovely in ivory tints and an unusual shade of gold. The brocaded rose hangings are a master touch



FOR FURTHER DESRIPTION SEE PAGE 126

THE GENTLEMANLY DRAMA

In our slangy, modern world there's still a sneaking liking for the actor who knows how to imitate good manners

By NORMAN TREVOR
(NOW APPEARING IN "TOBY'S BOW")



THERE once was a Gentlemanly Drama, a character play that flourished during the Victorian era in England, that invaded the American stage when English plays were admired for the graceful turn of literature in them, for the lines that were inimitably amusing. English dramatists of comparatively recent time like Oscar Wilde, Haddon Chambers, Pinero, Sutro, Jones, Davies, Cosmo Hamilton, plucked the Victorian stage gentleman of his pompous airs and his flamboyant speeches, but retained the delightful traditions of the English gentleman. These contributors to the Gentlemanly Drama restored the gentleman type in his twentieth century mood. He is a type whose traditions have survived, but he is disappearing. Some day, not far off, he may become extinct. We can assume that the stage gentleman, as interpreted by these comparatively modern masters of the Gentlemanly Drama, deserve a better fate than the commercial instinct of the theatre is planning for them. They will become celebrated memories of the stage, unless managers, in this country at least, realize that there are audiences who want them, people who respect them.

Gentlemanly Drama has rather an old-fashioned sound today, hasn't it?

More's the pity, because these plays by those weavers of theatrical silks and satins of character are very necessary for certain values of their aim—values, for instance, of good acting, of good literature.

THE Goliath of Gentlemanly Drama, George Bernard Shaw, has not quite slain the Davids of polite plays, but he has succeeded in depriving the stage of the habit of being gentlemanly. He doesn't care much for the species that Oscar Wilde imposed in "The Ideal Husband," in "The Importance of Being Earnest," in "The Woman of No Importance." He is impatient with the arrogance of Earls and Dukes, as all the world is inclined to be just now. In fact, Shaw has prophesied that the Gentlemanly Drama can be dispensed with. Perhaps there are too many who would agree with him that the stage gentleman can be quite as much of a bore as the real one should not be—but I entirely disagree with him. The Shavian laugh is a weapon too cleverly aimed at the heart of the stage gentleman to be without injury to him. If one's sympathies, therefore, are with the Gentlemanly Drama, one regrets the Shavian Slam, though we enjoy it. Perhaps, when Shaw defiantly subdivided the dramatic moods in his plays, "Pleasant and Unpleasant," he naively admitted this motive—but he has not given the stage gentleman a fair chance, he has not pressed him into the service of theatrical interest.

The Gentlemanly Drama found its existence important because there were men who possessed a certain glamor that impressed one with the idea that being a gentleman was a calling, an inborn profession of faith, a secret creed known only to themselves. One could make quite a point of this idea in favor of the gentleman's calling in England. In America, the Gentlemanly Drama, imported from England though it was, found prompt appreciation when it first appeared. But, in America there was no calling that could be described as that of a gentleman, because, with the usual intuition in this great country, to go to the practical source of ideas, a gentleman could be a man of honor without a tailor or a club to his name. His English might be as picturesque as the vast scenery of Nevada, his intellectual faculties might be demonstrated in his knowledge of ore, or cattle, or freight cars. So long as his heart ran true to ideal form, and his instincts were the poetry of character, he measured up to the gentleman-idea of the American theatre. In fact, if he attempted to present himself in the aesthetic polish of literary lines he frequently embarrassed the actor.



SO, there was no Gentlemanly Drama to speak of on the American stage except the imported product, until Clyde Fitch created a restoration period of smart talk and smart character in his brilliant dialogues. Fitch did something, therefore, that inspired not only a new interest in stage literature, but he delighted a large number of people who seemed to understand, to want something approximately like the Gentlemanly Drama. He established the fact that a gentleman need not be a bore, that he can be relied upon to say pleasant things in an amusing way, that he might even have a certain manner of clothes and importance quite his own. In short, Clyde Fitch stands alone, in my mind, in the facility of reviving the Gentlemanly Drama, by interpreting characters who were gentlemen by calling. That is to say they were men who dressed true to form, who knew how to behave, who inspired the play with a quality expected of the man whose intuitions, no matter how small in detail, were those of a gentleman.

Of course, the Gentlemanly Drama had its faults, in the sense that clean linen and graceful expressions of thought are very objectionable to those who don't like them. To some people the stage gentleman appears to be offensively stylish, and unconsciously self-satisfied. His manner of talking to pretty women, or handling a demitasse, or his resourcefulness upon entering a room full of people may have seemed irritating. But, take him all in all, the gentlemanly part became a distinguished type in appearance. There were complications, of course, ideas differed as to what constituted a gentleman. They still differ, but I find a rather warm place in the hearts of American audiences for the Gentlemanly Drama still.



THERE was a time when the art of wearing dress clothes was as deeply studied by the actor as the lines of the play. How to lean gracefully on the mantel-piece, how to stand properly in front of the fire, how to hand a lady her fan, when to wear a frock coat, the right and wrong of waist coats, spats, pumps, socks, handkerchiefs, scarfs,—all these impedementa of the Gentlemanly Drama were genuine anxieties. There were gentlemen on the stage who always pulled up their trousers at the knee when they reached an important love scene. There were gentlemen on the stage who oiled their hair, who had weird traditions about the silk hat, who were tempted to sit on the edge of the table in an abandoned crisis of a love story, to put their feet up on the chair in the presence of a lady whose bills they were paying in the play. Yes, there were complications, of course, the war of manners in the Gentlemanly Drama was relentlessly violent against it. The creased trousers have prevailed, the wide ornate braid down the leg of a stage gentleman, dressed for dinner, reappears from time to time. But, the satorial elegance of the Gentlemanly Drama has reached a correct balance. There remains only the problem of what a stage gentleman in unadulterated quality really is. The accent on the right word is something, but on the wrong word it is something else. Association makes a man what he is, therefore, in trying to arrive at a conclusion as to what constituted a gentleman I am inclined to think that the English dramatists who created the Gentlemanly Drama were themselves gentlemen. To be sure, Oscar Wilde's lines of "Lord Goring," for instance in "The Ideal Husband," may occasionally fly over the literal boundaries of ordinary conversation, but the character says the sort of things Wilde himself would have said, and he knew them intimately. Pinero impressed his own instinct of a gentleman into his plays. His parts contribute opportunities for the actor that are essentially smart, sane, agreeable.



HENRY Arthur Jones was perhaps a trifle resentful of certain gentlemanly qualities because he preferred the current sincerities of life to the polished surfaces, but he wrote Gentlemanly Drama. Haddon Chambers was unique in his spontaneity of gentleman parts, Sutro went deep into the heart of Gentlemanly Drama, so did Cosmo Hamilton, Herbert Hall Davies and others whose brilliant plays have survived the test of shifting ideals.

The acting facilities of the gentleman-part, so-called perhaps (because it exposes the actor to criticisms of a very personal character), is as great a test of artistic effort as any other form of acting. The gentleman-part is comparatively a modern note in the theatre. It has found its way there just as gentlemen have found their way there, because the stage has emerged from its former character of theatrical fustian to the character of modern sincerity. The gentleman-part has been possible only because gentlemen have found the profession of acting congenial and profitable. Together they have contributed a distinguishing quality of new interest to the stage, they have been a credit, I think, to the literary and emotional values of the theatre. They have made it possible for playwrights to create the Gentlemanly Drama to the delight of their audiences.

A word or two about those audiences. They enjoy the Gentlemanly Drama. The impression is sometimes given that such plays are only for the so-called elect. My professional observation of audiences, as a general thing, has been that



From a portrait, copyright, Strauss-Peyton

ETHEL BARRYMORE

New York has lost sight of this favorite member of the famous Barrymore family, as she has been on tour playing "The Off Chance," but her many admirers will be able to welcome her back to Broadway next season in a new play

they are vastly superior to their reputation. They have been accused of crudities they have not, they have been addressed with condescension by actors and managers who should know better. An audience is a discerning jury sympathetically inclined toward the evidence of human interest prepared for them in the theatre. It is surprising how patient they are, how forgiving, how generous. I resent the idea that the audience must be taken into consideration when a play, written with the reserve of literary feeling, is presented. Just now the theatre is the emotional college course of the world. Human beings go to the theatre to learn over again, to examine the laws and moods of a reconstructed world. There never was a time in the history of the theatre when it held so important a place in our lives as it does today. There is room for all sorts of plays, for all sorts of theatres, all sorts of actors. The audiences are, to my mind, usually ahead of the play. Their eagerness to bathe their senses in the imagery of plays is immensely inspiring to the sincerity of stage work. The Gentlemanly Drama is not beyond them, nor poetry, satire, a melo-comedy or melodrama. So, to the audiences we can be thankful that our plays are respectfully appreciated.

In my own career as an actor, preferring the gentlemanly part as a matter of inclination toward clever dialogue has been at variance sometimes with the managers. Most of my work has been done in England, and on the English stage, in the so-called Gentlemanly Drama, has always been popular. In America it has been my privilege to be selected for gentleman parts. And yet, when I was cast for the part of the policeman with Maude Adams in Barrie's play, "The Kiss for Cinderella," the manager said that I had found my artistic niche. "Keep him in that rough stuff, give him the simple, straightforward primitive rôles, that's where he belongs," he said.

I mention this merely to convey an impression that lingers in the back of my mind, an impression that the American stage is not fully aware that there are audiences who do like the Gentlemanly Drama. It has been my effort to demonstrate this at the Comedy Theatre, and the demonstration has been against the judgment of more experienced management than mine. Its success has very much encouraged a new faith in that play that is written with literary distinction, with smart dialogue, without a murder or a suicide in it. When "The Ideal Husband" was scheduled for production the manager insisted that Oscar Wilde had written a play without a "punch" in it. This was a curious criticism. The audiences failed to share it, judging by the box-office. Furthermore, at one time during the successful run, there were five understudies appearing nightly, and the play lost nothing of its charm or its brilliancy. This was an experience that impressed me very favorably with the belief that the Gentlemanly Drama must have more "punch" in it than the managers believed.

In this connection I am impressed also with the discovery that if the Gentlemanly Drama can be as well written as Oscar Wilde and his contemporaries wrote it, we shall have no need of "stars." Personally, I abhor the star idea in the theatre. It is contrary to all the best traditions of the play. I have opposed it in my own career as an actor, and I hope I shall escape it, though I am told that I may be compelled to accept the label of an actor who plays gentleman parts. In England we have stars, of course, but they usually arrive through the merits of some great play, not through the merits of plays written to order. In the Gentlemanly Drama the star idea is particularly inappropriate, as inappropriate to plays of this character as it would be for a real gentleman to advertise the fact that he was a gentleman.

There is a flavor to Gentlemanly Drama that is instructive to an audience because it deals with characters that should be inspiring, inspiring because they represent good manners, bright minds, and amiable surroundings. Whatever may happen to the aristocrat in the present changing history of the world, some of the ancestry will survive, the gentleman-part in the play will not be entirely obliterated from the gentleman-part in real life. Perhaps the Gentlemanly Drama will not be voluminously written because there is such a great confusion of class squeezing upward into the ethics of modern thought.

But, personally, I shall continue to aspire to Gentlemanly Drama, to insist, as far as my powers will permit, in the production of plays that have literary value. I believe that the Gentlemanly Drama has a "punch" that modern audiences enjoy quite as much as they do the tragedy of the underworld, or the tragedies of sex, or the melodrama of the moving-picture variety.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

Blanche Bates' father and mother were both players?

Raymond Hitchcock began in the chorus of a cheap opera company?

Fay Bainter made her first hit as a Japanese princess in "The Willow Tree," and she is now achieving success as a Chinese girl in "East Is West"?

When Mary Garden appeared as Melisande the wig she wore is said to have cost $1,000?

Edith Taliaferro, of "Please Get Married," has been on the stage since she was two and a half years old?

Many managers refuse to let anyone in their companies wear yellow stockings on the stage for fear of ill-luck?

Galli-Curci was born in Milan and educated at the Milan Royal Conservatory as a pianiste?

Before coming to America, Nazimova appeared in Russian versions of several of Shakespeare's plays? At sixteen she played Lady Macbeth.

Norman Trevor, last seen in "Toby's Bow," made his theatrical début in jest at Sir George Alexander's invitation, playing the footman in "John Glayde's Honor"?

As a child Elsie Janis appeared on the vaudeville stage and as part of her act imitated everyone on the bill?

Sir Henry Irving said two hours before his death: "I have been playing for fifty years and am just learning to act."

The most classically beautiful woman who ever trod the boards of the American stage was Mary Anderson?

Virginia Pearson, known as the best dressed woman on the screen, was a popular favorite on the legitimate stage, where she played rôles ranging from Topsy to Portia?

Frances Starr first attracted attention in New York acting small parts in Proctor's Stock Company? She was born in California in 1886.

Before becoming an actor, Richard Bennett was a waiter at St. Paul and later a sailor?

Elsie Ferguson began her stage career as a chorus girl in one of "The Belle of New York" companies, her first season with the piece lasting forty-two weeks?

When a golden-haired child, Wallace Eddinger was one of the famous Little Lord Fauntleroys?

Maude Adams' grandfather, one of the first of the Mormon pioneers, helped to bring out of the mountains the lumber with which the Salt Lake Theatre was built?

John Barrymore is the youngest of the famous Barrymore family of players? The son of the late Maurice Barrymore, a brother of Ethel and Lionel Barrymore and a nephew of John Drew, he started his career as a newspaper artist.

About a quarter of a century ago, Sarah Bernhardt presented Oscar Wilde's "Salome" at the Palace Theatre, in London, but the censor prohibited it after the first performance?

David Belasco, David Warfield, Theodore Roberts and Holbrook Blinn were born in Sunny California?

Irene Fenwick, whose real name is Frizelle, was rechristened by the late Charles Frohman when he engaged her to appear in "The Brass Bottle"?

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe are coming back to the stage next season and are to appear in three Shakespearian plays?

Douglas Fairbanks went on the stage when he was eighteen, but had previously appeared in amateur theatricals, playing Romeo to Maude Fealey's Juliet?

Alma Gluck was born in Bucharest, Roumania, but came to this country at the early age of six?

The idea for "Chantecler" came to Rostand one day while he was watching the animals in the barnyard?

Janet Beecher, of "The Woman in Room 13," aspired, when she was a child, to become a portrait painter? She also tried interior decorating and illustrating, but was unsuccessful and turned to the stage.

DeWitt Jennings was once a dramatic critic on the then Mormon newspaper, the Salt Lake City Herald?



Photo Abbe

MAJORIE GATESON

Who plays the leading rôle in the "Gayeties of 1919," has already pleased New York audiences in "Have a Heart," "Fancy Free" and "Little Simplicity." She can sing, she can dance, and she has an unlimited supply of that necessary Broadway musical comedy ingredient, "pep"



Apeda

JOSIE CARMEN

This Spanish beauty, who hails from Barcelona, is one of the most decorative members of the "Gayeties" chorus



Photo Alfred Cheney Johnston



Apeda

BERT BEST

Pollock, Louisiana, helped make up the chorus of the "Gayeties" by contributing this attractive young person

(Left)

BILLIE WAGNER

This auburn-haired beauty is a well-known Broadway show girl

SOME REASONS FOR "THE GAYETIES OF 1919"

ALL VAMPS IS FALTS

Henry McNutt Meets a Female Impersonator

By LESLIE CURTIS



indinapolis, joon ten.

deer Editer of the theayter Magazeen,

well, ive quit werking for mister Coyne agen, becawse he played a meen malishus trick on me, sew i will uze my litery talunt to make sum money untill sumthing better terns up. ever sints you discuverd me and gave my litery werk to the werld, mister Coyne has bin akting queer and jelus like, sew i think it must be the yuzshul contemp a common biznuss man like him has for peepul of jeanyus and artistik debility.

i want to ask yure advice about what has bin did to me and whether the law cood do anything to mister Coyne or the other party which was a uccompliss to the deed. i hate breech of promus sutes and things like that which expoase famly skeltons to say nuthing of washing famly linen and secrets, (not washing litral, mister Hornblower, but i meen a figger of speech which is sed when peepul let cats outen the bag to the noos-papers).



Well, to make a short story long (which is quite a art amung riters) me and mister Coyne went to the keeth show in indinapolis whare we happind to be travaling on biznuss. thare was lots of pritty girls on the stage, but thare was won that was a buty. I have never saw sutch a butiful woman with face and everything just perfeck. she woar sum lovely close and she kep smiling at us and finly mister Coyne he says "what do you think of her, Hen?" and when i says she was a dream, he got confidenshul and toald me that he ust to be her finance (which is french for engaged) when they was in collige. he sed she was why he never marreed. he sed she looked like a peech but she was reely crool and hartless and awl she cared abowt was money. while he was tawking abowt her, i looked on the progrum and it sed "Fred Browne, female impersnater" (that is a woman who impersnates varyus carackters by changing her close and hats and singing difrunt songs), mister Coyne he sed her name was reely Frederika, but she thawt it moar detrop to make it Fred for short, being moar intimut, sew the public wood remember the name. he kep getting moar nervous awl the time and when she came owt in a baything sute which was moar like the sole of wit than any i have ever saw, he groaned alowd and that nite he says to me, "Hen, you are a pritty good skowt, even if you are litery and tride to be a korus man and was foiled. i wish you wood help me to get even with that hartless vamphigher."

"what cood i do?" i says. "im only a poor varlot de chamber—a swell dame like her woodunt pay no tenshun to me." (you have no ideya how keanly i feal my posishun at times like this won, for while i werk for seemore Coyne, who is a milyunair, i reelize that my culchoor and his money are seprite and distinkt. he is sew crude, while i can mingal with the best peepul, if i only cood get enuff money.)

"I have a plan, Hen, and if you will do this favor for me i will finants the hole thing. you uze yure inflooance as a regiler corispondent of the theayter Magazeen and get a intervue with her and then you can tell her you are a welthy man's son who rites for fun, which is awl moast riters get anyway," he says. "you make a splurge on money i will give you, and tell her you are air to milyuns and yure father is feebal and is bilding a mossoleum now. she will fall for that money tawk and then you get engaged to her, for she will be hear a weak and it wont take that long with yure expeeryunce, Hen. then when she axseps, you can rite her a kert noat and tell her you have just herd how she treeted yure frend, seemore Coyne, yeres ago and you reelize that she must be two old to be a good wife and muther, and you will have to withdraw the offer of yure hand. Cood you do it, Hen?"



"you no me," i says, but i was sew nervus that i creesed his dress trowsers in the rong place. "i always wanted to meat a reel vamphigher and hears my chants." so that afternoon i went to the box offis and asked to see miss Freddie Browne and the man looked kinda funny and says, "miss Browne is rather excloosive unless you have a uppointmunt," but when i toald him abowt being a riter for yure Magazeen, he gave me a noat to the stage dore keeper and i was let in at once and showed rite into Frederikas dressing room.

she was sew glad to meat litery peepul which was intelijunt and at the same time prezentibal, she sed, when i toald her my erund and uzed yure ilustreeyus name. she sed moast riters were ruff persons, so un-sanitery and everything. i seen rite then that she rekugnized that i was difrunt, sew i spoak up and toald her i wasunt a reel riter. "only a poor littel rich boy," i says, "who rites for fun and lives on his inkum." "is that sew?" she replys, and i new she was intrested by the fashul expreshun that played on her butiful countnance.



well, we were frends in no time, which is commun amung werldly peepul of culchoor, and she asked me to come to her dressing room the necks day at five. she sed she was two tired to dress after the matinay and wood i plees bring enuff to eat for too, sose we cood eat together tata-tate (which is french for sighed by eech.) i done what she sed and went to missus Claypools hotel and got a big tray and we had a fine time. she was in negligunce and looked so much like the famus painting of venus de medicine that i coodunt keap my ize offen her. of corse, at first, i thawt i wood do what mister Coyne wanted, but when i reelized her buty at cloase qwarters and her helplussnuss and everything, i new i cood never be a cad like mister Coyne, but befoar i desided to dubble cross him, i had went two far and had became engaged. i had asked her in a wreckluss momunt how sutch a butiful creechoor as her had never marreed, and she berst into teers on my new sute and toald me betwix sobs that her hart was broak by a crool broot which lives in peory, ills. she was sew refind in her greef and bewaled the emptie and stroaling life of the stage and she wished she had the luv of a strong man to leen on, sew i coodunt do mutch less than offer to devoat my life to hern, cood i? what wood you have did yureself?

but what herts moast is the denewmunt (or what you wood call the climacks, if you were reely litery in your persoots and not nearly a clog in a mushine, sutch as a editer is). i didunt werk none that week and i bawt flours and carreed trays until the faseeshus dore keeper asked me how long i had werked as a buss boy in missus Claypools hotel.

Freddie woodunt never see me after the show. she was two tired, she sed, for art is a hard rode and she must have her buty sleap. sew i was pashunt, as won must be with jeanyus, but the last nite i was to meat her after the show to plite our trough anew befoar the parting. o deer! when j got to her dressing room she had went away and left not a vestage of herself but a hare pin and sum haff-smoaked cigerets. that was a turble blow, but then i thawt maybe the stage manger had bin thare cleening up and had left his vulgar trale. suddenly i seen a noat behind the mirrer (which is whare stars keap thare billy dooz) and i was mad enuff to be meen, sew i red it. i hoap you have suffered yureself enuff to understand my angwish. i will copy the thing litral:



"Dear Fred:—

"Meet me tonight at the usual place. You are the best pal in the world, and our unexpected meeting this week has brought back many pleasant memories. I have completed plans for the trip we talked of last night (or morning, to be accurate), and am looking forward to a renewal of youth. See you later.

(*sined*) "SEYMOUR COYNE."

how can wimin be so fickal, mister Hornblower? just two think of awl i had did for that shaimluss woman and she had went back to her fiurst luv like a snaik. i went home in a daise and then i groo vindickative and i looked in mister Coynes close and this is another blow which i found. it was from her and it sed:

"Seymour, Old Top:

"Never had so much fun in my life. Has he told you that we are engaged? Uh-huh! Will be glad of the trip. My tour ends this month and the wife is booked solid until July, so there will be four perfectly good weeks to play. As to your fourteen-carat boob—be kind to it. Will see you tonight.

"As ever,

(*sined*) "FRED."

i don't know what to think. Who is the wife and is she rented out or something by the weak, and if Freddie is a man why am i engaged to her? im craised with greef and suspents and ive lost fayth in any moar female impersnaters. i may be litery and pekyulyar, but i woodunt marry no man for nuthing, so i have rote and broak the engagement. i wish you cood help me. its a sad werld.

yures for werk but hart-broaken,

HENRY MCNUTT.



(Left)

ERNESTINE MYERS

One of the most proficient of the younger native-born and taught toe-dancers. A Chicago girl who studied dancing in "The Loop." Discovered at a benefit by Carl Randall, she danced with him for a season and later was featured in "Miss Simplicity." Graceful, skilled in her art and highly pictorial she is now headlining in Keith vaudeville with Paisley Moon



Photo Hixon-Connelly

(Right)

MARMEIN SISTERS

Who conducted a dancing school in Chicago, but were induced to give up teaching to be featured in the two-a-day. They cover the entire field of stepping from classical and interpretative work to the merriest and latest dance. Graceful and versatile, the two sisters dance together in perfect harmony

THE DANCING FURORE IS STILL ON

SOME UNIQUE PERFORMANCES

Mrs. Fiske in "A Doll's House." Modjeska and Forbes-Robertson in "As You Like It"

By RAY ABTHORPE

WHEN the historian of the American theatre begins his work, he will, no doubt, be surprised to discover that one of the first productions of a play by Henrik Ibsen on the American continent was made under unusual conditions, before a curious audience in the land of the gopher.

In the early days of William Faversham's career, through the good offices of the late Charles Frohman, the actor secured an engagement as leading man with Minnie Maddern, now Mrs. Fiske. The tour was one of the first this actress had made of the country as a star and was an arduous one as it embraced the greater part of the United States. One day in Minneapolis, Mrs. Fiske brought Faversham a play which she said was the greatest modern drama she had ever read. Faversham read it that night and was so enthusiastic over the piece that Mrs. Fiske and he decided to cast the various rôles among the members of the company and give a private performance of the drama for their own pleasure.

THERE was a hotel in Minneapolis at that time called the Gibson. The manager was interested in the theatre and boasted the friendship of many stars who annually visited the Twin cities. Mrs. Fiske and Faversham confided in him their discovery and their plan for a first performance. He immediately offered to clear the dining room for the purpose. So one night toward the end of the week the play was given, without scenery, with the actors in street clothes. The spectators were made up of various employees of the hotel and those of the company who were not appearing in the drama. The performance began at midnight and lasted well until three o'clock in the morning, but not a single person of the unique audience left the "theatre." The play was Henrik Ibsen's "A Doll's House," and this was one of its earliest performances in America. Mme. Modjeska had produced the play several years earlier. Beatrice Cameron (Mrs. Richard Mansfield) had also been seen previously in the title rôle.

Several years ago, Maxine Elliott, who has lately returned to the American stage in such triumphal fashion with William Faversham in "Lord and Lady Algy," was returning from the Pacific Coast. Her sister, Gertrude Elliott (Lady Forbes-Robertson), was also returning from the west. It happened that their booking arrangements were such that while Maxine Elliott was playing in Denver, Gertrude Elliott was booked to follow her there the next week. Now Maxine and Gertrude Elliott are the Damon and Pythias of sisters, and as Gertrude Elliott, after her tour of the coast in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," was to try out a new play, "Rebellion" by Thomas Medill Patterson, in Kansas City a few weeks later, it seemed the irony of fate that her sister, who has always shared with Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson the role of chief adviser in her stage career, should be so near and yet so far at such a critical period.

But Maxine Elliott, whose executive ability may well be envied by any mere man, didn't hesitate. She knew her sister was undertaking a most important venture. There was only one thing to do. She must be there to help her, so she had her manager cancel her opening night in the next city so that she might be in Denver when Gertrude Elliott arrived. To do this, Maxine Elliott had to pay a forfeit.

AS it was impossible to arrange to cancel more than the one night, a special performance of "Rebellion" was staged on Sunday night, with Maxine Elliott the only person in the auditorium of the theatre, the play being given exactly as it was to be presented at the première a few weeks later in Kansas City. It is an interesting fact that Maxine Elliott's verdict on the drama was that of the critics and the public, who found that in it Gertrude Elliott had achieved her most notable acting success, but that the play was too serious and gloomy for American audiences.

Another interesting first-time event is what is claimed to be the first out-of-doors Shakespearian performance in England and perhaps in the English-speaking world by professional players of the first rank. This happened many years ago in Wales. Helena Modjeska was touring the English provinces with Forbes-Robertson as her leading man. While they were appearing in southern England, Modjeska received an urgent appeal from a clergyman in a little Welsh village that she come to that town and give a performance of "As You Like It" for the purpose of raising funds to clear the debt on the church organ. The appeal touched Modjeska and she agreed, but when the company reached the village, the actress found no theatre and the hall provided was too small for the production. So after much discussion, it was finally decided to give the comedy on the church lawn, under the trees, which made an admirable setting for "As You Like It." The success of this pastoral production was such that Modjeska and Forbes-Robertson later repeated it elsewhere. Soon the idea was taken up by other players throughout the country and bands of pastoral players were organized.

ASIDE from first performances, there have been many occasions when the ingenuity of the actor has been called into play to give a performance under trying circumstances. An incident which happened to the late Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree is most interesting as it proved a direct contradiction to Tree's well-established principles of elaborate stage-settings on which most of his fame rests. When Sir Herbert made his last tour of America, presenting his sumptuous production of Shakespeare's "Henry VIII," he decided during his Chicago season to give a performance for the benefit of a war charity. Sir Herbert was very partial to presenting programmes of scenes widely contrasted, enjoying hugely the *tour de force* of appearing in a half-dozen wholly dissimilar rôles at a single performance. His bill for this occasion embraced scenes from various Shakespearian dramas. To secure contrast he arranged to act a scene from "Trilby." The scenery for the Shakespearian numbers was easily arranged out of the "Henry VIII" production, but for some strange reason it was found at the last moment impossible to secure an attic setting for the "Trilby" episode. So Sir Herbert instructed his stage carpenter to reverse one of the "Henry VIII" scenes, calcimine it and set it up with the wrong side of the "flats" toward the audience. The effect was perfect, and incidentally Sir Herbert achieved in this make-shift scene, a far cry from his customary, gorgeously mounted settings, the greatest acting success of his entire American tour. It was an interesting and pointed contradiction to Sir Herbert's principles of producing.

WHILE Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson was touring the middle west in "Passing of the Third Floor Back," his baggage car was lost between St. Joseph, Mo., and Wichita, Kans. But the play went on, for it was not difficult to find a stock set to represent the middle-class boarding house, while the players appeared in their street clothes.

Once Robert Mantell was making a journey from Colorado Springs to some western city. It was necessary for him to make an eleven o'clock train or lose a performance. As there would not be time to load the scenery after the play was finished, the court-room and Portia's garden scenes in "The Merchant of Venice" were played in such scenery as the local theatre could furnish. The audience seemed quite unaware of the fact that Shylock was being tried in a modern drawing-room, or that Bassanio was endeavoring to give a plausible acount of himself to Portia in a California rose-garden.

During the recent coast-to-coast tour of William Faversham and Maxine Elliott in "Lord and Lady Algy," the management discovered that through a change in the railroad time tables, due to the Government's rearrangement of matters which makes touring such a rare delight these days, it would be impossible to make a certain journey without losing two days. One day's loss of time had been allowed for. The manager of the local theatre and the advance representative of the company decided to build a production of "Lord and Lady Algy" for the use of the stars in that city. As the theatre regularly played stock when not used for road attractions this was not so difficult as might appear. The scenic artist and carpenter of the theatre were sent to a neighboring city where Faversham and Maxine Elliott were appearing. Here they drew plans, and in a week's time the two sets required for "Lord and Lady Algy" were duplicated so closely that even the actors, who had not been taken into the scheme, were easily deceived.



Ralph Morgan and Beatrice Noyes in "The Five Million," a new play by Frank Mandel and Guy Bolton at the Lyric Theatre

(Below)

Olive Wyndham, Willard Mack, William B. Mack, Jack Sharkey, W. L. Thorne and Frank Monroe in Ralph E. Dyar's play "A Voice in the Dark"



Photos White

SCENES IN THE NEW PLAYS

POSTPONING OLD AGE

Youth all important on the stage and science of chiropractic reveals secret of preserving it

By FRANCESCO SAUCHELLI, D. C. Ph. C.

OLD age as a mere mechanical reckoning of years never frightened anyone. On the contrary, time brings rich gifts of wisdom, poise and charm. Age comes freighted with a thousand graces, amenities, memories and capabilities born of experience which arrogant or ignorant youth does not know and cannot know.

It is only old age as an actual handicapped condition, heavy with a burden of failing strength and fading beauty, from which we shrink. Could Milady, regardless of the speeding years, consult her mirror and spy therein neither graying lock nor lengthening line, she would own to sixty as blithely as she greeted sixteen. If time were to touch the cheek caressingly and leave the step buoyant, we could all afford to laugh at clocks and calendars.

The man or woman who, according to Nature's real plan, floats on an even keel of uninterrupted health; whose digestive and eliminative organs remain unimpaired; whose eyesight and hearing continue keen; who sleeps soundly, thinks clearly and worries not at all—such a man or woman is never really old. Is it possible to go through life in this graceful fashion, avoiding all the usual handicaps of advancing years? The science of chiropractic says it is.

GROWING old is a physical process and, as such, may be wholly independent of time. Growing old means only growing "rusty." The rusting-out process may, and often does, begin and end in youth, as well as in later years. It all depends upon the care which the human machine receives. Some people are old at 30; others are young at 60; some who should have lived to flourish vigorously at 80 are dead at 25.

The normal human body, as Nature designed it, is a machine set to run smoothly and perfectly. It should proceed automatically about its business of absorption and elimination. It should "generate" its own energy and make its own repairs. If the body is kept normal, there is no reason why it should not work as well at 65 as at 35. A properly cared for, perfect-running and well-oiled machine does not get rusty. And the wearing-out process takes a long time.

The normal body is constantly throwing off waste material. Let this process of elimination cease, and poisonous toxins at once accumulate, fermentation and decay set in, and auto-intoxication—chief cause of old age—develops. The body is constantly being rebuilt—old tissue cells die and new ones are developed to take their place. These dead, lifeless cells must be disposed of. If they are not, they interfere with the proper development of the new cells. All waste must be eliminated. When this is accomplished, the body is practically new all the time.

The toxins mentioned in the preceding paragraph—the direct result of imperfect elimination of waste from the body—are the "rust" in the bodily machine. The comparatively new science of chiropractic claims that all waste will be properly eliminated from the body and poisonous toxins will not accumulate as long as nerve force or energy is flowing freely through the nerves. It is contended that joints, muscles, tendons and ligaments will remains flexible and unclogged by "rust" as long as nerve force flows unhampered; that stomach, heart, liver, lungs and all vital organs will function unhindered as long as nerve force is supplied in abundance. Unchecked flow of nerve force—that is the basic idea of chiropractic.

THE force which keeps the body going—functioning normally—is nerve force, nervous energy sent out from the brain along the nerves to every part of the body. The nerves leading from the brain to all parts of the body and carrying with them this essential life current and energizer must pass first through the bony confines of the spinal column. Thence they branch out from the spinal column at various points, passing between the spinal bones. The spinal bones comprising the spinal column, being separated one from the other by elastic discs of cartilage, easily become slightly displaced. When this occurs, they pinch or press upon some of the nerves and interfere with the normal flow of nerve force. When nerve force ceases to flow freely, some parts of the body function irregularly or not at all.

The science of chiropractic concerns itself with putting and keeping the spinal bones in perfect alignment so that they do not pinch or press upon the nerves as they branch out from the spinal column. The chiropractor accomplishes his results by a system of skilled hand thrusts directed to the spinal column. These thrusts are called "adjustments."

When the nerves are released from all constriction through chiropractic adjustments, nerve energy, or stimulus, flows freely through them. Elimination of waste proceeds without interruption, toxins cease to be retained, auto-intoxication disappears, there is no hardening of the arteries, new body cells develop unhampered, and the body keeps its youthful elasticity and resilience.

THE casual reader may gather from the above that chiropractic is a guarantor of eternal youth. Would that such were the case! But *eternal* spells rather too long a contract for this changing world of ours. Chiropractic can, however, prolong youth into the far reaches of the years and beyond the boundary line of your fondest hopes. Chiropractic adjustments keep the bodily machine running oiled and smooth, thus materially postponing the day when time shall finally take his innings.

The person whose spinal column is kept in normal condition by occasional chiropractic adjustment will have a healthy body with normal appetite and desires. There will be less tendency to excesses and bodily abuses and more of a tendency toward normal use of the body as it should be used, as, for instance, in natural sports and exercise of various kinds which keep the organs active and prevent them from shrinking through sheer atrophy.

Then there is the psychological effect. It has been said that a man is as old as he feels and a woman is as old as she looks. When a man i in perfect health through chiropractic adjustments he feels young. No man feels quite so old as th one whose physical condition is below par. Th confirmed dyspeptic feels about a thousand year old. If you feel young, you will be young. An you can't feel young unless you are physicall well. With a woman, if she feels young, sh will look young. If she looks young, she wil be young.

The science of chiropractic does not clain naturally, to be a manifestation of magic. I would be foolish to expect chiropractic to kee a person's physical condition perfect without th co-operation of that person. Results have show however, that with proper co-operation of th individual, this science of physical rejuvenation i of great benefit in the matter of postponing ol age.

Plenty of sleep is essential to health, becaus sleep allows the greatest relaxation of all part of the body, and bodily relaxation is really th foundation of bodily health.

PLENTY of fresh air is also important. A plentiful supply of oxygen helps to burn u the poisonous toxins which form in the bod and which are the chief cause of old age.

Another essential of health is proper nourish ment. The average person does not pay nearl enough attention to his diet. Plain, substantia well-cooked meals are important. Chiropract does not insist on any particular dietary regimen it only asks that you be sensible about you eating.

On the stage and on the screen, youth is a important. The public demands of its ente tainers that they be youthful. The public wan to see on stage and screen the youth which itse may have lost through abuse and neglec Those who have kept their names in the electr lights for year after year, defying time to re them of their youth, have invariably possessed startling vitality of body. They have kept then selves in good health; they have guarded the health as the one possession of supreme value.

It is sad to think of the many who slip bac year by year, into smaller and less importa parts on the stage because they are losing the youth and their vitality. Every year, these u fortunate stage folk drop out. Take a list of on hundred of the reigning favorites of ten yea ago. You will find that probably ten of them a dead today, perhaps ten more have left the sta for some other field, ten are still footlig favorites, and the other seventy have dropp into obscurity—they are still on the stage b they have been all but forgotten by the fick public. They lost their youth and the pub would have no more of them!

Chiropractic brings a very practical message those on stage and screen. It is a message hope—a promise of lengthened youth. It may n be possible to banish old age entirely, but it c certainly be considerably postponed. Many our best known artists have learned the chir practic secret of postponing old age. It is, w the publication of this article, no longer a secr

Copyright, 1919, by Francesco Sauchelli, D. C. Ph. C.

This is the second of the series of articles on chiropractic written for the THEATRE MAGAZINE *by Dr. Francesco Sauchelli, the well-known practitioner of New York City*

(Circle)

The Elf Dance, one of a series recently given at the Plaza Hotel under the direction of Miss Wilma Winn, whose dance classes have been popular among the children of society. The Misses Marion Wilson, Charlotte Wilson, Carolyn Watson and June Cherrie are shown in this charming group



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AMATEUR THEATRICALS

WHAT IS BEING DONE BY AMATEURS EVERYWHERE

(Upper Left)

Mr. Thomas K. Carpenter, and Mrs. Jessie Royce Landis in an interesting performance of "Quality Street," recently presented by the Art-Literature Department of the Woman's Club of Evanston, Illinois

(Lower)

Quaint scene from "Love in a French Kitchen," a 14th Century, old French Play, as produced by the Ypsilanti Players in their interesting little playhouse at Ypsilanti, Michigan



YPSILANTI'S LITTLE THEATRE

ALL the friends of little theatres scattered over the country will be interested to learn what the *Ypsilanti Players* have accomplished in the last few years. Ypsilanti is a small town but has advanced ideas, and the Players and their Playhouse have greatly contributed to this result. A morning's mail is likely to bring to the desk of the "Director" two or three manuscript plays submitted by some metropolitan writer to be tried out on the local dog, or possibly a request to co-operate in a new art project, or again, a plea from some actor or other theatrical person for permission to stop over and inspect the Playhouse.

IF YOU HAVE AN OLD BARN IN YOUR TOWN—PLUS PURPOSE AND VISION—YOU ARE JUST ONE STEP AWAY FROM A LITTLE THEATRE

BUT it is not merely artistic stage effect at which the Players aim; they have found that a proper setting and atmosphere only served the more to bring out the best playing ability. In this very particular the Players have done their most exceptional work. They have long since passed the amateurish point where most private theatrical clubs stick forever, and now they put their plays across, with "real professional skill." The amount of talent which has come to light within the membership is remarkable, but, perhaps, no more so than others would be discovered in any similar club, working under similar conditions.



The transformation of an old barn into an attractive playhouse—the results of the purpose and vision of a group of progressive amateur players, at Ypsilanti

THE *Ypsilanti Players* have not arrived where they are now without much evolution. From the beginning they have had purposes and visions. At first they met as a little club in rented quarters and their programs were chatty informal affairs and not much else. Then, suddenly they realized that they were not living up to their ability or opportunity—and forthwith they proceeded to acquire a home of their own,—an old barn which was transformed into one of the most attractive playhouses imaginable. And not merely attractive—serviceable as well. The dimensions of the building are: Width 18 feet, length 36 feet. The Auditorium, constructed with a balcony, is 12 x 18 feet and seats comfortably fifty people. From curtain to sky-dome, the stage has a depth of about 23 feet. The proscenium arch is 9 x 15.

From the middle of the stage one descends to a basement where are located two large dressing rooms, a green room and a furnace room. The green room can be quickly converted into a kitchenette and has running water, an electric stove, table, etc. The players have their own dishes, and after every regular program they serve a supper which helps in a way to compensate the hypercritical guests for what they may have missed in the performance itself.

WHILE speaking of equipment, one must not fail to mention the electrical outfit of the Playhouse which has been installed at an expense around $2,000.00. It is not surpassed within its limits by any stage in the country.

The *Ypsilanti Players* do not plan to exploit their Playhouse as an art theatre, yet in their work they have gone a long way in this direction. A suitable play, adequately staged, is always a prime consideration. The Playhouse has all possible properties and three regular interiors, but with draperies, screens, pylons, special windows and a sky-dome, many decidedly artistic settings have been achieved. To mention only a few—A Spanish Plaza, A Street in Old Paris of the 15th Century, A Scene in the Desert, A Greek Interior, A London Street Entrance.

EQUAL importance is placed on costumes and make-up, and every part is rehearsed in the stage lighting until the proper "finish" is reached. As a special patriotic "Bit" the Players devised a series of six tableaux imitating French and American war posters, which were shown in Ypsilanti and nearby towns to help in the recent Victory Loan. Competent critics pronounced these pictures wonderfully successful.

The range of the Players' work and ambitions are best shown in these recent plays:

The Workhouse Ward (Lady Gregory).

Helena's Husband (Philip Moeller).

Pierre Patelin (Mediaeval French Farce).

The Glittering Gate and The Lost Silk Hat (Lord Dunsany).

The Clod (Lewis Beach).

Suppressed Desires (George Crawford & Susan Glaspell).

Trifles (Susan Glaspell).

Temperament (Mary Aldis).

Another Way Out (Lawrence Langner).

"Temperament" was played before the Stuart Walker Co. at a complimentary midnight reception and supper in the Playhouse.

THE *Ypsilanti Players* are planning to publish in the near future a collection of original one-act plays, one of which "A Bit of Art" by R. Clyde Ford, was given in the April program.

NOTE: *The Editor will be glad to consider for publication in the* THEATRE MAGAZINE *articles and photographs concerning the activities of little theatres throughout the country.*



A tense moment in "The Locked Chest," showing R. G. Bellah as "Thord Goddi," Harvey Mansfield as "Ingiald," who seeks the slayer of his brother, Mrs. F. H. Jones, as the wife of "Thord" and S. Guy Taylor as "Thorolf," who has sought his cousin's protection, after killing "Ingiald's" brother, in a fair fight

THE MONTCLAIR PLAYERS

THE popular development of the Drama as a contribution to community life is the object of the Montclair Players and the organization is conducted on a most democratic basis. The membership fee, being but fifty cents a year, is within reach of everyone and the desire to join is all that is necessary to become a member.

One is then entitled to a free ticket to the annual performance which is followed by an informal dance and reception, as well as receiving advance notices of performances, thus being able to secure reserved seats before they are placed on public sale.

THE business of the Players is managed by the General Committee, consisting of thirty or more persons, elected by the organization at large at the annual meeting. This group elects their own officers and appoints the chairmen of the standing committees. The chairmen of these committees choose their own co-workers from the general committee and club membership.

There is a producing committee for each performance who select the plays, subject to the vote of the governing board. Then public trials are held for the purpose of choosing casts. These trials are open to everyone, whether members or not, and every means of publicity is used.

For the recent performance, the new poster, the work of a member, was used. This poster shows a white-clad Pierrot with red pom poms, playing a lute before a drawn curtain of a rich red. Outlines and lettering being of black, make a striking picture and this poster will be used to advertise all activities of the Players.

THE Players not only welcome to membership those with ability to act, but also anyone who in any way can contribute to the productions. On the receipt of dues, the new member is sent a card to check, showing his capabilities. Poster or costume designing, stage carpentry and lighting; scene painting, acting, experienced or otherwise, coaching, dancing, music or business ability or willingness to do secretarial or publicity work. These cards are kept on file and the persons called upon as needed.



© Arnold

Mrs. Frederick Jones, whose portrayal of Vigdis Goddi, in "The Locked Chest," was one of the clever bits of acting in The Montclair Players' most recent production

TWO years ago, there was a discussion as to whether it would be advisable to give up active work during the period of war, but the suggestion that the net proceeds of performances be donated to war relief work met with warm support and the Players were able to contribute nearly a thousand dollars through their regular entertainments and appearing for other organizations.

Then came the demand for entertainment in the camps and that work has been an important feature of the Players' activities for over a year. One or two performances have been given weekly in camps and hospitals and, indeed, so popular have the Players been that they were asked to be sponsors of a "Y" hut at Camp Merritt. As that meant a financial responsibility as well as furnishing talent, the Montclair Camp Committee was formed in which all the organizations in the town have a share. It is interesting to note that a Montclair Player was made a secretary of this hut, one of the first women to be appointed to the position.

AMONG the plays given in the three seasons of their existence are "The Truth," by Clyde Fitch, Galsworthy's "Silver Box," Lord Dunsany's "Tents of the Arabs," "Argemines and the Unknown Warrior," "The Lost Silk Hat," "The Man who Married a Dumb Wife," by Anatole France, a dramatization of Stevenson's "Le Sire de Maletroit's Door," Masefield's "The Locked Chest," Booth Tarkington's "Beauty and the Jacobin," Suderman's "Far-Away Princess," Sutro's "The Bracelet," Barrie's "Twelve Pound Look," and "The Pilot," by F. Layton Brewer and a dance-pantomime, "The Jewel of Content," by John Rae, who are both members of the organization.

THE last performance which took place on May 8th consisted of Olyphant Down's charming fantasy, "The Maker of Dreams," and Galsworthy's "Hall-marked." An innovation in this program was the intensely interesting talk by Roland Holt, on "The What and Why of Community Drama."

The annual meeting of the organization was held shortly after this performance, and to further stimulate interest in the Little Theatre Movement, an exhibition was held, consisting of models of stage-settings, and paintings of scenes as well as costume designs. The playhouses shown included The Toy Theatre of Boston; Vagabond Theatre, Baltimore, and the Provincetown Players of Massachusetts, and the artists represented were Maxfield Parrish, Robert E. Jones, Clifford Pember, Mrs. John Alexander and Frank Stout, the latter a Montclair Player.

The Player's season will open the end of October with a presentation of Galsworthy's three-act play, "Joy," which it is planned to give for three nights. It is hoped Montclair will some day build a Little Theatre of its own.

Meanwhile, the Players are planning a busy season and have already looked as far ahead as the second program which will include Barrie's delightful "Rosalind," and the melodrama of the supernatural, "The Monkey's Paw," by Louis Parker and W. W. Jacobs.



From a photograph, copyright, Strauss-Peyton

GERALDINE FARRAR

WHO has just completed her first Goldwyn picture—a photoplay on an elaborate and gigantic scale, built around the prima donna's vocal gift and entitled "The Golden Song." Of particular interest will be Miss Farrar's new leading man—her husband, Lou Tellegen

MOTION PICTURE SECTION

CAN'T THE MOVIES BE DECENT?

Eminent New York clergyman declares film producers under as great a moral obligation as the conductors of a school. An interview with

Rev. DAVID JAMES BURRELL

Pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church, Fifth Avenue

I AM a movie fan, so long as I am not offended, insulted, by indecent pictures. I should like to feel that, no matter what form of moving picture entertainment was open to the public, that I could take a friend there without being ashamed of something that I saw on the screen.

My objections to certain pictures are not based on religious scruples. My life has been spent in assisting the morality of my own flock, and of scolding them well if they don't behave. Morality depends upon conduct. One's thoughts should direct one's conduct. The thoughts that intrude in the outputs of certain picture men are disgraceful appeals to vicious and indecent minds. Yet, I do not propose that the picture houses should be devoted to religious things. When I go to a theatre myself, I prefer something that does not obviously preach a moral. I want to be entertained, but I do not want to be shocked by unpleasant thought, to be a part of an audience which apparently has no standard of moral perception. Religious appeals are not at all necessary in a theatre. They belong in the church. It is my impression that the audiences who attend the motion picture theatres where higher prices prevail, do not require instruction or advice as to the morality of their lives.

IT is in the cheaper houses, in the nickel theatres, where men and women are being formulated by their first impression, that the danger lies. It seems to me that there is an indifference to the moral character of the motion pictures exhibited in these houses. It is usually the boy and girl who can least afford useful luxury, who are the victims of cheap screen dramas, made up solely to appeal and pander to the lowest kind of instincts. One motion picture corporation, in particular, is a gross offender in this class of entertainment. They cannot say in their own defense, that they are making these pictures because the people want them, since other pictures, far more moral, are just as successful. Nor can the people themselves accuse the producers of these pictures of demoralizing them, since they voluntarily attend them. They are both wrong, the producers who make these pictures merely for revenue, and the people who attend them for their immoral excitement. I have attended a great many performances in moving picture theatres, and off-hand, I recall a film made from Hugo's "Les Misérables," as a fine example of a worth-while picture, that is entertaining, good drama.

THE chief difficulty in any discussion regarding the morals of moving pictures is the difficulty of regulating human nature. No one can prosecute human beings collectively, and there is no ground upon which to prosecute the producers of moving pictures, collectively, although, in my opinion, a strict censorship would be enormously valuable to the morality of that industry, if not to the revenue.

All sorts of compromises have been made to adjust the conflict between morals and earning power in the motion picture business. I am inclined to think that if the issue of morality, however, is properly prosecuted, if the State laws governing this question are fully enforced, (which they are not), that there will be some obvious restrictions. In every large business there are the parasites. In the motion picture business a very promiscuous, spectacular, human growth cleverly attaches itself to the clean soil and grows. The parasite is a picturesque weed, entirely unrecognizable as such to the average eye. In dealing with the problem, I should be inclined to apply something of the same method I adopted when temperance was a



James Corbett woos Kathleen O'Connor amid picturesque surroundings in the Universal film "The Midnight Man"



Thomas H. Ince's winsome star, Doris May, who is appearing in Paramount Pictures



Gloria Swanson in Cecil B. De Mille's version of Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton" (Artcraft)

Evans

© Evans



© Strauss-Peyton

OLIVE THOMAS

The former Ziegfeld beauty who has been successful as the "baby vamp" in "Upstairs and Down," will be seen next on the screen in "Prudence on Broadway," a Selznick picture

great issue in my own State of Ohio. As an officer of the Anti-Saloon League, we had been prosecuting the liquor interests. Finally they came to us and asked us if we would compromise. Indignantly, we refused, but, finally, we made them this proposition, that if they would drive the small saloon keepers, the dive keepers, the disgraceful element of their trade out of the State, or if they would reform them, a compromise might be reached. It was these natural outlaws of common decency who had brought the entire business into disrepute. By cleaning the scum, the actual character of the liquor trade was somewhat cleansed.

I am dwelling upon the objection of undesirable motion pictures, because except for the outlaws of the motion picture business, it is an enormously important, valuable, delightful entertainment. It is my impression that the cleansing of the trade of motion pictures, that the compromise of a reformed nature which is necessary, should be taken in hand by the men who control the theatrical interests of the country. They are powerful enough, and I think on the whole self-respecting enough, to establish motion picture prohibition of their own. Censorship, which is a word utilized at present in the business of motion pictures without sincerity, is not enough to destroy the dangerous class of productions that I have referred to. Under the masquerade of the word "educational," some of the greatest offences to decency have been perpetrated in the movies. And yet there is no word that so splendidly describes the influence of any motion picture that respects the common laws of morality.

THE enormous revenue, the great chain of theatres that cater to movie fans, the responsibility of the producers to this enormous audience seems to have been entirely ignored. We should try at least to regulate that revenue not for material reasons, but for spiritual reasons. Consider for a moment what an audience in any moving picture theatre consists of. The greater percentage of each audience is made up of young people, many of them foreigners, many of them incapable of understanding what morality means. Those who do know what it means are so amazed and shocked at any revelation of indecency, that they never go again. It doesn't help the situation to preach to the men who make these vicious productions. Their answer is—"Money talks."

IT might seem, from the foregoing argument, that it was the business of the churches to regulate the morals of the movies. Or, some people might urge, that, as it is a matter of national significance to the American people, the regulation of motion pictures should be a matter of Federal control. I do not agree with either of these suggestions. What we do need is proper direction of motion picture entertainment by a body of theatrical men whose self-interest it will be to prosecute all offensive productions. There is a so-called National Board of Censorship. It has been shown that this Board is a camouflage of morality. The past week a film was passed by this Board, under the excuse that it was educational that was flagrantly vicious.

On the other hand, there is much excellent morality presented in the movies. The fact that the churches themselves are using motion pictures to assist and inspire morality in their own people is a proof that it is an entertainment of great moral significance. They are being used in church entertainment all over the country. Not merely religious subjects, but stories, and comedy films of a clean humorous character.

The fault lies with certain outlaws who are in the business for revenue only, and with the outlaws of human society who are entertained by their particular character of low appeal. I cannot urge too sincerely that some effort be made to watch the production made in the cheap movie theatres, particularly the nickelodeon which since the war have gone up in price, varying from ten to fifteen cents. The character of the productions, however, have not gone up in morality.

Of course, many improvements have been made in the atmosphere of beautiful theatres, and in the *(Concluded on page 132)*



Alfred Cheney Johnston

EVELYN GOSNELL

Who has been appearing this season in the successful bedroom farce, "Up in Mabel's Room," and is now in Paramount-Flagg comedies on the screen



THE FEAST OF BELSHAZZAR IS AT ITS HEIGHT WHEN BABYLON FALLS

ONE of the most striking scenes in D. W. Griffith's new spectacular romance, "The Fall of Babylon." With great beauty of mise en scène and astonishing attention to detail, the picture shows the civilization and manners of antiquity, the splendor of the Babylonian court and the destruction of Babylon's famous king. Some of the episodes in this picture were used in "Intolerance," but there have been so many changes and amplifications that it is virtually a new production. The cast includes Constance Talmadge, George Fawcett, Elmer Clifton, Tully Marshall, Mildred Harris Chaplin, Ruth Darling, Pauline Stark, Elmo Lincoln, and Seena Owen

"THE FALL OF BABYLON"—GRIFFITH'S NEW PICTURE AT THE COHAN THEATRE



Marguerite Clark, Paramount star, in her new picture, "Widow by Proxy," based on Catherine Chisholm Cushing's play of the same name, which has been produced successfully on the legitimate stage

HOW IT FEELS TO BE A WIDOW

Dainty Marguerite Clark ought to know because she is one in her new picture

By T. A. PHELPS



IN order to correct in advance any mistaken impressions that might result from a perusal of the title of this article, I will state first that I am not a widow, nor do I expect to be. In fact, such a state of being for me would be impossible, inasmuch as I am a man and not a woman.

But nevertheless, after a bit of converse with Miss Marguerite Clark, Paramount star, I think I have a pretty good idea of how it would seem to suddenly become a widow.

But you say Miss Clark has just been married—surely her husband cannot be dead already! That is just what puzzled me when I saw her drive up in front of the Morosco studio in a fascinating but nevertheless sombre, attire—an attire which told as plain as words, that she was a widow—an attire commonly known as "widow's weeds."

However great my surprise, I was all prepared to sympathize with her in her grief and to offer my consolation and regrets, when one of the happiest and most delightful smiles that I have ever seen, lighted up her countenance as I approached her.

"You'll pardon me," I began nervously, puzzled to know what to say, as, of course, I wasn't quite sure that my surmises were correct. "You'll pardon me. I was just going to offer my regrets at your—er—misfortune, but perhaps you're not sorry. You seem very happy. I hadn't heard of your bad fortune. I'm glad you are not taking it too hard."

I knew I was rambling along hopelessly jumbling everything, as I could see her expression grow more and more puzzled the more I said. Suddenly the expression changed to one of alarm.

"What is it?" she asked anxiously. "Has anything happened? Isn't he all right? Oh, tell me quick."

I was at a loss to know what to say. How should I know anything about *"him."*

"I guess *he* is all right," I replied. "I don't know anything about it."

"But you're offering your sympathy," she replied, still excited. "Why do you do that?"

"Pardon me. but you are dressed in widow's weeds—I mean, widow's attire—you're in mourning, aren't you?"

The dainty star breathed a great big sigh of relief, fanned herself a little, lifted her veil and displayed the make-up on her fair face.

"You gave me a fright," she smiled. "You see, I am working in a picture, 'Widow by Proxy,'—you know the story—it's from the play by Catherine Chisholm Cushing. This is my costume. Don't you understand? I'm supposed to be a widow in this, or rather, a proxy widow."

"You make a charming widow," I ventured. (Ye Gods, I'm all wrong again.) "I mean, I mean...."

"I know what you mean," she smiled delightfully. "You mean I look well in this costume, but you hope I shall never have occasion to really wear one."

"Yes, that's it," I said, gratefully. "Thanks."

All the above might be more interesting when it is known that Miss Clark and her newly-wedded husband, Lieutenant H. P. Williams, are happily enjoying life at their palatial home in Los Angeles, and that this visit to the coast—Miss Clark's first in four years—is a sort of honeymoon for the happy couple.





From a photograph by Abbe

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

A COMBINATION of pertness and intelligence is this popular film star who has been delighting her admirers recently in a series of high-class comedies. Then, too, she is the sister of the much-admired Norma. Constance's next picture will be "Happiness A La Mode"



© Strauss-Peyton

WALLACE REID

This popular film star will be seen shortly in "The Valley of the Giants"—a story of the logging camps, full of power and the big out-doors.



Witzel



© Strauss-Peyton

JACK PICKFORD

Of the well-known movie family —the Pickfords—but who can stand on his own as a movie actor



Maurice Goldberg

(Above Center)

MAY ALLISON

"The Uplifters" will be the next vehicle of this sympathetic little Metro star

MADGE KENNEDY

Who goes "Through the Wrong Door" in her newest Goldwyn picture and consequently gets into all sorts of trouble. The story is by Jesse Lynch Williams

STARS THAT GLITTER IN FILM LAND

An interesting restaurant gown is from Lanvin, and will appeal to the smart American woman. It is fashioned of blue Crepe de Chine embroidered in mother of pearl. The Marie Guy hat is a novelty of plaited straw. Miss Walton does not hesitate to wear this gown on the street





Paquin afternoon frock of black taffeta embroidered in silver. The valance around the waist is in a separate piece, which may or may not be worn with the otherwise tight little skirt. Smart women in Paris wear the very short skirt and short sleeve. The Lewis hat is of silver cloth and beads



The PROGRAMME *of* FASHION

By PAULINE MORGAN

Prologue.....Designed by Paris Couturiers
Leading woman..Florence Walton
Act I.....Pour Le Matin
Act II.....Pour L'Apres-Midi
Act III.....Pour Le Soir
Act IV.....Chic Sport

MISS Florence Walton posing especially for THEATRE MAGAZINE in three French gowns which illustrate new and smart features of Paris fashions. The central photograph shows a Callot model of Oriental brocade hiking properly in front. The tunic is slightly boned and is a style that requires skillful handling in the wearing. With this unique dinner costume Miss Walton wears one of the new Marie Guy hats with black paradise.

French shoes complete the outfit, but our charming dancer states that she will probably draw the line when it comes to appearing in public without stockings, a style which is considered *"comme il faut"* in Paris, both in daytime and evening hours. It is an amusing pastime with many club men or habitués of Paris to sit and make wagers as to whether the very short gowns reveal flesh-colored hosiery or bare legs. Conservation of silk, you know!



© Fairchild

POUR LE MATIN

NORMA TALMADGE CHOOSES INDIVIDUAL GOWNS AND COSTUMES FOR THE MORNING HOURS, FROM FRANCES INC.

IN contrast with the French style of dress and as an introduction to a new era in the American fashion world, THEATRE MAGAZINE takes pleasure in presenting to its readers a number of advance early fall styles. The long skirt is emphatically endorsed by this prominent New York house which is absolutely independent in its exploitation of what is correct in dress. Here ideas are developed according to the designer's vision of art in dressing, and the influence of foreign fashion makers is in no way apparent.

The negligeé worn by Miss Talmadge in the photograph is picturesque and suggestive of the popular star, who in appearance and manner of dress constitutes a real American type. The foundation gown is silver tissue with an overdress of apple green chiffon brocaded in silver and green.

Breakfast jackets offer all sorts of opportunity for feminine graces, and we get away from many conventional models in the left hand sketch. Mauve chiffon highlighted with flowers of lemon yellow, emerald and violet, and trimmed in skunk fur is worn over a slip of violet chiffon.

FOR any hour of the day, the robe intimé of hyacinth charmeuse with cunning insets of turquoise blue chiffon is a rhythmic symphony of color and beauty. A gold and silver tasseled cord adds regal splendor to the picture.

While Miss Talmadge is sojourning in the Adirondacks on her first vacation in four years from her strenuous work, she will wear the suggestive little dotted foulard sport suit shown in the right hand sketch—a white silk shirt and Windsor tie is worn under the diminutive jacket, the entire outfit topped with an emerald green hat and dark blue lace veil. With three such articles of wearing apparel, who would not feel equal to any dramatic or social emergency!



POUR L'APRES-MIDI

FABRIC and color combinations grow more interesting each hour, and there is no woman of the stage who has not become an adept in the psychology of this worth-while study. The French people as a nation are aware of the influence, and it explains much in their successful endeavors.

For street wear or the tea hour at club or hotel, a suit dress will attract the eye, for the opportunity to eliminate the separate wrap is a grateful suggestion, and gowns simulating a coatee effect are eagerly sought. There is something instinctive in the smartly gowned woman's reluctance to appear on the avenues *sans manteau*, but perhaps our ingenuous designers will offer a solution to the matter and present a new angle on the question. The coatee dress in the sketch is interesting for this purpose; it is black satin trimmed in chinchilla fur; slashed fronts hold the upper portion snugly to the figure with black and green brocade satin girdle from which dangles black chenille tassels hung with jade green rings. A dainty hand-made tucker of point d'esprit provides an enchanting touch of femininity.

MISS CONSTANCE TALMADGE WEARING A SUMMER GOWN AND HAT FROM FRANCES INC.

MILLINERY MUST BE CHIC FOR THE COMING SEASON. FLARING HATS OF TAFFETA ARE IN VOGUE FOR IMMEDIATE USE

IT is questionable whether the little toque of dark amber satin with its fantastic bow of darker brown dotted net, or the afternoon frock of fawn-colored, commands the greatest interest. Certainly it would be difficult to find more charming models. The cunning under-sleeve and cuff of mousseline de soir, the dainty neck ruff, and the manner of skirt drapery are unusual features of great charm. Tiny amber buttons with dull gold loops provide a distinctive touch of decoration.

To the extreme left of the page further interest is manifested in a simple gown of Moon-glo crepe with smart touches of black and silver brocade. The porcupine hat of heavy black satin is an advance model of picturesque irregular lines, and may be used as a fashionable headdress throughout the dinner hour. For the coming season, smart effects in millinery depend largely upon the twist of feather and bow, but the shape of the hat may be of any size. Smashing ribbon bows will be used on street hats, as a pleasing change and contrast to the ostrich feather hat.



ROBES ET MANTEAUX

Model gowns and wraps from Bergdorf Goodman



Callot model of flame-colored chiffon over Callot satin of the same shade. The tunic forms a youthful pinafore front, draping into a two-panel fish train. The girdle is of gold tissue with a similar color scheme disclosed in a band of the tissue. The shoulder strap of roses is a garniture much favored by French women

An unusual shade of wild rose chiffon velvet with huge collar and cuffs of the same colored taffeta accomplishes a wrap that excites wonder and admiration. The cuffs are a new feature, and adapt themselves to flaring away from the hands in sensuous ruffs, or if the weather be a wee bit nippy, the same cuffs may be converted into a French muff

THE LONG CLINGING SKIRT PERSISTS, ACCOMPANIED BY HIP DRAPERY AND A FRAGILE BODICE

WHETHER long or short skirts will prevail is a much-mooted question, and a majority of designers make unqualified statements in favor of the latter. That Paris may decree the proper length of the gown, and the balance of the world not conform to the ultimatum is an almost unthinkable possibility; however many American designers and the smart shops are persistently endorsing the long skirt and applauding the wisp-like bit of lace or satin that answers to the name of bodice.

There is no denying the beauty of a long-skirted evening gown and the feathery treatment of a bodice that is discreetly decolleté, but which produces an almost nude effect. This interpretation of building a gown gains many adherents to American ideas in dressing its beautiful women. Our admiring and friendly eyes watch eagerly for every artistic creation emanating from Paris, but with renewed independence American women are not so quick to follow as formerly.

Individuality and personality in dress occupy our immediate attention and the outlook for such exploitation is extremely interesting. Many of our acknowledged leaders of fashion on both sides of the foot-lights have taken a radical stand in the matter, and will dress as suits their mood and the occasion rather than follow an undeviating mandate of what is correct in wearing apparel. Gowns from French couturiers there will be a-plenty in the wardrobes of our American fashionables, but we will see some daring individuality expressed in the manner and methods of wearing clothes. Not daring in the sense of freakiness or immodesty, but a new daring of suitability to type and the times.

AN EVENING SCARF OF LACE OR TULLE PROVIDES ARTFUL POSSIBILITIES

A SCARF of lace or tulle is an indispensable accessory to the evening gown—it adds a subtle charm to gleaming flesh tints and lends a piquancy to the outline of face and form. With the charming Callot model illustrated to the left of the page, a scarf of cobwebby lace is worn. The pictorial effects and draping possibilities of this dainty accessory are limitless, and the manipulation of it is truly an art. We speak of the coquetry of the fan or the veil, but the scarf suggests a new bauble of artfulness. Some are as sumptuous as Oriental veils, some are merely fragile chiffon foundations for beads or peltry, and some are of net or tulle tied in a quaint fashion to either wrist. As a substitute for the separate scarf, shadow lace may be part of the bodice and drape in scarf effect or swing in gay Spanish manner from the shoulder.

POUR LE SOIR

WRAPS OF FUR AND CHIFFON VELVET ENCIRCLE THE BODY IN VOLUMINOUS FOLDS, CLINGING CLOSELY BELOW THE KNEES

An advance model in ermine, showing what lovely women will wear for evening. The season promises gorgeous surprises in fur wraps, and broadtail and baby caracul are on the calendar as a close rival to ermine

LUXURIOUS evening wraps are demanded by all women—the gown may be ever so simple and lacking in ornamentation, but the *manteau* is executed in gorgeous fabrics and peltry and designed in most glorified ways. Chiffon velvet lends itself to wonderful possibilities; the folds are very rich and yield to most any suggestion of novelty in the manner of handling. Usually these wraps are so exquisitely lined, that at times one is tempted to reverse the garment. Frequently the one-toned background is decorated with wide bands of contrasting satin—or again loose bands of lace and fur swing across the width of the garment from side to side. "The more beautiful the lining, the more comfortable the coat" is the sudden decision upon viewing such luxury.

In whatever guise the black evening gown appears, there is always a renewed feeling of admiration and desire for the particular model in question. The flutter of black shadow lace over charmeuse might sound too mature and dignified, were the satin not skimpy and the lace not exceedingly sheer and of spider-web transparency.

AS usual the Callot model of the sketch is short, but many Bergdorf Goodman designs are very long and of narrow dimensions at the ankle. Quite frequently the Turkish trouser fashion is observed in the handling of the skirt edges, and the style is approved by many well-dressed women of the stage. They find in it an opportunity for revealing beautifully stockinged ankles, and it provides for many graceful poses.

Of lovely ermine is the coat sketched on this page. The cape-like tendency of the model proves the resistless hold that capes have achieved, and in truth they answer every requirement of comfort and beauty. Narrow panel pleats are a new feature of fall costumery—they are inevitably loose, but attached to the upper and lower edges of the garment. The deep collar is versatile in character, and may be adjusted in many becoming fashions. The cut of the coat simulates sleeves, but this is due to skillful cutting, for, of course, the arm opening is concealed in the side folds. Can you see Laurette Taylor folded snugly into this lovely wrap? She will wear it during the opera season.



Again the black gown appears as a Callot model of black charmeuse and shadow lace. The girdle, front and back panel is of metal lace in silver thread



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In creating this famous bathing apparel, we are guided by the expert advice of the celebrated Annette Kellermann—herself. Every genuine Annette Kellermann suit bears a label showing her name woven in RED. On sale at most good shops. But if you cannot obtain them at your dealer's, write us giving his name.

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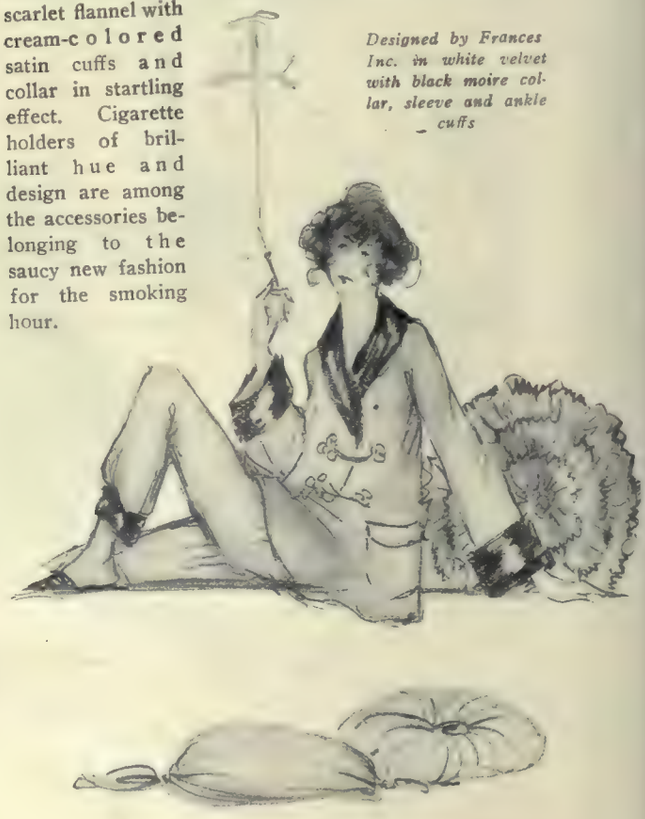
CHIC SPORT

MARILYNN MILLER who is appearing nightly in the Ziegfeld Follies, finds time to play polo at least once a week. A charming figure she makes, handling her mallet with agile grace, every movement one of youthful buoyancy. At such times, she dons the regulation white breeches, green sweater coat, and boyish round hat of white kidskin. Miss Miller recommends polo as the most active and enjoyable sport for retaining slim lines and glowing skin.

ADA Mae Weeks has created quite a stir of envy among her friends by appearing at appropriate times in a smoking suit of white velvet with black moire trimmings. This clever idea has incidentally established a new fashion in sport clothes, and it offers a splendid opportunity for original designing. Miss Weeks has a number of lovely such suits, changing them daily to suit her mood and fancy.

INSTEAD of a tea dress, why not a smoking suit? It is comfortable, chic, and becoming; anyhow, smoking is so much more enjoyable when lounging is permitted. More thrills of envy and desire are evident when this popular little actress appears in a suit of scarlet flannel with cream-colored satin cuffs and collar in startling effect. Cigarette holders of brilliant hue and design are among the accessories belonging to the saucy new fashion for the smoking hour.

Designed by Frances Inc. in white velvet with black moire collar, sleeve and ankle cuffs







MISS Kathryn Perry of the Ziegfeld Follies—the striking little lady you see at the right—says she wouldn't wear any undies but Vanity Fair. She wears Vanity Fair vests or unions, knickers, envelope chemise, Pettibockers! So will you, once you've tried 'em!

Miss Perry is wearing The Vanity Fair Plus-4-Inch vest No. 14822 in this photograph.

Vanity Fair
SILK UNDERWEAR



IF you can believe what you glimpse through the best blouses on Fifth Avenue today, the frilly, fluffy underwear of a few years back is distinctly passé! As soon as we adopted a collar set like brother's, a shoulder line without a pucker—it was bound to come! Vanity Fair saw it coming a long way off, too, and that is why you don't find a tiny bit of lace, a suspicion of any gewgaws in Vanity Fair Silk underwear.

Every Vanity Fair undie is tailored with a capital "T"—its charm lies in its luxuriously heavy glove silk and its wonderful lines.

Take the Plus-4-Inch vest, shown in the photograph—no stringy ribbon shoulder straps to wear out, but tailored straps of hemstitched glove silk. And the comfort of those extra four inches! The Sure-Lap union is tailored to stay closed—the Double-Back knicker wears just twice as long the Step-In envelope has never a snap nor button—and the Pettibocker words can't describe.

If you can't get just the Vanity Fair you wish, write us at Reading.

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Makers of Vanity Fair Silk Underwear and Silk Gloves

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FILLING IN THE CORNERS

By

ANGELINA

THAT'S what one does at the end of July and the beginning of August, isn't it, fill in the corners? It's what I've been doing with my allowance, anyway, and having a lovely time, even if Father did say unkindly that I had a touch of "midsummer madness." If his mere male mind could grasp it, this kind of buying is the most satisfactory of all. By midsummer the staple articles of one's wardrobe, the bread-and-meat part, have not only been bought, but are well behind one.

August is the time, therefore, to permit one-



A blouse of French batiste crossbarred in rose (it comes in other colors, too) that Bonwit, Teller originated for sport, but whose merits of chic, and utility, and perfection of detail strongly recommend it for other walks of life

self a fling with the accessories, to pick up the delightful odds and ends that round out different costumes, a pair of high-priced silk stockings here, a superfluous petticoat there, a not absolutely needed blouse, a scarf, a fan, trinkets. At least you have a conscience—pricking at the time of buying, that these things may be superfluous and not really needed. Which turns out, fortunately, to be quite wrong. Once bought, presto! You find they change rapidly from seeming superfluities and luxuries into necessities. Worn they bring you in many compliments. They last over into other seasons. They are almost trick clothes. You end by wondering how you ever could have lived without them. That's why I say midsummer buying is so satisfying—*and* economical.

WHAT did I buy, then? First of all, two taffeta hats. Why? Nothing like a taffeta hat for the end of the summer, when the first color and gloss have gone from your straws, and you don't want to buy, or to forestall autumn millinery. And besides, both Paris and New York have decreed for the particular smartness of taffeta hats for this season, just as taffeta is an established fabric for frocks. And then a taffeta hat has always had a great appeal for me. It combines a something indescribably *chic* and picturesque at the same time. Paris is making them up, I hear, in big Eighteenth Century shapes, mushroom brims and large folded crowns. But that isn't necessary. You may have yours large, or medium, or small, as you please.

I have a small one in French blue taffeta—to wear with a French blue filet crochet sweater—its crown laid in pleats and its pert little brim just sufficient to shade the eyes. And I have a big picture one in yellow taffeta with a wide brim and a big puffy Eighteenth Century mob crown, to go a-Roof-Gardening in, along with light summer frocks. I made quite a hit with it on the Ritz Roof, if I do say it myself, the other evening, accompanied by a white net frock that was nothing but a mass of inch-wide tucks.

Let me adjure you, in passing, on no account have any extraneous trimming on a taffeta hat. Else you cramp its style. At the most a small bunch of stuffed fruit in the same material as the hat. At best a picot-edged ribbon, or big bow, ditto. The material and the clever manipulating of it make the hat. As I have seen done in some lovely odd ones in a pale, pale sand color, as witness the sketch.



Nothing gives as good measure for a mid-season hat as an all-taffeta one, which goes just as well on a roof as with sport clothes. Besides which Paris has said they are the thing. Bonwit, Teller is showing a collection of very unusual ones, from which we have selected this of string-colored taffeta, whose petal shaped brim guarantees becomingness to every face

ANGORA SCARVES INTRIGUE ME

THEY'RE the new scarves that are so wide and warm and all-enveloping that they can practically take the place of a sweater. More in the nature of a warmth-giving "plaidie" than a scarf. Some have belts of the wool attached, and big pockets in the ends, into which you can not only tuck away handkerchief and purse, but which give you an opportunity to pull the scarf into smart lines with your hands. And other of the scarves are just plain, and you may add a leather belt of your own, or twist them around you in any way you wish. Those of the plain-color Angora wool in tan and grey are so lovely and soft and silky,—almost like fur!

My choice happened to be one of those. But most women will prefer the scarves in the lovely vivid color combinations in which they come: turquoise and white, grey and crimson, black and white, grey and black, and many others. I was influenced in my selection by being with a little French actress at the time of buying, who chose a soft squirrel grey, to carry off with her on her vacation into the mountains.



The large enveloping Angora scarves, pocketed or plain, belted or unbelted, as you prefer, now take the place of the sweater. They come in every combination of colors to suit the heart's desire, this sketched from Bonwit, Teller being of a lovely soft shade of tan with a Scotch plaid border

AFTER the scarf I invested in the most fascinating blouse for tennis and golf and canoeing "an' everything." Invest is right! May I refer you to the sketch on the left of the page. Bonwit, Teller originated the blouse and that is the only place you can get it. It goes on over the head, and the front is plain, as you see, drawn down over the skirt and tapering off into ends which tie in back. What you can't see is that there is an elastic—covered with the material—that goes underneath that front part and is attached at either end to the back piece. So that you can raise your arms and whirl about and everything stays ship-shape and in place. Isn't it ingenious? And so smart, with every detail beautifully carried out, the pearl buttons with their piped-in-white buttonholes up the sleeves and down the back, the little peplum, and the tails weighted to keep them from flying. Quite perfection! Miss Claire Cassel, the tennis champion, wears one of these when she plays, also with a smart skirt of white English cricket flannel, which she designed, and which may also be found at Bonwit Teller.



Photograph by Goldberg

MISS MARTHA HEDMAN

I FIND Dorin's Compactes equally favorable for removing the marks of heat and exhaustion in summer and for protecting the skin against winter winds.

Martha Hedman

LA DORINE

The Imported Compact Powder from Paris



F. R. ARNOLD & CO. : *Importers* : 5 West 22d Street, New York

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nd description of your ir, eyes and complexion, th **25c in stamps,** and will send two miniare *compactes,* La Dorine done of Dorin's Rouges. lso booklet reproducing, full color, seven exisite types of beauty th directions for choosg the correct *compactes* r each type.

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LA DORINE

comes in four shades to harmonize with every complexion—Blanche, Naturelle, Rosée and Rachel. Dorin's Compact Rouges are in a variety of natural tones of which Rouge Brunette and Rouge Framboise are the favorites. Large dressing table size, $1.00.

For arms and shoulders, use the companion powder, La Dorine *en poudre.* Box $1.00.

For your protection: Dorin's Preparations are sold only in containers marked "DORIN PARIS."

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NEW YORK

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The Wholesome Sweet

CHOCOLATE PRODUCTS

Milo
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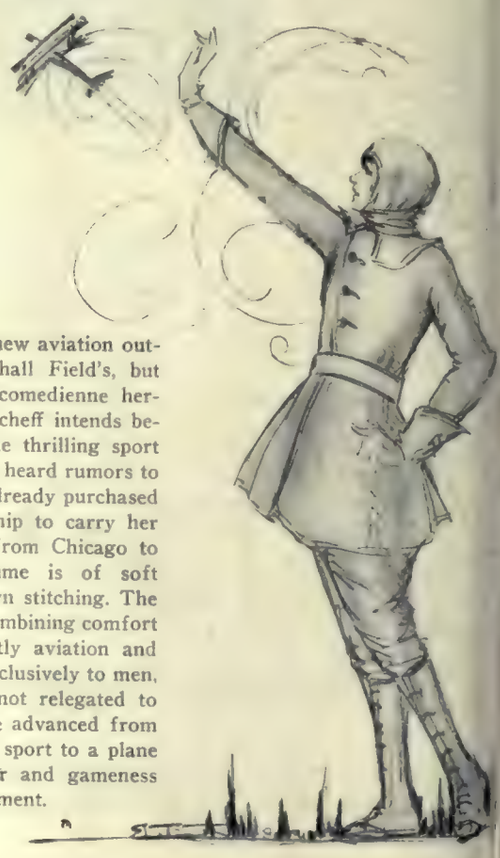




Photo Lewis Smith

CHIC SPORT

FRANCINE Larrimore as she appears in one of the scenes in "Scandal," now playing in Chicago. As you can see, she appears perfectly at home in her chic riding clothes from Nardi's, which are absolutely correct in every detail. Miss Larrimore adores riding anyhow, having become mistress of the art of handling horses at the age of seven. New York is waiting eagerly to be introduced to "Scandal" and its talented leading woman in the near future. Horseback riding has received a new impetus since the war, and our American women are subscribing to this exhilarating and beautifying sport.



FRITZI Scheff in a new aviation outfit made by Marshall Field's, but designed by the little comedienne herself. Evidently Miss Scheff intends becoming a pioneer in the thrilling sport of aviation and we have heard rumors to the effect that she has already purchased a speedy little flying ship to carry her quickly in her jaunts from Chicago to New York. The costume is of soft green leather with brown stitching. The helmet is noteworthy, combining comfort and style. Until recently aviation and polo belonged almost exclusively to men, but women today are not relegated to anything, and they have advanced from apt pupils in dangerous sport to a plane of equality in endeavor and gameness if not in actual achievement.

You Can Be Slender—Graceful—Attractive



Who is invariably the social favorite? The stout lady uncomfortably ensconced in dismal solitude? Or is it the slender woman, magnetic and charming, becomingly gowned, attracting all by her sprightly grace and vivacity?

WHAT would a theatre evening be with fleshy, heavy weight leading men, obese first ladies and corpulent ballerinos? The slim, trim ingenue, the graceful, slender soubrette delight your eye. The rotund characters are usually put in the cast to make you laugh.

Yes, excessive flesh has that one virtue at least, it can make people laugh; but even if you have become resigned and devoted to that function in life, you should consider the all-important matter of your health.

But, of course, you are interested in having a slender, graceful appearance with all the strength, agility and health which goes with one, and you cannot do better than to benefit by the meritorious Korein System of weight reduction.

Reduce Gracefully

Usually, stout people think that, to work off excess tissue, they must nearly starve themselves and exercise strenuously day after day. Their fat-encircled, fat-afflicted organs are not equal to the starvation process and their avoirdupois constitutes a great enough burden without attempting to engage it in the throes of tedious gympastic feats or carry it for long, perspiring walks.

Drastic eliminants for the digestive tract are often resorted to; thyroid is relied on to some extent. Is it any wonder that these destructive agents drive about people into a resolution to *remain* stout?

There is a way by which you can naturally, easily and healthfully overcome your excessive corpulence without inconvenience, enjoying life all the while, more and more every day.

Become Slender to Stay Slender

No need to gain fat again after having reduced by the Korein System—the wholesome, reliable, pleasant self-treatment method.

The Secret

It is really no secret at all. Just the remarkable Korein System, the principal feature of which is

Oil of Korein
The Gentle Way To Reduce

To be explicit, the main active component of Oil of Korein is *fucus vesiculosus*, an ingredient obtained from certain species of seaweed. The vegetalized oil is supplied in Korein System.

Pure and Harmless

You can begin reducing under the Korein System with the greatest confidence. There is absolutely nothing connected with Oil of Korein or the rules of our system to cause you the slightest degree of inconvenience or annoyance of any kind.

Guarantee

The Korein System is absolutely guaranteed—under our $100.00 Guarantee—to refund money if your weight is not satisfactorily reduced.

Lose Ten to Sixty Pounds

Legions of people have lost on an average from eight to twenty pounds per month by the Korein System. Stout folks in every walk of life and in all conditions of obesity have been benefited and have expressed their great appreciation.

Be Healthy—Prolong Life

First let us explode an old myth. That is, the popular theory that stout people are good natured because they are stout. That is incorrect. Stout people are stout because they are good natured. But the Korein System does not attempt to change anybody's disposition. It simply aims at the elimination of excess weight by its natural, physical action on the cells, glands and tissues.

Unhealthy, obese formations undermine the health; they rob brain and body of the active energy that is such an asset in business and social life. They sap life its very self. That is one reason why you never see any very aged stout people.

Oil of Korein

The Korein System which includes Oil of Korein, is purposed to restore to you the sprightliness and vigor of slender youth. If you start the treatment to-day, it should not be a great while before you are able to surprise yourself and your friends with a new grace and beauty, partake more of the joys of life—in fact, be a new man or woman.

Go to the Druggist

All busy druggists sell Oil of Korein. Purchase a box, read and follow the very simple directions and rest assured that you have started another and brighter era of life and happiness. Or, if you prefer, just send $1.00 to the Korein Company. Oil of Korein will come to you in a plain wrapper, postpaid, with full directions of the Korein System, without delay.

A Brochure without Charge

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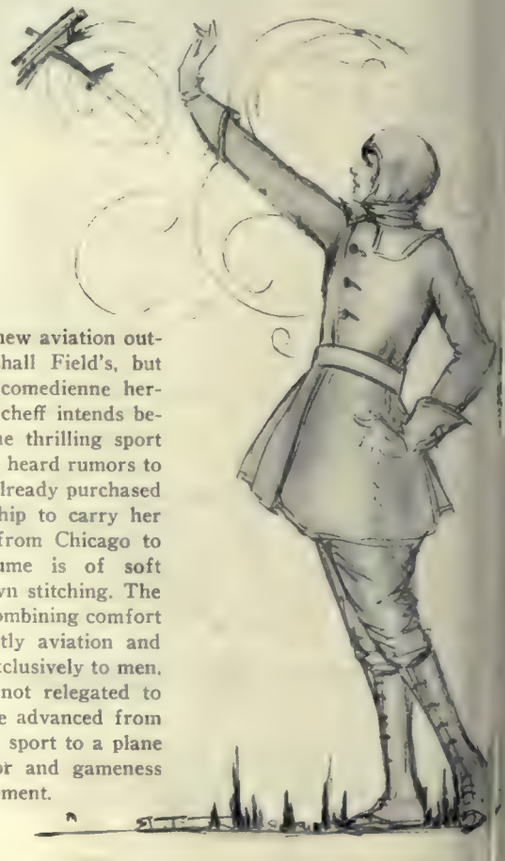




Photo Lewis Smith

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KOREIN COMPANY, Inc.
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A SPLIT OF
White Rock water
and a dash of lemon
is the most completely
thirst quenching drink
that has been devised



THE NEW N. V. A. CLUB HOUSE

THE new $500,000 clubhouse of the National Vaudeville Artists at 229 West 46th Street occupies an ideal location just west of Broadway in the heart of the theatre district. The building faced with gray stone presents an impressive appearance.

Passing under the ornate *porte cochère* one enters a roomy marble vestibule. On one side is a large coatroom just in front of the basement floor devoted to a grill, billiard room and barber shop. On the left of the foyer a wide marble staircase leads to the great lounge two stories high, the second level being a mezzanine used for a writing room. The lounge is furnished with luxurious English club furniture covered with fine figured mohairs and striped tapestries copying famous hand-made designs of the past. The walls are covered with a delightful shade of blue not to be seen elsewhere in this country and the furniture coverings and hangings, the lamps and the fixtures are all in harmony. This key of blue prevails throughout. The floor is white marble with Alps blue marble border. In the center there lies a magnificent Burgundy-colored rug made for the club. The ornamental center table is a beautiful old Italian design in keeping with the beautiful hand-carved mantel over the Italian fireplace. Palms in Chinese porcelain vases are freely used.

Off the right hand corner of the lounge on the street front is the ladies' room—the most artistic feature of the club. The furniture is painted in blue with yellow stripes and decorated with little Wedgewood figures. The floor is covered with a black velvet carpet. Back of the lounge there opens through arches framed with magnificent hangings the splendid ballroom and theatre. The stage is ample for entertainments and productions, being completely equipped. Lamps, chandeliers,



Marceau E. F. ALBEE
Head of the Keith Vaudeville Circuit

fixtures, are all in complete harmony, the ensemble being so successful in its appeal to the eye that decorators are instancing the N. V. A. lounge ladies' room and ballroom as standards of the best modern taste. The office at the head of the stairs is a smart marble arrangement fitting perfectly into the most convenient position without being obtrusive.

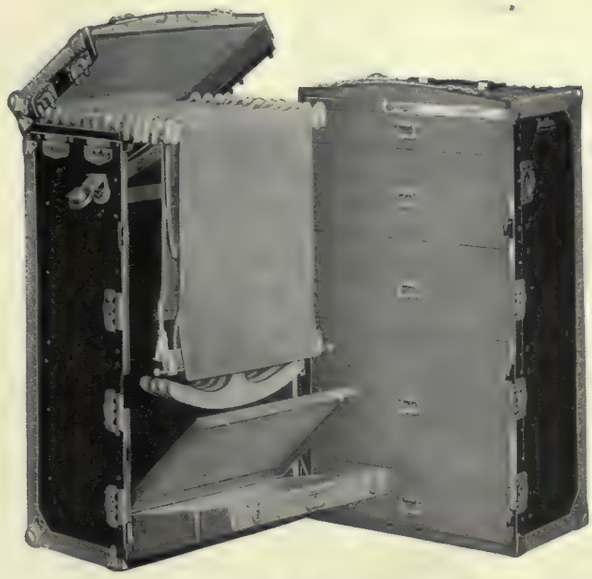
The basement is occupied by a splendid grill and billiard room with nine tables. This perfectly lighted and ventilated room is done in a rich shade of walnut rubbed to a dull finish. Several of the walnut panels are the largest ever made in one piece. The flooring is a special black and white rubber. The equipment of this room is the most modern in the United States and veteran billiardists pronounce it ideal.

The kitchen is a masterpiece of modern scientific design. It is very large and done throughout in glazed white tile and nickel. The ventilation is effected by the latest system of electric indrawing and expelling fans. There are long rows of roomy refrigerators, a complete incinerating plant, electric dish washers and potato peelers, and a cooking equipment that will enable the chef and his assistants to cater to 1000 diners. The kitchen is so strikingly an example of the latest scientific practice that club, hotel and restaurant chefs from all over New York are visiting the club to inspect it. Even first aid equipments are provided in case of accidents to the employees. The club grill and restaurant is certain to be one of its most popular features.

The bedrooms are exceptionally light and comfortable. No hotel or club in the world has more attractive rooms and they can be equalled in few places as they represent the latest conceptions of sleeping room comfort and decoration.

A sanitary barber shop in white tile and marble is installed in the basement. This, too, has the most up-to-date equipment in New York. Fine enormous ventilating fans keep the air of the entire building pure and fresh at all times and in every room.

The conception of the New N. V. A. clubhouse in all its details is the work of Architect Thomas W. Lamb and E. F. Albee, owner of the Keith Vaudeville Circuit. The decoration and furnishing are the sole work of Mr. Albee. The National Vaudeville Artists who now number some 12,000 members in good standing will occupy the club when in town. For two years Mr. Albee has given the greater part of his time to the work of building the clubhouse.



Belber
TRAVELING GOODS

How good luggage may save you money

HERE is a thought well worth considering by the man or woman who has much traveling to do.

No one is indifferent to *style* and *quality*—to the impression that is created by luggage that is right in every detail. No one knows so well as yourself your traveling needs and the *position in life* you want your luggage to indicate.

But now think only of the *practical facts*.

Your trunk! You expect it to carry safely suits, dresses, evening frocks, chiffons—and you do *not* want to have everything pressed before you can wear it.

You and thousands of other well-dressed men and women have adopted the *Wardrobe Trunk* as your standard.

Has it ever occurred to you that there are *grades* in wardrobe trunks? That there is a *science* of planning and building wardrobe trunks?

The Belber Company has developed this science to a nicety. A Belber Wardrobe, compared with a trunk of inferior make, *may save you its cost ten times over*, just by the way it takes care of your clothes.

* * *

WARDROBE Trunk No. 96 here illustrated shows practical planning, sound workmanship and beautiful finish which are making "Belber" the leading luggage name with the traveling public—and in the front-rank stores all over the country.

Its extra heavy construction and well planned interior arrangements make it *most desirable for theatrical use.*

In common with all Belber wardrobe trunks it is of five ply construction, being covered and interlined with unusually heavy black fibre with a gray fibre binding. It is studded with 396 hand driven rivets. Heavy steel brass plated hardware. Massive metal corners. Has a Yale paracentric lock and the Belber boltless interlocker which locks the trunk in four places at one operation.

Price $150

Other styles from $30 to $300

THE BELBER TRUNK & BAG COMPANY

The Largest Manufacturers of Wardrobe Trunks, Trunks, Bags and Suitcases in the World

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"Nothing Else Keeps My Linens So White!"

"IT'S the Borax in 20 Mule Team Borax Soap Chips that makes them different—and better.

"The Borax softens the water so that the dirt loosens and rinses out with scarcely any rubbing.

"My linens come off the line snowy white. Blankets, sweaters and other woolens wash without shrinking; and I never use anything but 20 Mule Team Borax Soap Chips to cleanse waists and sheer fabrics.

"The best way to use them is to make a Soap Jelly by boiling 3 tablespoonfuls of the "Chips" in a quart of water. Add enough of this solution to washwater to make a good suds. Then launder as usual."

It's the Borax with the Soap that Does the Work

At all Dealers

PACIFIC COAST BORAX CO.
New York Chicago Oakland, Cal.



20 Mule Team BORAX SOAP CHIPS



The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

PERFUME! It's a word of fascinating sound! Is there anyone, with a normal sense of smell, who doesn't like it in some form or other, if only in the scents of nature, the salt breeze from the sea, the fragrance of new-mown hay? And most of us like perfume very much more definitely than that. We like it concrete, bottled up, to live with and have around us. It appeals directly and vividly to the imagination. We are intrigued and allured when it floats to us from feminine belongings. An exquisite scent, I might almost say, has the power to make a plain woman pretty—at any rate, to make her magnetic—and a pretty woman doubly so.

"When an attractive, well-dressed woman passes me at the theatre or on the street," as a Frenchman I know has well expressed it, "and I catch a whiff of an unusual, delicious perfume, I feel 'Ah, there is an interesting woman! I should like to know her better'."

THE actress has a particular feeling and appreciation for perfume, which goes with the rest of her artistic make-up. She realizes the dramatic value of perfumes in the scheme of her costume, and is the first to know what are the newest and most alluring scents, and how to use them so that they shall register, and yet not be overpowering.

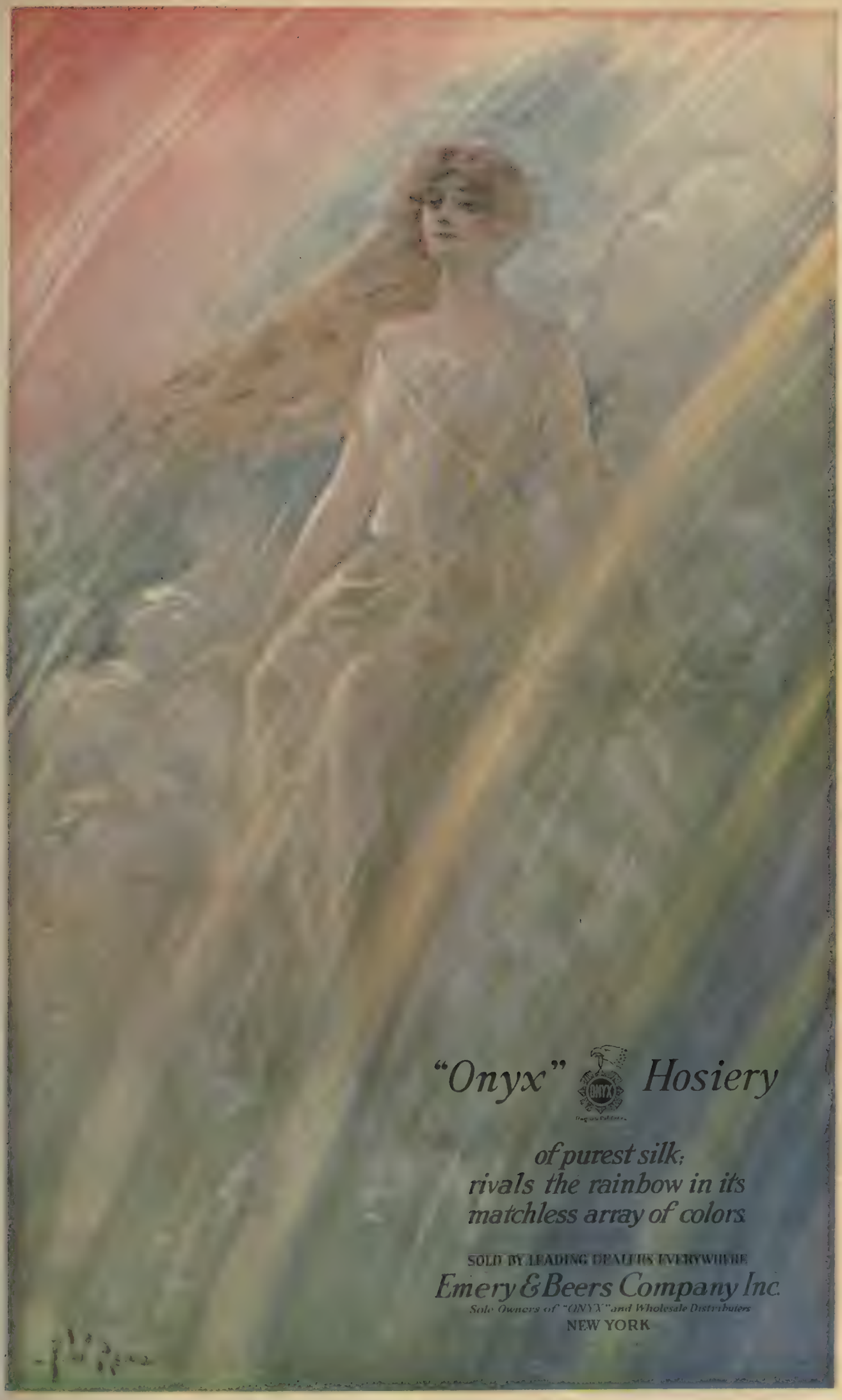
When I went to interview Miss Florence Walton on her recent return from Paris I noticed that the apartment was faintly redolent of lilies of the valley, and when she came in to greet me, that the perfume became stronger. She gave me a fleeting handshake, merely, but an hour later, when I drew off my gloves at home, the fragrance of lily of the valley was clinging to my palm. Miss Walton's perfume was evidently one of those wonderful essences, permeating yet subtle, that only the French and one or two American firms know how to create. Later I learned whose make it was, and should be very glad to pass the name on to anyone who wishes to know.

MADAME Namara is another actress who loves perfumes and knows all about them. She believes that women should have not one special perfume, but a collection of them. Perfumes for different costumes, for different occasions, for different moods. At the back of her dressing-table I have seen the perfume bottles standing ranged like a row of soldiers. Some perfumes, she believes, are too sweet for certain dresses, but just right for others. Certain costumes—a *robe d'intime* with clinging lines and brilliant Oriental colorings, for instance, should be accompanied by one of those new mysterious Oriental perfumes. A demure frock, with a simple violet perfume. A French model, hot off the coals from Paris, should breathe forth one of those two *chic* Guerlain perfumes, which have been named after two famous Paris streets. Certain perfumes, she says, belong to summer, others to winter. You see how full of suggestion the idea is, and how fascinatingly it can be worked out by each individual woman.

MADAME Namara also claims to know the violet extracts that are most truly violet; the best two "Chypres," the *one* lilac that really smells like the flower, as so few so-called lilac perfumes do. And a lot more interesting things which we haven't space for.

From our own store of knowledge we will add that we have learned of the very latest perfumes, just over from Paris, the synthetic odors that are now so popular, delicious, alluring, mysterious, unusual. And of all these we shall be more than charmed to send you the list—including Miss Walton's lily of the valley, the two Chypres, the lilac, etc.—

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NEW YORK



A striking scene from "Prunella" with Mr. Harold Wylie as Pierrot, Miss Olive Presler in the title rôle, and Mr. Richard Baughman, in the part of Scaramel

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

THE DAKOTA PLAY-MAKERS

By H. Foster Jones

THE Sock and Buskin Society is gone. Or rather, it has been transformed. The title it fitted so well the earlier days of dramatic and theatrical effort at the University of North Dakota came gradually to seem inadequate to express the scope of the organization, which, founded by Professor Frederik Koch, in 1909, had little by little broadened in its outlook until it aimed to stand as in a true sense representative of the dramatic spirit of the state, perhaps in some degree even of the Northwest. So it happened that, late in 1917, the old name was reverently set aside and a new one taken. And thus it was that the Dakota Playmakers came into being, the old Sock and Buskin reborn, with a new aim and a new vision.

The achievements of the older society have not, so far, perhaps, been paralleled, all in all, by the newer organization. The time has been too short, and there have been other handicaps: the absence of some of the most active members, called to service in the war; the departure of Professor Koch, and the closing of the University during the influenza epidemic. These conditions have conspired to retard the development of the work. But in the last few months a new start has been made, and at last one success scored that will rank with the best successes of previous years.

In December, 1917, in dedication of the new play stage at Woodworth Auditorium, had been presented by the Dakota Playmakers, as its first enterprise, a fantasy, "The Spirit of Christmas," by Franz and Lillian Rickaby. On February 15, 1919, on the same stage, the Playmakers appeared again, this time with three short plays: Dunsany's "The Lost Silk Hat," Barrie's "The Will," and Bahr's "The Maiden Over the Wall." These were pleasantly received, and the way seemed open for the staging of something more ambitious.

At the Metropolitan Theatre, in Grand Forks,—for the University unfortunately has no facilities for elaborate staging,—was produced, on May 1, 1919, by a carefully selected cast, the fantasy of "Prunella," by Housman and Barker.

THE resumption of theatrical activities after the close of public places in consequence of the epidemic, was greeted with a general enthusiasm, which was intensified by the realization that the great war was over. Theatres of all sorts were crowded, the regular stage sharing the popularity on equal terms with the moving picture houses. Thus the prospects of success, pecuniary as well as artistic, were as bright as could be desired.

The event justified the confidence of the Society. "Prunella" was welcomed by an audience that packed the house. The title rôle was taken by Miss Olive Presler, a new member of the Playmakers, whose skilful interpretation of the part was made the more effective by a stage presence of unusual charm and a voice of rare dramatic quality. Of the other important impersonations mention should be made of that of Mr. Harold Wylie (a member of the original Sock and Buskin Society) as "Pierrot"; of Mr. Richard Baughman as "Scaramel"; of Miss Isabelle Barry as "Love"; and of Misses Enid Young, Ruth Mahon, and Eleanor Healy, as "Prim," "Privacy," and "Pride," respectively.

THE success of the performance was in large degree the result of the careful coaching, both general and individual, given the actors by Mrs. Ethel Halcrow Cooley, and of the fine stage management of Mrs. Lillian Rickaby, both experienced in the work of the older organization.

The reputation of the Dakota Playmakers has been extended in the state by this latest triumph, and, best of all, the progress of dramatic art in its campaign against traditional prejudice has been perceptibly accelerated.

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QUERIES ANSWERED

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored

W. A. P., Binghamton, N. Y.—Q. In what issues have photographs and articles on H. B. Warner appeared? 2. Is Mr. Warner a member of the Catholic Actors' Guild?

A. In the February, 1910, issue there are scenes from "Alias Jimmy Valentine" showing Mr. Warner, and in the July, 1912, and November, 1912, numbers there are half-page pictures of him. The price of these copies is 60c each. 2. Write to the Guild direct—229 West 42nd Street, New York City.

E. W.—A full page of pictures of Julian Eltinge's home appears in our April, 1919, issue (price 35c). "How I Portray a Woman on the Stage" by Julian Eltinge, illustrated with one picture, is in the August, 1913, issue. (45c.)

E. W. B., Toronto, Canada. Q. Kindly give me the addresses of the following photographers: Stagg, Alfred Cheney Johnston, and Apeda. A. We believe Stagg is in Los Angeles, although we are not sure. Alfred Cheney Johnston's address is 57 West 57th Street, New York City, and Apeda Studio, 212 West 48th Street, also this city.

Mrs. W. C. H., Dallas, Texas.—Q. Did Mary Pickford play in "A Good Little Devil" on the legitimate stage?

A. Mary Pickford appeared at the Republic Theatre in 1913 under Belasco's management in "A Good Little Devil."

S. M. C., Chicago, Ill.—Q. Please give an outline of the career of Mrs. Fiske, especially since she has been a star. 2. Also Margaret Anglin.

A. Mrs. Fiske has been on the stage practically all her life, and under her maiden name of Minnie Maddern achieved great success all over the United States. She first appeared at the early age of three, and at fifteen was a star. In February, 1894, she played Nora Helmer in "A Doll's House" at the Empire Theatre with great success; at the Garden Theatre in the same year she appeared in "Frou-Frou." At Miner's, Fifth Avenue, in 1897 she played Tess in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and in May, 1897, appeared as Cyprienne in "Divorcons," and later Becky Sharp. In 1902 she created a profound impression by her performance in "Mary of Magdala," during 1903 she played Ibsen's "da Gabler." In 1904 she made in "Leah Kleschna," the play h an extended run. On Octob 1906, she appeared as Cynth "The New York Idea," and i cember 1907 she was seen as Re West in Ibsen's "Rosmersholm 1908 at Hackett's Theatre she a hit as Salvation Nell, and a Lyceum in 1910 she appeared in Pillars of Society." Later pla which she has appeared in "Hannele," "Mrs. Bumpstead-Le "The New Marriage," "Julia Fra "Lady Patricia," "The High R and "George Sand." This season has been playing in "Mis' Nell N'Orleans."

2. Margaret Anglin, one of most brilliant actresses on the A ican stage, made her debut u Charles Frohman in "Shenando She next played a season in company of James O'Neil, app ing as Ophelia, and Virginia "Virginius." She then joined E Sothern's company in "Lord Ch ley," and then Richard Mansfield gaged her to play Roxane in "Cy de Bergerac." In 1900 she bec leading woman at the Empire atre, New York, playing a wide r of parts, and later she joined fo with Henry Miller and toured "Camille," "The Devil's Disci etc. In October 1906 she made a hit as Ruth Jordan in "The G Divide," and the same season pla both Mrs. Dane and Lady Eas in "Mrs. Dane's Defence." In she was seen in "The Awakenin Helena Ritchie" and subseque proceeded to Australia where played Viola in "Twelfth Night" Katherine in "The Taming of Shrew" among other parts. In 1910 at the Greek Theatre, Berk Calif., she was very successfu Sophocles' "Antigone." Later she has appeared in are "Green S ings," "The Rival," "Lydia Gilm "Egypt" and "A Woman of No portance."

W. W. L., Newport, Ky.—Please give me the name of the photographer who took the p of Fritz Leiber as Hamlet tha published in the February THE

A.—White Studio, 1546 Broa N. Y. City.

NEW COLUMBIA RECORDS

COLUMBIA has several popular songs sung by great operatic artists this month. Riccardo Stracciari has sung "The Sunshine of Your Smile." His interpretation, added to the universal appeal of this widely popular love song makes this an exceptional record.

Another great opera star who has made records of two old favorites for Columbia this month is Barbara Maurel. Everyone knows "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "Love's Old Sweet Song." Now everyone has a chance to hear them sung as they ought to be sung. Maurel puts all the the feeling, the intensity into songs which is inherent in the but which she brings out fullest degree.

Sascha Jacobsen, the world-f violinist, has shown Columbia he can do with a popular air. Old Pal of Mine" made a hit ago. Its yearning notes lend selves particularly to the expr ness of a violin. On the Jacobsen plays Victor H dainty "Serenade."





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CAN'T THE MOVIES BE DECENT?

(Continued from page 110)

tone of many beautiful motion pictures.

UNDOUBTEDLY much has been accomplished to uplift the atmosphere of the movie fans. Some time ago one of our most famous church organists was engaged by the motion picture industry to prepare suitable music programmes for certain pictures, and to instal in some magnificent theatres over the country expensive church organs. This man's work was inspired by the highest ideals, and the influence of music as an intellectual and emotional element has greatly contributed to the ideals of the movie. Where these organs have been installed, where magnificent orchestras are employed, there is a moral uplift which is sustained by the picture itself. These theatres, I understand, are usually crowded, because in any vast city community there is a wide element of decent people who like decent entertainment. But, even in these houses, there are occasional lapses in their moral tone.

I have in my congregation, a member of my church, a very well-known motion picture man. He is a very good man, a man of fine ideals, a man who would like to see the movie producing field relieved of its poisonous weeds. But, in the nature of the business he finds it impossible to control the morality of pictures. He has often talked with me about it, expressed his regret, discussed the remedy. I can only tell him that it is a question for each man in the producing of motion pictures to settle for himself. Every man must protect his business from many sides. The man who protects his only for revenue, is going to find himself in a difficult position with the rest of the world, sooner or later. There is as great a moral obligation in conducting a movie studio, as there is in conducting a church, or a school, or, I might say a theatre.

THE odor of a vicious, indecent play lingers in a theatre long after it has ended. It takes many plays of finer ideas to cleanse the atmosphere. If motion picture producers realized that their revenue is entirely disturbed by a neglect of moral responsibility in their productions, we should have a vast improvement in movie morals.

If the movie fan goes to the theatre to see life as it is, he should at least be protected from seeing that part of life which is sordid and revolting. The camera is not a moral agent, but it should not be a spy upon sinfulness simply to gratify the curiosity of the crowd.

IT is quite natural that in the enormous output of the great industry of motion pictures there should be these moral lapses, but the importance of the impressions of any public entertainment is quite as great as the question of temperance which has recently been tested in the issue of prohibition. Temperance in thought is the only remedy for mental dissipation, which is one of the chief dangers of the movie. Emotional young people need guardianship, or at least protection from dangerous morality. It is not at all necessary for the revenue officer of the motion picture corporation to insist that a moving picture must contain material that is not fit for family consumption. If I have a grocer, or a druggist, who sells certain forbidden goods, goods that damage the health or the morals of my family, I do not patronize him. Sooner or later, perhaps, this will happen to those producers who do not watch the morality of the pictures they produce. It is a question which must be settled by the theatrical men who understand the business of the theatre, till they arrive at a compromise that will adjust the morality of both.

I CANNOT say too much in heartapproval of the value of movingpictures that have in them a carefulregard for the ideals of life. Manyof them have this, and are enormouslysuccessful. I think perhaps themajority of the productions made bythe movies have a proper respect fortheir audiences, and consequentlycontribute enormously to the successof motion picture theatres. But weus have a business censorship, a combined authority as to the morality ofmotion pictures, and the morality ofplays.



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Sketch by Ethel Taylor



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Paramount-Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

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John Barrymore *in* "THE TEST OF HONOR"
Billie Burke *in* "GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"
Marguerite Clark *in* "GIRLS"
Ethel Clayton *in* "THE SPORTING CHANCE"
Dorothy Gish *in* "NUGGET NELL"
Lila Lee *in* "ROSE OF THE RIVER"
"Oh! You Women" A John Emerson-Anita Loos Production
Vivian Martin *in* "LOUISIANA"
Shirley Mason *in* "THE FINAL CLOSE-UP"
Wallace Reid *in* "THE LOVE BURGLAR"
Bryant Washburn *in* "A VERY GOOD YOUNG MAN"

Thomas H. Ince—Paramount

Enid Bennett *in* "THE HAUNTED BEDROOM"
Dorothy Dalton *in* "OTHER MEN'S WIVES"
Charles Ray *in* "HAY FOOT, STRAW FOOT"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"Little Women" *(from Louisa M. Alcott's famous book)* A Wm. A. Brady Production
Maurice Tourneur's Production "SPORTING LIFE"
"The Silver King" *starring* William Faversham
"False Faces" A Thomas H. Ince Production
"The Firing Line" *starring* Irene Castle
"The Woman Thou Gavest Me" Hugh Ford's Production of Hall Caine's Novel
"The Career of Katherine Bush" *starring* Catherine Calvert
"Secret Service" *starring* Robert Warwick
Maurice Tourneur's Production "THE WHITE HEATHER"
"The Dark Star" A Cosmopolitan Production

Artcraft

Cecil B. deMille's Production "FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE"
Douglas Fairbanks *in* "THE KNICKERBOCKER BUCKAROO"
Elsie Ferguson *in* "THE AVALANCHE"
D. W. Griffith's Production "TRUE HEART SUSIE"
*William S. Hart *in* "WAGON TRACKS"
Mary Pickford *in* "CAPTAIN KIDD, JR."
Fred Stone *in* "JOHNNY GET YOUR GUN"

*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "A DESERT HERO"
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies "TRYING TO GET ALONG" "AMONG THOSE PRESENT"
Paramount-Fiagg Comedy "THE IMMOVABLE GUEST"
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Theatre Magazine

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Theatre Magazine
September, 1919

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Vol. No. 30, No. 9
Whole No. 223



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THEATRE MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1919

THIS is "Cinderella" up to date.

Three sisters there were. Two selfish and pleasure-seeking. Their sole preoccupations were dances, parties and dinners. Poor Cinderella was left at home to struggle with the washing and mending.

Came Prince Charming. At first he was attracted to the Selfish Two because they amused him with their empty gossip and prattle. Poor Cinderella had no topic of conversation with which to hold him.

But a wise virgin, she determined to keep in the background no longer. She would learn what was doing in the Great White Way—learn about the things that were on everybody's tongue, and thus compel the attention of Prince Charming.

SO she purchased a copy of the THEATRE MAGAZINE. She read about the plays, and about the players, knew the latest in filmland, found out the last word in fashion, and learned the gossip of Broadway.

And when Prince Charming next called, it was she who held center stage. "How well informed," thought he. "Queer, I should never have noticed her before."

What's the use of dwelling further on this romance in real life. They were married and lived happily, like the story, ever after. And today, Cinderella sees to it that her subscription to the THEATRE MAGAZINE never runs out, and the latest issue is always displayed conspicuously on the library table.

Surely the moral to this tale is very evident to young ladies.

HAVE you ever looked at yourself in the glass?

You're not always pleased with what you see there, but that's not your fault.

Beginning next month, your favorite player will give you a pen portrait of herself as she sees herself.

She won't stop at anything. If there are faults, she will admit them. And who can blame her if she magnifies her virtues?

Start reading the first of the "Myself" articles by prominent artists in the next issue.

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LOUIS MEYER, PAUL MEYER
Publishers
ARTHUR HORNBLOW
Editor
FREDERICK E. ALLARDT
Director of Circulation

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THE PUBLISHERS.

MAUDE EBURNE tumbled into Broadway fame in "A Pair of Sixes" and she has held her own as a comedienne ever since.

There are a number of really funny men on the stage, but there are few funny women—and Maude Eburne is one of them.

"Do we know how funny we are?" she asks.

In an article in the October issue entitled "Women Who Are Funny Off the Stage," this inimitable actress tells how some of the most serious women have served her as a model in drawing excruciatingly funny characters.

Do we really know how funny we are? According to Miss Eburne you and I may be material for a side-splitting stage portrait. Are you?

Read the next issue and find out!

THERE'S to be another fiction story in the October issue. It's a corker and totally different from our first story, "Circumstances Alter Divorce Cases."

A story of the stage full of the thrill, the glamor, the heart-throb of stage life.

THE October issue will take you back of the curtain with Granville Barker in the second installment of his article "Rehearsing a Play."



When Four People Dine

THE serving of the after-dinner coffee marks the close of the function. What an important part ***silverware*** plays in making delightful the entire dinner.

How subtle has been its influence in giving both hostess and guests a sense of satisfaction in the evening's event. Home life and entertainment center around the dining table.

It matters not whether the meal be formal or informal—whether two, four or twenty be present —***silverware*** lends its charm and gives an atmosphere of refinement that is quite its own.

Old silver is valued in great part for the vision it brings of old time hospitality.
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THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXX. NO. 223. SEPTEMBER, 1919



From a photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

OLIVE WYNDHAM

Who is playing the leading feminine rôle in the new melodrama, "A Voice in the Dark," with her usual sympathetic charm

Theatre Magazine, September, 1919

REHEARSING A PLAY

Since we can't do away with the theatre, let's make it as good as we can. The first of two articles by the London playwright-producer

GRANVILLE BARKER

IT is strange how meekly Art will stand to be arraigned at the tribunal of commercial arithmetic. For, however liberally interpreted are the laws there administered, she is not in nature amenable to them. She will never have the virtues of the industrious apprentice or the conscience of the ledger clerk.

If she is to be ruled, to her well-being and our benefit, it must be by another code and before another court. But the dominance of the financier is so over us all that to talk in other terms is scarcely to be understood and in a world where life consists not of "the four elements" or even of eating and drinking, but in the more Malvolio-like occupation of paying bills, personal and national, it is hard to conceive how the money-maker's evil can be anybody's good.

Not that one need deny certain virtues that the dominance of the financier has forced upon the art of the theatre. But as with all alien bondage, the more efficient, even the more liberal-minded it is, so, in a sense, is it the more complete and devitalizing. To take one instance, its effect upon the method of getting plays ready for performance; a trifling instance, but worth study if anything in the technique of the theatre is worth it.

To the financial mind rehearsals of a play are capital expenditure and (regretting the old lady's illusion that it wasn't really necessary to try it over before!) should be measured accordingly; measured generously, perhaps, with an ample allowance of margin for error, but measured; so many weeks, so many dress rehearsals, production without fail by such and such a date.

IT is true, that by such a method all may go well. No errors in designs or cast; the actors may respond unanimously to their drill, even the better because an inevitably nearing day of production and judgment whips them the more desperately into that final rush of enthusiasm which it is hoped will in turn affect their audience and create at least the atmosphere of success. Success or limbo! The choice fits well with the attempt to combine mechanical efficiency with galvanic life.

One watches the financial mind philosophically, attempting through a long course of trial and error (mostly error) to discover how this desperate choice is made—by critics, public, or by mere luck, no evidence certainly of it being according to any merit or demerit in the work itself—without suspecting that even such a success is valueless (how explain to the financial mind what is meant by such a contradiction?) and such a method at its best a mistake. For a play in the final completion of its appearance is a living work of art, a blending moreover of many human factors and the laws of its begetting and being are not reducible to the simple arithmetic of working days or the compound addition of monetary cost.

Stanislawsky, the dominant personality of the Art Theatre in Moscow, was once asked by the present writer how long he liked to rehearse a play. "Till it is ready," he said, and that is a final answer.



Bangs

Although Granville Barker is an actor, it is as an unconventional and "advanced" producer that he is best known. He is remembered as co-author of that delightful fantasy, "Prunella," for his novel and striking setting for "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and those interesting plays, "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife" and "Androcles and the Lion"

Let us sketch a plan for its getting ready based strictly upon the nature of the task.

The dramatist brings his manuscript to the theatre. (In parenthesis it is just worth noting that this was not always the beginning of things.) Plays originate in acting. But in these days, for most practical purposes, the dramatist has been evolved. This alliance with literature, however, leads in most cases to the leaving of the manuscript at the theatre as well—when it passes into the hands of the producer. He also has been evolved; partly by the alienation of the dramatist to literature, more by the growing complexity of the processes, mechanical and other, in the theatre itself. There are purists who deny his right to existence, but some co-ordination is needed and he is probably less to be dispensed with than is the conductor of an orchestra.

Then comes the casting, the choice of designers, the writing of music and what not, all of which must be settled by the powers that be according to their powers. A discourse could be written upon the internal management of theatres, but this is not it. The casting, though, will first depend upon the general choice the theatre has made between creating the best possible company and selecting a cast from it for every play, and choosing for each play the best individual actors from wherever they may be found. In that general choice is involved much argument, which comes in the end to this: If your love of the theatre centers upon the emotional virtuosity of particular actors you will be ready—and you will be compelled—to sacrifice to its exploiting the ideal of a perfect unity of effect; never to be attained it is true, but always to be striven for by those for whom the whole is greater than the part; the play and its interpretation than its interpreters; the theatre itself than any members of it.

Needless to say upon which side of this fence the present writer is to be found. He is for the theatre, the play, the commonwealth of effect and he holds it proved beyond doubt that the team-work of a well-practised company serves this cause better than the most brilliant temperamental despotism, with the most spirited and loyal support. In any case, the plan that follows rests upon this conviction.

Rehearsals begin. They begin with study which must be mutual study; the actor who sits apart to learn his words and "form his own conception" is a nuisance and offends against the first law of the theatre and the last—co-operation. The cast should be formed into a committee upon the play, sitting to discuss it with the producer as chairman. The rules of procedure can be simple. The producer discusses every scene for he is interested in them all, an actor must only discuss those in which he is personally concerned. The chairman may closure a debate and no doubt he will have to closure many. On the other hand, some actors may find it hard to formulate their ideas in argument, they are used to arriving at them instinctively, emotionally.

INSTINCT, if it has not degenerated into mere habit, is a good guide and a producer will be wise neither to out-argue such an one nor let him be out-argued. Such an one will be equally wise to learn to argue if he can, to temper his instinct with reason. Ability to express yourself is certainly a step towards expressing the intention of the author. But just as Seventeenth Century music teachers used to lock up the instrument at their departure and carry off the key, so should the actors leave their parts on the committee table and cease to worry with them till they all meet again. The task of the committee should be to arrive at a common understanding and a unity of intention about the play. How long will this take? It depends upon many things, primarily upon the sort of play it is. There are plays that call for little discussion, mainly for the practice of those subtle athletics in which every actor should be trained (in themselves they are the best kind of training), pantomime, and the simpler sorts of poetic and melodrama. Much beauty in them, much pleasure to be gained from them by audiences that are young, feeling young, or wanting to.

There are, of course, the pretentious bastard varieties of all kinds which seem to invite discussion but will not (*Concluded on page* 204)



JUST LEGS—THAT'S ALL

A theatrical season would surely be incomplete without the musical comedy—the girly-girly show with a little music, less comedy, and mostly—legs. Yes, musical comedy certainly stands on its legs, and they are, as is plainly shown here, of all shapes and sizes



THE BUCOLIC DRAMA

Of course we'll have with us the shy, unsophisticated country maiden, lured away from her cows and milkpail by the wicked adventurer from the gay City



BEDROOM FARCE

What is a Broadway season without a bedroom farce? The only necessary ingredients to make this sort of a piece a success are a bed, a pretty girl in it, and a man underneath it, and here they are!



MELODRAMA

The wicked husband is found dead, the much abused wife stands in the background weeping. Who did it? Was it the maid, or the lover, or the chauffeur? Consult next season's melodramas.



THE VAMP

Tall and sinuous, the vampire will continue, no doubt, to break up happy homes, smoke cigarettes, wear decolette gowns and lure men to destruction



THE INGENUE

With her curls, her bows, her flimsy dress and her beau, who can mistake Simpering Sue, the eternal ingenue?



BOHEMIA

Greenwich Village with its artists and models, its long-haired men and short-haired women—it surely will hold a conspicuous place in the 1919-20 season

WHAT WE'RE SURE TO HAVE WITH US THIS SEASON

Sketches by Ethel C. Taylor

THE MANAGERS ANNOUNCE—

Sothern and Marlowe, John Drew, and other favorites to be seen in interesting plays



THE unfolding dramatic year is like a children's grab-bag. The unwrapping of every gift is watched with eager anticipation. Occasionally, the present is not what the critics desire, but there is always just as much chance that Mr. and Mrs. Theatre-going Public will so thoroughly enjoy the offering that the harvest of dollars will be enormous.

So it is that as each new season approaches the managers sit back in their leather chairs, and, after much discerning thought, announce that they are to produce certain plays with the help of certain players. The plays may be from pens of unknown writers, but the players are sure to be popular,—men and women who have earned their right to Stardom by seasons of careful work that has been appreciated by the public.

The season of 1919-20 looms particularly important for the fact that it will bring before the public many stars who have been absent from the stage for, in many cases, years. The Messrs. Shubert announce that Julia Marlowe and Edward H. Sothern will return for a season of Shakespearian productions. This will be a short season, starting in New York and going to the larger cities. A small repertoire will be prepared, and it is possible that comedies will be used exclusively. Another "return" of more than ordinary interest is the announcement that John Drew will play again. Mr. Drew has come under Arthur Hopkins' management, and the vehicle in which he will appear is an Italian comedy, "The Ugly Feranti." This is the only announcement Mr. Hopkins has made, other than the fact that the brothers Barrymore will continue in "The Jest."



GEORGE C. TYLER will present Laurette Taylor in a new play from the pen of her husband, J. Hartley Manners. Nothing is announced regarding the nature of the play, but it is said to be a novelty, and rumor is that Miss Taylor will play the rôle of an Italian woman of great culture. Mr. Tyler will also direct Mr. Arliss' new productions—a trio of new plays being ready for Mr. Arliss' repertoire. He will appear as "Voltaire" in a play of that name, written by George Gibbs and Lawrence Dudley, his second play being from the pen of Louis Joseph Vance, the novelist. The third is an unnamed comedy which Louis N. Parker, of "Pomander Walk" fame is preparing. Billie Burke, temporarily leaving the film plays, is still another favorite who has not appeared in a successful production for several seasons. She will be under the joint direction of Charles B. Dillingham, Klaw and Erlanger, and Mr. Ziegfeld, in a new play by Somerset Maugham, called "Cæsar's Wife."

Another film deserter is Pauline Frederick who will act the leading rôle in her husband's (Willard Mack) comedy, "Lady Tony." Grace George, while not announcing that she will form another repertoire season, has two new plays ready, "She Would and She Did," by Mark W. Reed, and "The Ruined Lady," by Frances Nordstrom. Edgar Selwyn, after years of achievement as a producer, returns to his first field of success, and will revive "Pierre of the Plains" as well as offering Mary Shaw, a sterling actress, who has been seen altogether too infrequently, in "Mommer," by Edward Goodman. Gregory Kelly will also have a new play after three seasons in "Seventeen," Stuart Walker having arranged for him to appear as "Togo" the Japanese schoolboy in Eleanor Gates' dramatization of Wallace Irwin's stories.

Ruth Chatterton, another favorite player who has been seen briefly since her success in "Come Out of the Kitchen," will have a new light comedy, "The Merry Month of May," which she offered with great success out of town. This will be Mr. Henry Miller's only new production of the year, as he will continue with "Molière" on the road, Miss Blanche Bates co-starring with him.



IN addition to the Sothern and Marlowe revival, the Shuberts have mapped out an ambitious and decidedly interesting season. One of their earliest offerings will be an Owen Davis play from the novel by Perley Poore Shenan, "Those Who Walk in Darkness."

There will be a new play by Rachel Crothers, "He and She," Miss Crothers herself playing the leading feminine rôle, with Cyril Keightley and Faire Binney as her support. William Hodge will be seen in New York City in a new play, probably of his own writing, while MacIntyre and Heath, the veteran minstrels, will have a new musical comedy, "Hello, Alexander." There will be two new plays by Edward Locke, a comedy written in collaboration with Peggy Wood, of "Maytime" fame, and Samuel Merwin, the novelist, a dramatization of "The Master of Ballantrae," for Walker Whiteside, a new play by Cleaves Kincaid, author of the Harvard prize play, "Common Clay," as well as the possible presentation of three dramas new to American audiences, by Henri Bernstein. George V. Hobart has dramatized David Graham Phillips' sensational "Susan Lenox." Then, too, there will be a "Passing Show of 1919," not as a summer offering this time, but to make its appearance in September. In conjunction with Walter B. Hast, Cosmo Hamilton's comedy, "Scandal," will be offered with Charles Cherry and Francine Larrimore, also a second play by Mr. Hamilton, "Exchange of Wives."



WILLIAM A. BRADY will send his daughter, Alice, on tour in "Forever After," one of last year's most successful war plays, and will continue to offer "At 9:45," his mystery play which was the first production of the new season.

Mr. Dillingham, as well as having an interest in the Billie Burke play, will have a new musical comedy for which Fritz Kreisler has written the music, Victor Jacobi the lyrics, and William Le Baron the book. There will be no new play for Fred Stone this season, as "Jack o' Lantern" has yet to be seen outside of a few of the larger cities. The Hippodrome, as usual, will house a new and more magnificent spectacle.

An exceptionally busy season is planned by George C. Tyler, for, in addition to the new plays for Laurette Taylor and George Arliss, he will have at least eight new productions including "Clarence," by Booth Tarkington; a dramatization by Edwin Childs of Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Bab" stories, for Helen Hayes; "On the Hiring Line," by Harvey O. Higgins and Harriet Ford; a comedy of New York life by Richard Washburn Childs and Porter Emerson Browne, for Lynn Fontanne, who has made such a distinct impression through her work with Laurette Taylor; a semi-historical play by Phillip Moeller, author of "Madame Sand," for Emily Stevens, and a "first play"—a sea-faring drama by Eugene G. O'Neill, whose one-act dramas of men and ships have proven so popular.

From the office of Alf. Hayman, director of the Charles Frohman Company, comes the announcement that there will be a new comedy for Ethel Barrymore, by an American author, Zoe Akins. Otis Skinner is to have a new, and as yet, unnamed play, while Mr. Gillette will tour with Barrie's "Dear Brutus." While no announcement is made regarding Maude Adams' plans for the new season, she will probably have a new play if she feels able to resume her work.



MESSRS. Klaw and Erlanger having practically separated their interests, each partner of the firm will undertake his individual productions. Mr. Erlanger will produce "Monsieur Beaucaire" in conjunction with Messrs. Henry and Gilbert Miller, as well as a new musical comedy founded on the French farce, "Choquette et Son Aas." Chauncey Olcott, who recently has come under Mr. Erlanger's direction, will be seen in an elaborate revival of "Macushla." Mr. Klaw's only announcement so far is that he will produce "Petroleum Prince" by Richard Barry, and that Harrison Grey Fiske will direct the production.

Henry W. Savage has two new plays, "See-Saw" a musical comedy and "Shavins," dramatized from Joe Lincoln's book of that name.

Holbrook Blinn in "The Challenge," a new drama by Eugene Walter, starts the season for Selwyn and Company, followed by "Buddies," a musical play in which Donald Brian, Wallace Eddinger and Peggy Wood will be featured. A second musical play is founded on the comedy, "Seven Chances" and has a trio of authors, P. G. Wodehouse, Raymond Hubbell and Roi Cooper Megrue, who wrote the original comedy.

In addition to the successful "The Voice in the Dark," already established, Mr. A. H. Woods will have "Too Many Husbands" by Somerset Maugham; "A Bashful Hero," by Harold Brighouse, for Ernest Truex; "Breakfast in Bed," a farce comedy for Florence Moore; a new Abe Potash play, for Barney Bernard—Perlmutter is missing in this latest of the series. "The Unknown Woman," a "first play" by two new authors will serve Marjorie Rambeau for the season, while Avery Hopwood

(Right)

RUTH SHEPLEY

A conspicuous member of the cast of "Adam and Eva," the new comedy by Guy Bolton and George Middleton



© Strauss-Peyton

(Below)

HELEN HAYES

Whose portrayal of the daughter that might-have-been in "Dear Brutus" was one of the outstanding hits of last season, is to play the leading part in "Bab," from the stories of that name

(Below)

FAIRE BINNEY

Who makes her first appearance on the legitimate stage—she has already been successful on the screen—in an important rôle in the new Rachel Crothers' play, "He and She"



Goldberg



Johnston

HELEN MACKELLAR

Remembered for her work in "The Unknown Purple" and to play the leading and only feminine rôle in "The Storm"



Abbe

PROMINENT IN THE NEW SEASON'S OFFERINGS

will have two new farces, "The Great Illusion" and "Naughty Love Birds."

Smith and Golden have but two plays scheduled for the coming season, "Sunrise," by Elia W. Pettie and Pearl Franklin, a drama of the Kentucky hills, and an unnamed comedy by Langdon Mitchell and Winchell Smith. "Lightnin'," probably the greatest success of the past season, will continue to play at the New York Theatre where it was originally produced. Besides "The Crimson Alibi," George Broadhurst will offer "The Storm," a drama featuring Helen MacKellar and Edwin Arnold; a farce by Williston Colliston, and a new melodrama on which Mr. Broadhurst is at present working.

Stuart Walker has been trying out new plays during his repertoire season in Indianapolis, and will probably offer metropolitan audiences the chance to see the Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson play, "The Gibson Upright," as well as the "Togo" play. Mr. Walker also has a new play on which Booth Tarkington is at present working, and one that he himself has dramatized from Mr. Tarkington's successful book, "The Magnificent Ambersons."

John Cort will have at least five new productions during the season, three of them of the musical variety; "Three's a Crowd," by Earl Derr Biggers and Christopher Morley, with May Vokes in the leading rôle; Maude Fealey in "A Fool's Game," by Crane Wilbur, the motion picture actor; "Just a Minute," by the authors of "Listen Lester"; Eddie Leonard, the minstrel in "Roly Boly Eyes," and a new play for Mimi Aguglia, the Sicilian actress.

Oliver Morosco will have an active season, starting with a new play by the Hattons, "Madame Sappho," with Grace Valentine in the leading rôle; "Civilian Clothes," by Thompson Buchanan, while Charlotte Greenwood's success in "So Long Letty" will be rewarded with a new musical comedy, "Linger Longer Letty."

The Coburns will offer a new production, "All the King's Horses." Charles Emerson Cooke will offer Martin Brown's "An Innocent Idea," while William Harris, Jr., will produce "First is Last," a new comedy by Samuel Shipman and Percival Wilde.

A spectacular production, "Aphrodite," made from Pierre Loüys' famous novel will be the chief production of the season from the office of Morris Gest. It will be staged by E. Lyall Swete, and 300 persons will be in the cast. "The Five Million," a comedy of the returned soldier, was the first production offered and met with success. "Adam and Eva," by Guy Bolton and George Middleton, was another early production, while "The Light of the World," a play having the Passion Play as its background, will be a third early production. Mr. Gest will import "The Luck of the Navy," an English melodrama. There will be a new musical comedy for the Princess Theatre, also "See You Later," by Messrs. Bolton, Wodehouse and Schwartz. Also "Brewster's Millions" will be made into a musical comedy for Harry Fox. "Mecca," the English successor to "Chu Chin Chow" will be produced later in the season.

John D. Williams will offer Norman Trevor in a new play, "Up From Nowhere," by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. Later Mr. Williams will present Lionel Barrymore in "The Letter of the Law."

Wendell Phillips Dodge, late of David Belasco's executive staff, and Willy Pogany, the world-famous artist and designer of stage scenery and costumes, have formed a corporation to produce plays and manage theatres and will produce this coming season several plays which they have been acquiring during the past two years. Their first production, to be made in New York in October, will be a drama in three acts with nine scenes, entitled "Esther," by Baroness Leonie de Souiny. The piece has spectacular features and elaborate Oriental ballets and is said to present opportunities for striking scenic effects and colorful costumes.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Alliterative appellations that have helped their owners to success

By HUBERT SAVILE



WHAT'S in a name?" A great deal, when the name is mentioned on a theatre programme! And, just as an alliteration frequently attracts attention to a play, so it also attracts attention to a player. Sarah Siddons, generally conceded to be the greatest actress in the history of the stage, is known to us merely as a name, but as an interesting one, and an alliterative one. Two generations ago Charlotte Cushman was crowned Queen of the Drama. Joseph Jefferson attained unprecedented popularity, playing the same part year after year, growing old in portraying it.

Furthermore, to enumerate a very few out of a great many, Lillie Langtry became famous by reason of her physical beauty rather than her dramatic ability. Maggie Mitchell was well known and well-liked, at home and abroad. Lotta was a great favorite. Her real name was Charlotte Crabtree.

Among players popular in America are Grace George, who has held to the ideal of establishing a stock company; Blanche Bates, who created the title-rôles in Belasco's productions of "Madame Butterfly," "The Darling of the Gods," and "The Girl of the Golden West," and has gained fresh laurels with Henry Miller in "Molière," and Isabel Irving, for many years a member of Augustin Daly's company, more recently appearing under the management of Al Woods.

Then there is Dorothy Dorr, who bears a striking resemblance to Lillian Russell, and Dorothy Donnelly, who, after attracting attention as a member of the old Murray Hill stock company, has now become a playwright and producer. Billie Burke turned from comic opera to light comedy, and has done well in the movies. Olive Oliver bears a curious name, but is a talented thespian.

Charles Cherry is a first-class leading-man, and Constance Collier is a first-class leading-woman, both players having been born in England, though transplanted to America. Walker Whiteside has long shone as a star, first in "Hamlet," and last in "The Little Brother." Valli Valli is featured in musical pieces, and has a name in which not only initials, but the name is repeated.

Marjorie Moreland bears the distinction of having been the fifth and last wife of the late lamented Nat Goodwin. James K. Hackett's first wife was Mary Mannering, and the second, Beatrice Beckley. It is of additional interest to note that Mary Mannering's real name was Florence Friend.

Kathryn Kidder attained popularity in the title-rôle of "Madame Sans-Gêne" when that piece was first produced in America. Cooper Cliffe created the part of "Nobody" in "Everywoman," and more recently appeared in "The Invisible Foe." Mrs. Fiske first gained notice as Minnie Maddern. Her latest success is in "Miss Nelly of N'Orleans."

Grace Griswold and George Giddens have alliterative names. Katharine Kaelred was born in England, received her stage schooling in Australia, and has since remained in America. Annie Adams was on the stage for many years, but is best remembered as the mother of Maude Adams. Harry Houdini, whose name is associated with handcuffs, is a great attraction on the stage and in the movies.

Lillian Lorraine and Justine Johnstone are much admired in musical comedies, principally because of their youth and beauty. Dorothy Dickson is in demand as a dancer. Michael Mordkine, a star of the Ballet Russe, was formerly a partner of Pavlowa. Bothwell Browne is a female impersonator.

Margaret Mayo was formerly an actress, bu is now a playwright, especially of "bedroom" farces. Martha Morton, and her brother Michael Morton, both wrote plays. Paul Potte and Stanislaus Stange succeeded as dramatists So did Jerome K. Jerome, whose alliterativ appellation almost suggests stuttering! Willian Winter was a highly-respected dramatic critic.

In England there are many players who com under this alliterative classification. Viole Vanbrugh has long been a favorite. Mar Moore was for a generation leading-woman wit Charles Wyndham. Sam Sothern, well-know in Great Britain, is a brother of our own E. H Sothern. Suzanne Sheldon was born in Americ but established a reputation in England.

Horace Hodges and George Graves are popu lar players, as are also Lyston Lyle and To Terriss. Cecil Calvert, Florence Farr, Am Augarde, and Fred Farren must be included i the list, and also Helen Hayes, and Madge M Intosh. Maude Millett and Maude Milton a talented performers.

George Grossmith has added lustre to th name borne by his actor-father before hir Letty Lind was a favorite dancer at the o Gaiety Theatre, and her sister, Adelaide Ast married George Grossmith. Charles Cartwrig gained renown through his excellent characte zations.

Cecily Courtneige is the actress-daughter a London manager. Margery Maude is t actress-daughter of Cyril Maude. Herb Halliwell Hobbes believed that one good deserved not only another, but two othe Vesta Victoria gained fame and fortune in t music-halls, on both sides of the Atlantic.

And, last but not least, there is the cute a cunning, comic and clownish, criticized but c quering—Charlie Chaplin!



© Moffett

CHARLES CHERRY

Whose brilliant and irresistible portrayal of Pelham Frankbin in "Scandal" is one of the best characterizations of his career

Cosmo Hamilton's comedy "Scandal," which is the outstanding hit of the Chicago season, skates on thin ice but is excellent fun. It concerns the perplexities of Beatrix Vanderdyke, of the New York Vanderdykes, who seeks diversion in midnight visits to an artist's studio. She is caught at it by her patrician family. In this dilemma, she calls in an acquaintance who lives across the hall, and announces that he is her husband. Then the trouble begins, but, as usual, everything turns out merrily for the couple



Mofett

FRANCINE LARRIMORE

Charmingly youthful and piquant is Miss Larrimore as the diabolic heroine whose quest for adventure forms the basis of "Scandal"

WIT AND SPARKLE IN "SCANDAL" A COMEDY HIT IN CHICAGO

IN THE SPOTLIGHT



Witzel

BERTHA MANN

THIS actress, who has scored heavily as Mary Garrison in "The Crimson Alibi," is a daughter of the South, being a native of Atlanta, Ga. She made her first stage appearance in "Peter Pan," and after that came a season in stock, followed by an engagement with Francis Wilson in "When Knights Were Bold." Later she appeared with Nicholas Orloff in the one-act play, "Vengeance," with such success that Arnold Daly engaged her to support him in the playlet, "Bryant 5800," alternating with "A Comedy for Wives." Other appearances were with Nance O'Neil in repertoire, Blanche Ring in "When Claudia Smiles," "Today," "The Weavers," and "Justice." Then came another season of stock on the Pacific Coast, after which she returned to New York and was seen in "One of Us," following this by playing with Lionel Barrymore in "The Copperhead"



Ira L. Hill



Edward Thayer Monroe

GILDA GRAY

THIS dancer, whose refined "shimmying" is one of the features of the Shubert "Gaieties of 1919" at the 44th Street Theatre, is not only a newcomer to Broadway, but to the stage as well. As a matter of record, she has never appeared in a production before. Previous to the "Gaieties" she had been seen in various Chicago cabarets. Born in Poland, she was brought to this country at the age of seven. Miss Gray declares that "shimmying" is the outgrowth of Indian dances and a few years ago was brought into prominence by the Southern negroes. Her rendition of the "Blues," by the way, is expertly done and gives a value to this quaint and exotic song, never known to Broadway

MARIE GOFF

WHO scored in the leading feminine rôle in "At 9:45," the new melodrama by Owen Davis which William A. Brady, Ltd., presented at the Playhouse, June 28, first attracted attention in "Never Too Late," a new play which Mr. Brady presented in Chicago a few months ago. The piece was a failure but Miss Goff was immediately re-engaged for "At 9:45." A native of San Francisco and graduate of the University of California, Miss Goff first faced the footlights in the Alcazar Stock Company in San Francisco. After playing there for a summer she acted the ingenue lead in "The Thirteenth Chair" on tour

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



LYRIC. "THE FIVE MILLION." Comedy in three acts by Guy Bolton and Frank Mandel. Produced on July 8 with this cast:

Ruth Hunter	Sue MacManamy
Mary	Marie Ahearn
Ada	Lucile Webster
Rhy MacDonald	Helen Barnes
Lil	June Holbrook
Phil Bishop	James Gleason
Nini Bishop	Marjorie Poir
"Mac"	William E. Meehan
Albert Weaver	Purnell Pratt
"Midge" Monahan	Beatrice Noyes
Douglas Adams	Ralph Morgan
Grant Adams	Percy Helton
Jefferson Adams	Charles Abbe
Otis Weaver	Robert McWade
Colonel Van Alstyne	Edward Poland
Dan Monahan	Harry Harwood
Al Higgins	Harry MacFayden
Queenie	Amy Ongley

PROBABLY no phrase in theatrical criticism has done more signal service than that which runs: "The play evidently contains all the elements of popular favor." I think it should be dragged out for use once more. This time that it may be applied to the new Comstock and Gest production, "The Five Million."

This new American comedy is, if I mistake not, the forerunner of a raft of plays that shall deal with the aftermath of the Great War. Few that treated of the actual happenings in the world-wide conflict got anywhere. The time was too near and the perspective too close, but what is happening in our natural life since the return of the boys who went abroad is a legitimate subject which would seem to provide fruitful stage material both comic and tragic.

It is not so much the plot of "The Five Million" that commands enthusiasm,—much of it has done service before—but the treatment is particularly fresh and breezy. The character sketching is effected with a strong and sure touch. The humorous dialogue is peculiarly telling. Of the sentimental side I may not wax eloquent. Two spots in its action dragged. They were both in which the authors attempted to play on the emotions.

Douglas Adams, naval aviator of Clinton Falls, N. Y., becomes engaged to Ruth Hunter prior to his venture overseas. He is reported killed. Ruth then shifts her affections to Bert Weaver, a slacker, while Douglas' younger brother embezzles some bonds and places the onus on the reported dead one. But Adams is very much alive and bobs up on the day the town is celebrating the return of the boys. Forced to become a lawyer's clerk with the Weavers, he unearths their crookedness, preserves the rights of an Irish inventor, finally marries his niece, clears his good name and generally establishes a substantial future for himself.

This rôle was admirably acted by Ralph Morgan, who not only looked the part but played with real sincerity and attractive charm. The men's rôles were all good and no better persons could have been selected for their personation. The Weavers, father and son, were most expertly presented by Robert McWade and Purnell Pratt; the aged G. A. R. veteran, loquacious and kindly, was pictured to the life by Charles Abbe; while a really moving bit of emotional acting was contributed by Percy Helton as the delinquent brother. Two capital sketches of character were a couple of doughboys, one who returned with a French bride and the other, who, serving as a cook in the army, had to fill the same office at home when he got back. James Gleason and William E. Meehan were most humorous exponents, while Harry Harwood lent comic unction to the inventor. The women were satisfactorily competent.

CORT. "THE OLD LADY." Operetta in one act, two scenes. Produced on July 14, with this cast.

Carlos	Consuelo Baillo
Luisa	Adelina Vehi
Sir George	Miguel Pros
The Marquis	Leandro Diaz
Don Manuel	Manuel Noriega
Fernado	Carlos Villarias
Federico	Jose Tamargo
Officer	Pepe Luis
Ujier	Jose Abeytua

"DREAMS OF THREE." Musical review in one act, five scenes, with the following cast:

Spanish Painter	Miguel Pros
French Painter	Miguel Santacana
Italian Painter	Carlos Villarias
The Landlady	Juana Andres
The Spanish Muse	Carmen Lopez
The French Muse	Adelina Vehi
The Italian Muse	Consuelo Baillo
The Sicilian	Manuel Noriega
The Cocaine	Nelly Alonzo
The Cocotte	Suzy
The Waiter	J. Trujillo
The Apache	Lola Bravo
Second Apache	Jose Abeytua

Dance of "Nitra," by Sidonia Hesch

IF patronage should correspond with the general good-will toward our visiting Spanish Opera Company their experience should be pleasant. Customarily, in no country do performances in a foreign tongue attract in numbers those who are not familiar with that tongue. Spanish-speaking people, however, acclaim these performances with delight. The Spanish spirit and methods of expression, the individualities and attractive types, and everything that affords novelty, should secure attention. We may learn from them. They have something to learn from us.

An Operetta in one act and two scenes, entitled "The Old Lady," is singularly remote from the literary fashion of to-day. Only the charm of music and personality could sustain—hardly for a single act—before American audiences the romanticism that causes a Captain in the Dragoons (played by an actress) to assume the disguise of an old woman in order to meet his loved one at a ball to which he was unbidden. But the Spanish Company carry it through daintily and pleasantly enough.

"Dreams of Three" is more in the nature of a modern comic opera continuity of frivolities. It is well worth the while. The scenes are laid in Venice, Paris and Seville. We see the characteristics of each place and have the dances, all the more effective in that they are true to each national artistic method and spirit. To see the true fandango, with castanets, one must see it here.

The production is very colorful. One or two specialties are very distinctive. Much is lost in not understanding the words, but there is a compensation in what is supplied to the eye. The chorus is satisfactory vocally and physically.

BROADHURST. "THE CRIMSON ALIBI." Melodrama in a prologue and four acts by Octavus Roy



From a photograph, copyright, Alfred Cheney Johnston

Ginevra (Maude Hanaford) — Neri (Lionel Barrymore) — Giannetto (John Barrymore) — Tornaquinci (Arthur Forrest)

Act. 1. NERI: *War's my trade! I topple over dukes and princes, I give and take away the crowns of kings. I'd pull the nose of any man in Christendom for two hairs from a blind dog's tail*

"THE JEST"—LAST SEASON'S DRAMATIC SENSATION—TO OPEN AGAIN ON BROADWAY

Cohen. Produced on July 17 with this cast:

Chuck Brown	Gardner James
David Carroll	Harrison Hunter
Professor Bristol	Wm. H. Thompson
James Leverage	John Ellis
Loomis	Thomas Traynor
Andrew Quincy	Robert Barrat
Collins	Roy LaRue
Robert Dorrington	George Graham
Larry Conover	Robert Kelly
Red Parks	Paul Kay
Mrs. Williams	Mary Foy
Judith Darrel	Edna James
Mrs. Dean	Thais Lawton
Mrs. Burrage	Inda Palmer
Mary Garrison	Bertha Mann
Mrs. Wrench	Mary Foy
Julia	Catherine Cozzens

THE Crimson Alibi" has the makings in it of one of the most successful melodramas of its kind. At times it is misty rather than mysterious. It begins with a fog—a dark stage in which green and gruesome and vari-colored lights play. One of the gleams cuts the throat of a man whom we do not see and of whom we know nothing. That much is self-explanatory, but it is not sufficiently self-explanatory. There is practically no action in it, for the mind of the audience has nothing to work on. Curiosity? There is not the slightest. It is theatricalism ineffective except as a bit of living color.

Many things are not self-explanatory, and are not adequately explained *ex post facto*—a method that at best is contrary to the bill of rights of the drama. There is also a plentiful lack of connection. People and things are plumped in. There is too much story. The play itself is not a complete action, but most of the scenes are gems.

The most effective scenes of this kind concern the maid in the family of the murdered man and her husband who had been sent, innocent, to the penitentiary and has escaped. He is suspected of the murder. His wife visits him at a cheap (melodramatic) hotel. The scene of endearment, sympathy and confidence, is good and touching drama. The rooms at this hotel are reached by stairways to balconies overlooking a rotunda. A companion convict, a criminal who would give his life for the innocent man who had befriended him in some way that is not explained, and is not self-explanatory, learns of the coming raid and arrest, gets the gang together, and as the police are taking the man off, turns off the lights and opens fire in the dark—a lurid moment. This is good melodrama, but as unsatisfactory as a moving picture flash.

The mystery is sought and solved by a writer who has become famous for his detective stories and is called in by the Inspector. Nothing is more mysteriously and crudely managed in a dramatic way than the introduction and use of this character. And yet the craftsmanship in stage-management and in details is superb. Half a dozen of the actors made what fairly may be called Broadway hits—Harrison Hunter, Wm. H. Thompson, John Ellis, Robert Barrat, George Graham, Robert Kelly, Thais Lawton, Bertha Mann and others.

REPUBLIC. "A Voice in the Dark." Melodrama in three acts by Ralph E. Dyar. Produced on July 28 with this cast:

Miss Gridley	Doris Kelly
Sam Cloyd	Frank Monroe
Robert Farrel	W. L. Thorne
Harlan Day	William Boyd
Tom Hemmingway	Stewart E. Wilson
Adele Warren	Georgia Lee Hall
Blanche Warren	Olive Wyndham
Mrs. Maria Lydiard	Florine Arnold
Amelia Ellingham	Arleen Hackett
Miss Meredith	Harriet Ross
Hugh Sainsbury	Richard Gordon
Madge Conroy	Anne Sutherland
John Malone	John Sharkey
Joe Crampton	William B. Mack
The Coroner	John Ravold
Tip Wilkins	William Phinney
Doctor Franklin	Rexford Kendrick

I CONFESS I cannot wax superlatively enthusiastic over the fourth—I hope, for the present at least, it will be the last—of the cycle of murder mystery plays now investing our stage. "A Voice in the Dark," at the Republic, is a fair example of its class.

Its principal claim to originality lies in two of its characters, one an elderly woman, paralytic and stone deaf whose evidence apparently cinches the case against the innocent heroine; the other a derelict newspaper vendor, blind, who hears a confession and by subsequently recognizing the voices, is able to show up the real offender, the much abused wife of the villainously philandering murderee.

The moving picture idea for a "throw back" is utilized three times, once in pure pantomime, but its application is thin, commonplace and inept compared to the expert use made of it in "On Trial." The dialogue serves its purpose. If you wish to attend a fairly interesting Coroner's inquest acted out before you, "A Voice in the Dark" will serve its purpose for a couple of hours.

Florine Arnold as the obstinate and irascible deaf old lady was exceedingly clever, and that excellent actor, W. B. Mack, gave distinctive character to the blind man. The nice manly directness of William Boyd as the lover of the suspected girl was quite refreshing. The object of his affections was portrayed by Olive Wyndham. A tense bit of highly wrought emotional acting was contributed by Stewart E. Wilson. It was so good that manager A. H. Woods ought to blow him off to a real suit of clothes.

Three highly colored sketches were firmly delineated by Frank Monroe, Anne Sutherland and John Sharkey. Miss Harriet Ross, who played a rôle which finally bore heavily on the plot, is a very pretty blonde. She was discreetly emotion-

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SHUBERT. "Oh, What a Girl!" Musical farce. Book and lyrics by Edgar Smith and Edward Clark; music by Charles Jules and Jacques Presburg. Produced on July 28 with this cast:

Washington	Lew Cooper
Bill Corcoran	Frank Fay
Jack Rushton	Sam Ash
Margot Merrivale	Hazel Kirke
Lola Chappelle	Vera Groset
Luigi Fravola	Ignacio Martinettl
Downes	Harold Hulen
Carr	Mat Murphy
Taylor	George Stifter
Smathers	William Zinnel
Holmes	Harold Hulen
Williams	William Barry
Ross	Dave Dreyer
Deacon Amos Titmouse	Harry Kelly
Perkins	Sam Curtis
Susie Smith	Nancy Fair
Amanda Titmouse	Elizabeth Moffat
Cinderella	Clarice Snyder
Prince Charming	Ethel Mary Oakland
Fairy Godmother	Ma-Belle
Head Waiter	Lester Scharff

OH, What A Girl!" does not need any apology as a "summer show." The spring and summer "show" actually is—and should be—a myth, if it is meant to mean something inferior, something bad, as a substitute for something that necessarily is good owing to climatic conditions, in December.

There is no reason why a comic opera should or could be any lighter in summer than in winter. Why should it be any lighter or less tuneful or effective in any way? On a purely artistic basis we are going to have worse comic operas (if possible) when traffic will be tied up, with the snow shovellers busy.

It is a good entertainment that the veteran playwrights, Edgar Smith and Edward Clark, have supplied. The Comic Muse is crowned with the evergreen wreaths of humor. Theatric efficiency is evident everywhere in the piece. It has abandon and dash and tunefulness and all that is needed to keep the spirits dancing. When Mr. Sam Ash ad-

vances to the footlights and sings *"Oh, What a Girl,"* all distrust, if any existed, vanishes. It is an exceedingly convincing vocal panegyric. With certain reservations or explanations, Miss Hazel Kirke justifies every note of praise. But Mr. Harry Kelly is the chief luminary.

The action revolves around a Deacon who visits his city nephew and presently invites the gay revellers at the young man's apartments to visit him at his home, Cemetary Corners, N. J. The bucolic oddities of the Deacon, at times in a dress suit, topped with an elongated bald head and a plenitude of whiskers make up a good part of the transactions. The piece has this merit, that it is not the too customary assemblage of disconnected parts which results in a variety entertainment, but has consistency throughout and a story. When Lew Cooper the "colored" valet of the scapegrace nephew, sings of the insistent demands of a wife, *"Gimme, Gimme, Gimme,"* it "belongs." Theatrical as it all may be in texture, there is expertness in making every trifle count that is astonishingly workmanlike, from the librettists down to the daintiest slipper in the back row of the chorus. The story has a bucolic summer vacation flavor about it. To make a summer festivity of the dreary precincts of Cemetary Corners is no mean achievement. The amatory Deacon is not an offense, but a source of harmless mirth.

If the general plan of the story is old, the special work is good and new. Renee Adoree and Lewis Slodes have an animated dance duet. Ma-Belle's solo dance is capital. There is a general excellence, nothing below a professional standard. Nancy Fair surprises you with the evidence that the cast is resourceful. Vera Groset as a prima donna; Elizabeth (at a disadvantage in a scene or two) the Deacon's wife; Clarice Snyder, as Cinderella; Ethel Oakland, Sam Curtis as a country yokel, indeed all the cast, helped to make a sufficient success of this summery, shimmyry "show."

GREENWICH VILLAGE. "THE GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES." Revusical comedy by Philip Bartholomae and John Murray Anderson; music by A. Baldwin Sloane. Produced on July 15 with this cast:

The Gold Columbine	Cynthia Perot
The Silver Harlequin	Billie Holbrook
The Master of Ceremonies	Robert Edwards
The Widow of Haig and Haig	Susanne Morgan
The Widow's Mite	Harry K. Morton
Lady Godiva	James Watts
A Juvenile	Charles Derickson
A Thief	William Foran
The Marionette	Bessie McCoy Davis
The Ingenue	Irene Olsen
The Dancer	Rita Zalmani
The Dancer	Ada Forman
Ted Lewis	

WHEN announcement was made of the "Greenwich Village Follies"—I mean "The Greenwich Village Nights" to be finally known as the "Greenwich Village Follies"—I had a vision of Murger's *Bohemian Life*. I could see a stage director, long-haired, apoplectic from the weight of his responsibilities, trying to make some kind of a showing on limited means, striving to borrow a suit and a dress—anything to make a respectable appearance. I expected to see gowns made of muslin, beautifully camouflaged by the Greenwich Village artists, to make them look like Fifth Avenue creations. I expected scenery of *papier maché*, furniture of near-wood, near-marble, near anything. Remember we are in near-beer time. But I was doomed to disappointment. I saw a review that will take rank among the best and most artistic productions seen in New York in years.

Where to begin and where to stop to describe this extravaganza is a problem. Sufficient to say that the palms should be handed to Harry K. Morton, Bessie McCoy Davis, Ada Forman, Cecil Cunningham, Bobbie Edwards, Jimmie Watts, Ted Lewis, Irene Olsen, Jack Wilson; to the beautiful show girls, and to the costumers, scenic artists, in fact to everybody, providing there are enough palms to go around.

44th STREET. "THE SHUBERT GAIETIES OF 1919." In two acts and twenty-five scenes. Dialogue by Edgar Smith; lyrics by Alfred Bryan; with additional songs by Blanche Merrill; music by Jean Schwartz. Produced on July 7, with this cast:

Auctioneer	Ed Wynn
The Blonde Vamp	Freda Leonard
The Brunette Vamp	Kathryn Hart
Mr. Fox Trot	Ted Lorraine
Miss Tango	Gladys Walton
Violet	Marjorie Gateson
Tom Brush	Harry Fender
Mrs. Flittington	Marguerite Farrell
Izzy	Augustus Minton
Captain Henry Bugsbee	George Hassell
Col. John Glubberson	William Kent
Sergeant Bragg	Jimmie Fox
Lieutenant Shapeleigh	Perle Germonde
Molly	Julia Bellew
Cholly	Kuy Kendall
Hobson	Frank MacMasters
Major Flittington	Frank Kingdon
Jack Potter	Stewart Baird
Miss Revue	Josie Heather
Specialty	Ward Brothers
Ina Williams	

SAY the Shubert Brothers to their staff, "Are we going to allow all the 'Follies,' 'Scandals,' etc., to get away with all the money in New York? What is the matter with us taking a slice of it?" Some sarcastic individual shouted: "I have an idea—let's get up the 'Failures of 1919.'" A level-headed man, however, suggested hurriedly that the "Gaieties of 1919" would be more appropriate.

Within twenty-four hours, authors, musicians, librettists were at work. The next day the scene painters started, together with the costumers, and the "Gaieties" promise to become a yearly feature of New York theatrical life.

This style of show was previously intended exclusively for the T. B. M., but now everybody patronizes it. It would be a crime of *lèse-majesté* to acknowledge not to have been among those present at one time or another. The "Gaieties" are full of good fun, the perpetrators being ably led by that King of Jest, Ed. Wynn, whose dry humor is an institution in itself.

39TH STREET. "THE RED DAWN." Drama in three acts by Thomas Dixon. Produced on August 6 with this cast:

Tess Maloney	Mattie Ferguson
Fabia	Miriam Batista
Maria	Flora MacDonald
Richard Stanton	DeWitt Jennings
Zorin	Louis Lytton
Cargin	Austin Webb
Margaret	Frances Grayson
John Duncan	Averill Harris
Pierre	Marcel Rousseau
Rev. Luke Jones	John Saunders
Napoleon	Will Evans
Miss Vera Devere	Doraldina
Simpson	George T. Meech

BANG! The second in the cycle of dramas with social unrest as a leit motif exploded recently. Its T. N. T., time fuses, etc., were supplied from the laboratory of Thomas Dixon, former preacher, playwright and source of inspiration of the scenario of "The Birth of a Nation." Mr. Dixon, of course, takes himself very seriously. It was difficult, however, to accept his thesis in any such vein. Nor was the interpretation calculated to enhance the value of the argument. Sound though it was in spots, it was couched in such platitudinous langauge as to utterly defeat its serious acceptance.

Bang! "The Red Dawn" began on a Thursday and closed on the succeeding Saturday.



Photos White

The Javanese number of the "Greenwich Village Follies" proves that the costumes are lavish, the girls pretty, and the scenery in excellent taste. Jeanne Carroll (center) is singing "My Little Javanese"



Cynthia Perot and Billy Holbrooke are charming figures in a "Pierrot" dance



Jimmie Watts and Rex Story in their "Dance Classique" burlesquing Pavlowa and Nijinsky

GREENWICH VILLAGE HAS ITS "FOLLIES"



Having finished successful season, Fay Hampton and her pet, Zero, were making the most of the summer vacation before starting rehearsing the new play

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER DIVORCE CASES

A STORY OF THE STAGE

By LEWIS ALLEN BROWNE

CO-AUTHOR OF "PLEASE GET MARRIED"

Illustration by Ira L. Hill, Posed by Miss Grace Darling

JIMMIE Walsh watched Fay Hampton and Zero paddling about in a canoe. That is, Fay was paddling. Zero sat in the prow and watched her with that dignity that only a police dog can attain.

"Wish she's upset and the mutt would drag her ashore," grumbled Jimmie, "not that it would be anything startling, or that all the papers would fall for it, but it would be a starter."

From this one might easily win on the first bet that Jimmie Walsh was a press agent. Not that Jimmie would admit it. Ask him and he would flash a card which informed you that Mr. James O'Neil Walsh was "Publicity Representative" for the great theatrical producers, Blake & Lake. That is, the card did not state that Blake & Lake were great; Jimmie always essayed that information.

And Fay Hampton, so widely known in the theatrical world, was Mrs. Fay Hampton in private life, or, as it would please her most, Mrs. Donald Hampton, wife of the senior partner of Hampton & Jones, importers.

Having finished a most successful season in the title rôle of "All For Alice," and having been signed up to star in the forthcoming attraction, "Paste Jewels," Fay Hampton was making the most of the few weeks of private life before the rehearsals, the opening and the practically assured long run.

A few days previous to this, Lake had pushed a certain buzzer that summoned Jimmie to his office.

JIMMIE," he said, "it's time we began action on 'Paste Jewels.' Shoot out something original to the papers."

"Sure," grinned Jimmie. Inwardly he groaned. He knew what was coming.

"Interest people in this play. It's a corker."

"Certainly," answered Jimmie, taking a brace to begin again the old argument, "but don't you think people are more interested in players than in plays?"

"Fifty-fifty. Get busy with both. Hunt up Miss Hampton; she's off camping with her husband somewhere."

Jimmie went next day directly to the lake resort where Miss Hampton had her cottage. It was but a few hours' motor trip from the city. From the hotel he sauntered over to the cottage colony and talked with Miss Hampton.

"Something original about me?" she laughed, when Jimmie told her what Lake had said.

"She is all original," declared her husband, with an affectionate pat.

"Say that I know there are many in my profession who are far greater than I," she suggested. "Wouldn't that be original?"

"Original enough to cause me to lose my job and, what is fatal to a publicity representative, get a reputation as a faker," moaned Jimmie.

JUST say I am to star in 'Paste Jewels' and hope to make a success; that I like it better than any previous vehicle, and—Oh, you know, Jimmie, the old stuff. I must run along now."

And so Jimmie sat down by the shore of the lake and watched her in the canoe and wished the unholy wish that she would spill into the drink and be rescued by her dog. Nothing of the sort occurred. Jimmie knew well enough that it would not.

Guests were arriving. He recognized two, John Collingwood, the rather widely-known and successful lawyer, and Paul Atkins, in the Social Register, in the best clubs, with absolutely nothing to do, and yet with not sufficient time to spend his income. Jimmie knew other things about Atkins; probably every theatrical "publicity representative" in the city knew them, and knew that they were true.

"Oh, well, with their coin they get away with it," thought Jimmie.

Collingwood lived in the same lake colony in summer, in a cottage equally as attractive as that of Fay Hampton. Don Hampton and John Collingwood had been close friends for many years. But then, Atkins had also been a close friend of Hampton's for many years; they had been in college together.

Collingwood drove over with his wife. Atkins, not possessing any legal wife, motored over from town with the newest model in de luxe cars and the dizziest thing in liveried chauffeurs. Others came along in their cars, each with a packed hamper, and the party started up into the country for a gypsy picnic. Jimmie languidly watched them go. He had been invited to join them, but politely refused. He yawned as they departed, strolled back to his hotel, wrote and sent to town a few "society notes" and "resort notes," each one of which, not at all strange to remark, contained most prominently of all the name of Fay Hampton. Her forthcoming play was also artlessly mentioned.

Then Jimmie had a hunch. He had many; that was why he held down his job. This hunch was simply to "*cherchez la femme*." Jimmie called it "Go see th' dame," the "dame" being Miss Hampton's maid. Jimmie sauntered back to the Hampton cottage and got into conversation with the young lady. The maid confessed that life was extremely tame for her during the couple months that Miss Hampton was idle. She preferred the city, the movies, the young men It was deadly dull here. Not for the world would she stay were it not for the fun of her duties during the months that Miss Hampton was playing.

"I've got to dig up some good stories about her, and she won't give me any," bemoaned Jimmie.

"I thought all you press agent mek them up?" said the girl.

NOT a chance here. Miss Hampton won't stand for fakes," explained Jimmie, "but if I could get a line of straight stuff about her, you know, some chatty dope that women like to read—about her wardrobe, her likes and dislikes, what she prefers for breakfast, does she do her own cooking—"

"Non," laughed the maid; "Violet ees her cook. She ees what you call coon, only she half keel you should she hear it."

"I know her," said Jimmie. "Well, tell me something. Her favorite colors, dresses, breakfast food, types of men—"

"Ah!" Marie's eyes twinkled. "Types of men,

eh? She like them ver' black of hair, ver' stylish, ver' wealthy."

Jimmie scowled in thought. Donald Hampton was not black of hair, not extremely stylish, nor very wealthy. He was blonde, plain business type and only moderately well off.

"Er—for instance?" said Jimmie, and smiled.

"Monsieur Atkins, perhaps. Who knows?" The girl arched her eyebrows.

"Hell!" said Jimmie, under his breath, but he was after information first, last and all of the time. He retained his smile. And in his wisdom he did not eagerly ply her for information, he did not say "I don't doubt it. Tell me all about it." Rather, he kept up his smile, lighted a cigarette and then said, "Nonsense!"

"Nonsense, eh?" said the girl, "perhaps, but ah, I sure would lak such nonsense from such a reech man. I see him follow her everywhere, I see him mek eyes at her. I see him kiss her! Now what you theenk?"

"I think you are making a very grave mistake to repeat any such piffle. It was probably all in fun."

"Yes?" said the girl.

Jimmie wanted to box her silly pink ears.

Somehow, he hadn't felt as uncomfortable in years as he did while walking back to his hotel.

What the maid said was true. She had seen Paul Atkins kiss Fay Hampton. Unfortunately for Jimmie's peace of mind, she had not seen what followed. She had not seen the stinging blow delivered by Fay Hampton upon the flushed face of Atkins, she had not heard the conversation that followed.

In the first place, Fay Hampton loved her husband better than all else on earth, yes, better than her profession, better than her fairly won fame as an actress among the top-notchers. In the second place, she had never liked Paul Atkins and had been on the verge of telling her husband that truth many times. But Hampton was really fond of Atkins. Hampton regarded him as his closest friend, and Fay Hampton knew this. For this reason she always hesitated about saying anything that would hurt her husband's feelings.

BOTH at their city home and at Fay's suburban cottage, Atkins had been a frequent, almost a constant, visitor. He was one of the first friends Hampton brought to his home after his marriage.

On one occasion Fay did say, "Donald, I wish Mr. Atkins would not be quite so—er—well, friendly. It embarrasses me."

"My dear, Paul is a good old scout. Do you know he is immensely fond of you, but aside from all that, he is attentive to you because you are my wife." Hampton was quite certain of this.

It had continued to a disagreeable extent during the previous summer vacation. During her working season there was less opportunity. This season Atkins' attentions had become more embarrassing than ever to Fay Hampton. He asked for too many dances, he said too many subtle things to her that she succeeded in densely overlooking, he patted her hand or arm too often when her husband was not about. Then came this time when, alone with her in the cottage living-room, he had suddenly taken her in his arms and kissed her. At the same time, during the moment that he held her struggling, he poured out in passionate words his desire for her.

It was the kiss that her maid saw. But her maid withdrew, discreetly, as she thought. Had she remained a moment longer she would have seen and heard the blow, and the torrent of hate Fay Hampton poured out in few words.

"You are a vile thing, Paul Atkins! Only because my husband believes you are such a friend have I permitted you to be in my house. I still hesitate to hurt him, to break his faith in you. But I must."

Atkins, of course, begged. It goes without saying that he had a yellow streak in him the full width of his brain. He used the time-worn excuse: he could not prevent his love, it simply burst forth, he had tried to disguise it.

"You never knew the meaning of love," scorned Fay.

Atkins protested, begged, promised to never look at her, to touch her or to speak to her more than was necessary in society, if only she would remain silent.

Fay Hampton was a clever actress because she was imaginative and, being imaginative, she could picture the hurt that would come to Donald Hampton when he knew that Atkins was, after all these years, no friend, but the worst enemy. And so Fay Hampton delayed telling her husband.

ATKINS was a fool, of course, and as far from being a man as it is possible. He actually believed that Fay Hampton possessed a secret liking for him; that, after all, her repulse had been more a bit of acting than anything else. The fact that she had not told her husband was one reason for this belief.

The kissing episode had occurred a fortnight before the maid told it to Jimmie Walsh. Things in the Hampton cottage had run on about the same, outwardly. Atkins knew better than to stop calling. There would be explanations to make. Furthermore, he held to the belief that Fay Hampton did not mean half that she had said, and that he could win her, as he had so many others. To his credit, or rather to his excellent judgment of beautiful women, he was as much in love with her as it lay in his power to be in love with anyone except Paul Atkins. He was determined to have Fay Hampton. He believed that he would succeed.

At the picnic, on the day Jimmie Walsh had run out to the cottage colony, Atkins became a trifle more bold. He sat beside Fay Hampton at the spread. She flushed and looked about for a means of escape. Atkins mistook the nature of the flush altogether. He was that sort of a male. She could not get up and find another place because her husband sat on her other side. Nor could she ask her husband to change places. Atkins touched her hand now and then in passing things. And while Fay Hampton inwardly raged and recoiled, Atkins inwardly gloated and told himself that she was as good as his.

THERE had been a bit of gossip before this. But then, there would have been under any circumstances. Caesar's wife would have understood. Kate Harris was partly the cause. She wanted Paul Atkins' fortune and was quite willing to take him along with it. She had practically told him as much. Atkins did not want Kate Harris and he had practically told her as much. A most dangerous thing to do, according to all history that has been either chronicled or handed down as legendary.

Kate had dropped a few words of sugar-coated poison in Donald Hampton's ear. He had laughed at her and forgotten it the next moment. But it was there, ready to flash back into memory.

Atkins did not motor back to town after the picnic, but put up at the hotel. When Jimmie Walsh saw him there he lost the smile that he had almost recovered after his interview with the maid. Atkins did not know Jimmie, but every theatrical man knew Atkins. Jimmie looked back through the register and found that Atkins had not stopped there before during the season. Somehow he didn't like it all. He had a hunch that something would come of it, doubtless some good publicity stuff. Of course, he would have to do it, and of course if there was a break in the Hampton domestic relations, it would be the wife who was innocent and the husband who was all wrong, so far as his version for publication was concerned.

The next morning Jimmie saw Atkins pick up Hampton and start for the city. He felt relieved. After all, it was only a chattering French maid's gossip. He called on Fay Hampton that afternoon, since she had no guests that day, and went over the new play situation and discussed possible phases of the publicity that she knew quite well to be necessary. Then came the jolt. As Jimmie was leaving, Atkins rode into the pebbled driveway of the Hampton cottage, with his liveried chauffeur. Donald Hampton was not with him. Atkins looked at Jimmie queerly, a trifle suspiciously. He was that sort. Jimmie eyed him coldly, and with much suspicion.

But if Jimmie got a jolt, Fay Hampton got a double jolt. Jimmie hurried away. Atkins hopped out. Fay Hampton stood open-eyed in the door.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "where is Donald? Has anything happened to him?"

"Plugging away at his desk, like a dull slave. Not a thing has happened to him," declared Atkins, lightly.

Fay froze instantly.

"Then why—"

"Why did I come back?" queried Atkins. Fay nodded.

"Have something of interest to say. It won't wait." And Atkins coolly entered and tossed his cap on a hall stand.

THERE is nothing of interest to me that you can say," declared the woman.

"Not about Don?"

"Oh!" she gasped, "then something has happened? Tell me."

Atkins smiled and stepped into the living-room. She followed.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked.

"Tell me," she demanded, ignoring his request.

"Why—er—very well, I *will* tell you. Don's all right, but Good Gad, Fay, not for a wonderful woman like yourself. He doesn't half appreciate you, he cannot do the things for you that I could, such as building a theatre to be named for you, to—"

Fay's eyes distended—she was of two minds, whether to leap at him and claw him or to turn and run. She turned to go but he was too quick for her and caught her in his arms.

"Be sensible," he said.

She tore herself from his grasp.

"Your promise! You have broken it! There is nothing left for me except to tell Donald!"

"You wouldn't be so silly," he laughed lightly. It was assuredly the wrong time to laugh.

"The moment that he steps into the house. And you had best be far away from here."

"Are you serious, Fay?"

"Don't call me 'Fay!' Don't speak to me or look at me. Get out!"

"Now don't make a scene. Don't tell Don, I beg of you. Can't you understand that it is a compliment to a woman to be loved, as I love you—"

Fay pointed to the door.

"Now I beg of you—"

She continued to point at the door.

"Even as I am begging of you now to come with me, so shall I make you beg of me to take you away. Remember that cheerful little prophecy, will you, Fay?"

Atkins turned quickly and walked out. Fay dropped into the nearest chair and stared into space for fully five minutes, then studied her new play furiously to get her mind off the whole thing.

Atkins had intended telling her that Donald Hampton was not coming out for dinner that night, but was going to remain in at a banquet. However, Hampton sent his wife word to this effect. Had he telephoned, himself, rather than have his secretary do it, there would have been nothing much worth relating about the Hamptons.

That night, to all appearances, Paul Atkins was awaiting the arrival of someone from the train. He sat in his car at the little station where he could see every passenger that alighted and crossed the narrow platform beneath the electric lights. But when the 11.55 from the city arrived it would seem that whoever it was Atkins had expected had not arrived, for he left the station and drove away.

The station master saw him leave.

HUMPH," he thought, "that guy's a funny quitter. Here he's waited for th' last five trains and then leaves when there's only one more out tonight. His party's just as likely to be on that as any."

The station master's guess was only half right. The "party" *was* coming on the next train, but Paul Atkins was well aware of it. He didn't want to be there when that party came, for the "party" was Donald Hampton. The next train was due in twenty minutes. Atkins sat in his car in a dark and lonely spot in the road until the last train pulled in. Then he scurried across a lot and into the Hampton yard. He looked up anxiously, and grinned. Through the shade shone a dim light. With surprising skill he clambered up a pillar of the veranda to the veranda roof. He crouched there until he saw Donald Hampton walk briskly up the gravel path and heard him let himself in. Then Atkins removed his coat and held it under his arm. He disarranged his tie, mussed his hair and deliberately shoved up the window screen and stepped into the room.

Fay had just fallen asleep. Atkins' entrance awakened her.

"Is that you, dear?" she asked, sleepily.

"Yes, it is your 'dear' all right," said Atkins, sharply, and with a nasty laugh.

"Who is it?" gasped Fay, sitting up and snapping on the light. Then she screamed.

Donald Hampton, below, heard the scream. He made the stairs in about three leaps and rushed into the room.

Atkins was coolly putting on his coat.

"Well, Fay," said Atkins, "he got us at last, eh? If you need me—and you will—I'll take care of you."

With that he was out of the window. Donald Hampton had, for the instant, been frozen to the spot. He leaped for his chiffonier, opened a drawer, took out the revolver and rushed to the window.

Atkins had slid down the pillar and was gone across lots in the darkness.

DONALD HAMPTON listened, made a move as if to clamber out, thought better of it, and turned back to the bed where Fay sat sobbing.

"I won't shoot your lover. It would only bring disgrace on me. And this is about all the disgrace I care to shoulder," he said, tossing the weapon back in the drawer.

"Donald!"

Fay extended her arms. Her husband stood motionless.

"Donald, he was in and out again all within a minute. Go and find him, go and shoot him. If you don't, I shall!"

Her husband made no sound, no move.

"My dear, can't you understand? This terrible creature you believed to be your best friend—Oh, I should have forbidden him the house long ago. Can't you see what he has tried to do?"

"*Tried* to do?" thundered Donald.

"Donald, oh God, what are you saying? You don't believe—"

"Save your dramatics for the stage."

"Donald!"

If he heard her he gave no evidence of it. He turned and left the room, went down the stairs, picked up his hat and left the house.

It was a short walk to the hotel. Jimmie Walsh, night owl by nature, was taking a short walk up and down in front of the hotel and smoking a good-night cigarette. When he saw Hampton enter the hotel and register, his mouth opened so wide that the cigarette fell to the ground. But he recovered readily and stepped into the office in time to see Hampton go into a telephone booth.

JIMMIE decided to remain in the background. He went out and sat in a dark corner of the hotel veranda where he could keep an eye on the open door. Hampton came out and went down to the walk, where he paced nervously up and down, smoking furiously, but consuming more of the cigar by chewing it than by burning. It seemed an hour to Jimmie, but it was probably no more than fifteen minutes before John Collingwood approached hurriedly. He was certainly not strolling about for an airing. Hampton met him and they exchanged a few words, then started off up the street.

Jimmie wanted to know. He followed at a discreet distance, his rubber soles making no sound. Collingwood and Hampton came to a halt in front of Collingwood's home, went into the yard and sat down in a little Summer house. Jimmie managed to get near enough to hear a few words. What came to his ears was something like this:

"—there's been gossip—Oh yes, plenty of evidence—ordinarily I won't touch such cases, but this one—then you will?—can arrange it—no publicity—no, the dirty dog isn't worth it—yes, at the hotel. The cottage is hers, you know—at ten tomorrow—my office—"

Jimmie sneaked back to the hotel. He was frowning. It was Atkins, of course. So they had something on him. Well, Jimmie was disgusted with his job. He had never believed it—Fay Hampton had been perfection in his eyes. He thought he knew them all. Gad, if she could fool him like that, knowing her as well as he did, what woman could a man trust? He supposed he would have to cook up some sensational yarn, possibly the jealous husband—wrongfully suspected wife type. Anything so long as it left a halo about the fair brow of Fay Hampton and heaped the fault on her husband's shoulders. Life was a hell of a rotten deal, taken by and large, he was sure of it, and he tumbled into bed for a nightmarish night of it.

FAY was keen, but, after all, she was truly feminine, and a hysteria of sobbing fell to her lot for the most of the night, with her frantic maid asking a stream of questions, all of which were unanswered. The maid wasn't at all happy. She had planned to meet a certain young man in the garden late that night and now—well, where was Monsieur? Madame couldn't answer, only sob afresh. What had happened? Did Monsieur know? Again Madame made no answer other than hysterical sobbing.

But dawn cleared the mind of Fay Hampton somewhat. She telephoned to her husband's office. She was asked who it was. She told them. There was a little wait, then the information, "Mr. Hampton is too busy to be disturbed." When could he speak to her? Another pause, another reply, "It was impossible for Mr. Hampton to state."

At noon she called again. This time she used the name of Mrs. Collingwood. Donald Hampton came on the wire at once. "Yes, Mrs. Collingwood?"

"Oh Donald, it is Fay—"

"Click" and a dead telephone. More telephoning. A report that no call from her exchange was to be answered at that office.

Then Fay raved. It was unjust, it was wicked. It should be Donald who came pleading to her, to her who had loved him so dearly, so faithfully. She wrote him a letter. (*Concluded on page* 167)





From a portrait by Jean De Strelecki

GERTRUDE HOFFMANN

WHO earns $2,500 a week in Keith vaudeville and deserves it. Formerly she was supported by no less than sixty people in her act, but now she is the entire show for she sings, dances, acts, imitates, designs her own costumes and scenery, writes her own material, and even assists the orchestra. Truly, Variety is the place for Gertrude Hoffmann

HOW I PICK BEAUTIES

Only thirty out of five thousand eager candidates chosen for the "Midnight Frolic"

By FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, JR.

WHEN I select beauties for my "Follies" or for my still more exacting Midnight or Nine O'clock "Frolic," I try to choose the American type. This I do for two reasons:

First to make my task easier: There is a larger percentage of beauties in America than in any other country. I do not claim that choosing haphazard, an American woman, an English woman, a French or a Spanish woman, that the American is sure to be the greater beauty. What I do assert and am prepared to prove by any beauty of nations that any doubter may wish to arrange, is that there will be more beautiful women in any group of one hundred Americans than there will be in any group of like number in any nationality in the world.

By such a test it will be shown that five per cent. of all American women are beautiful. Five of every hundred conform to the established canons of perfection in loveliness. Fifty per cent. are pretty, pleasing or personable. They possess possibilities of development by dress, training and deportment. Over the remaining forty-five per cent. we will draw the veil of kindly silence. I want to live long.

THE American woman of natural beauty is the world's leader in physical loveliness. I do not know why this is. The facts are sufficient for me. There is a theory that the American woman unites in her the finest points of all other nations. It is not unreasonable to contend that the melting pot which fuses the mental characteristics of nations likewise blends their qualities of beauty. But the American woman is prone to err on one point. Being beautiful she seeks to further enhance her beauty by too much "make-up." She makes the same mistake as the French woman in this respect. The French woman is wholly artificial in dress, in manner, in thoughts, in speech. She makes up too much. If a woman does not make-up to look natural she had better use no make-up aids.

This American habit, so like the French, of too much make-up, is a great draw-back when I select girls for the "Frolics." On the stage, extremes of "make-up" are not so noticeable. But in the "Frolics," the beauties must dance and sing amongst the patrons. They should have no more "make-up" than do the women sitting at the tables.

Barring this annoyance, which sometimes reaches the point of exasperation, it is not as difficult as might be expected to choose a beauty for the Ziegfeld productions. Good looking girls want to join my organization. They apply in person. I see them all, because I want to maintain my personal standard of beauty. Mr. Ned Wayburn, left to himself, selects a girl for her training and agility. He wants the girl who can do the work. He doesn't care how she looks.

I saw five thousand girls in order to select the thirty beauties for the "Midnight Frolic." I maintain that the results justify the time and patience expended. I assert that the thirty girls in the "Midnight Frolic" are the most beautiful women in the world.

On days of inspection the girls pass through my office in long lines. As they pass I say "Yes" or "No." That is all. Those to whom I say "Yes" go down to the stage and report to Mr. Wayburn. He knows that if I send them it is because they reach my standard of beauty. He then tests their ability to dance.



© Raphael Kirchner

Well-known Kirchner poster which the artist entitled "Temptation" and adopted by Mr. Ziegfeld as the universal type of attractiveness

I sometimes hesitate in my choice. As soon as a girl enters that door I know whether she is beautiful enough for a Ziegfeld production. But I am not sure whether she has the grace and personality which are supplementary needs. She may be awkward or she may be stupid. Beauty and brains are not often found together. But a girl must be bright enough to speak a line well. If in doubt upon the point of intelligence, I talk to them. When in doubt about the possibilities of graceful movements I ask them if they have seen the picture farthest from them. They have to cross the floor to look at it. I am in doubt now as to a girl waiting outside. She is beautiful but not clever and she has big feet.

There are recognized points of beauty. The Greeks had their arbitrary standards. An Italian of the middle ages made his pronouncement that only those eyes were beautiful that were of a deep brown. He said, too, that only that mouth was beautiful that, when it smiled, revealed but five teeth. The Ziegfeld beauty who smiled only a width of five teeth would be "fired." I am governed by what I regard as beautiful.

I believe that there are six chief points of beauty. They are what I note in my swift, comprehensive first view of an applicant.

First, eyes: They must be large. They must be soulful. In color they must be blue or brown. Grey eyes cannot be beautiful. They are too hard, too intellectual. They are the eyes of the typical college girl. Black eyes are seldom beautiful. They have an opaque quality that is repellant.

Second, nose: It must be straight. It must be shapely. It must be of a size in proportion to the rest of the face.

Third, teeth: They must be regular and white. The nearer they look like the proverbial pearls or grains of young white corn the better.

Fourth, hair: It must be natural. No woman with bleached or dyed hair reaches my standard of beauty. She shows her lack of the sense of beauty and fitness when she attempts to improve upon nature. Old, yes, but true. As old and as true as love. Nature paints a girl's hair red, her skin clear and white, her eyes blue. Who could improve upon that color scheme?

Fifth, feet and ankles: They must be small and trim.

Sixth, a buoyant walk: The woman who walks a rolling gait, an uneven one, or who drags her feet as though there was lead in her boots, misses an important point in the sextette of beauty.

IN the eyes and manner of everyone who talks to me about the Ziegfeld beauties I see the question: "How do you choose girls of such beautiful legs? How—Er—Ah?"

That is simple. The proficient eye can judge correctly of a woman's figure by her feet and ankles. The fashions, especially those of France, allow a good ground and sectional view of the twin foundations. Having had that sweeping view I confidently send the candidate to the stage for a rehearsal. She gets into practice clothes. If she happens to have bowed knees or the kind that interfere, Mr. Wayburn's is the shock. She is swiftly but kindly eliminated.

There are other but more immediately obvious bars to joining Ziegfeld beauties. If a girl's teeth are dark or irregular she cannot enter into the pulchritudinous fold. The girl with an ugly nose has no more chance with us than a certain oft-cited camel in the celestial regions. Nor can the girl with the duck waddle, the commonest feminine gait, hope for our favor.

There is no standard as to size. Symmetry is the thing. Correct proportion is what counts. I have had girls in my company who weighed one hundred forty-five pounds, but looked like Venus. Proper distribution of weight or curves



Abbe

Three black-faced fun-makers of the "Follies" —Bert Williams, George Lemaire, and Eddie Cantor—who are adding to the merriment at the New Amsterdam



© Hixon-Connelly

This is not really an Indian, but a remarkable study of Cleveland Bronner who is doing unusual dances in vaudeville



Abbe

Pauline Garon, without previous stage experience, came to New York, and by her prettiness and promise, secured a part in "A Lonely Romeo"



Strelecki

A photographic study of the words, "They were married and lived happily forever after."—James L. Crane and his wife, Alice Brady

IN AND ABOUT THE THEATRE

is the solution. So neither height nor brevity are handicaps. Unequal placing of weight and curves is an insuperable obstacle. While I cannot say that no girl with dyed hair need apply, we do not go out into the highways nor byways to seek her. Nature is a better wig-maker than Willie Hepner. She knows more about mixing colors than even did our marvelous and lamented Raphael Kirchner.

Speaking of Kirchner, on the left wall of my office hangs a colored sketch of a girl that is the universal type of attractiveness to men. She is slender yet has what the French term *fausse maigre*. One beginning curve blends deliciously into successive ones. She has a roguish smile, more from the sidewise glancing eyes than from her lips. Raphael Kirchner must have considered her the universal type for he named her "Temptation." Almost everybody has met temptation.

I said universal. But I apologize for speaking only of the man half of humanity. The girl whom Kirchner called "Temptation" and I call "The Woman in Black," is the type that every man admires. But I have heard few women admire her. Dolores, the very tall, very thin, very chic model, seems to be the universal type for women's admiration. Marilynn Miller has the quality of beauty that is like a ray of sunshine. Jessie Reed and Martha Mansfield are beautiful women.

But audiences of the "Follies" and the "Frolics" have observed that while I have my own standards of beauty I have also catholicity of taste. You see on my stage every type of beauty. Beauty is a mixed banquet. It is a garden in which many varieties of flowers grow. But I endeavor to show perfect examples of every type.

One type is missing because the taste of the public has eliminated it. Time was when big women were admired on the stage. They were so tall and broad that skirts were imperative. One sees them on the boards no more.

Objects of nature typify womanly beauty according to the special taste of that beholder. Some beholders see beautiful women as rare flowers, the wood violet, the rose or the lily or the orchid. Others, and they not of the finest sensibilities, see them as race horses. On my desk, on the piano, on the table yonder are trays. Beneath the glass of those trays you see butterflies. Their outspread wings are blue, a blue as deep and brilliant as Joseph Urban's back drops. It is thus, as butterflies with brilliant wings outspread, I see women.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

LILLIAN RUSSELL was born in Clinton, Iowa, and showed marked musical talent at the early age of six?

Laurette Taylor is now in London on a vacation?

Jane Cowl played one of the giggling girls in the original production of "The Music Master" with David Warfield?

The rights to more than 500 Yiddish plays have been secured by A. H. Woods, who has taken over the work of a group of Yiddish writers for a term of twenty years?

The Charles Frohman Co., Inc., theatrical producers, has been acquired by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and will be operated in association with the motion picture enterprise?

Henry Miller announced many years ago that he was to play "Hamlet" out-of-town, whereupon a New York newspaper printed the following: "Henry Miller will attempt to play 'Hamlet' tonight. This crime will occur in Albany."

Arnold Daly began as an office boy for Charles Frohman?

Elsie Janis has a remarkable gift for writing verse?

David Warfield was the first member of his family to become an actor?

Ethel Barrymore appeared as Nora in "A Doll's House" at the New Lyceum Theatre in 1905 with Bruce McRae as Torvald and Edgar Selwyn (now the theatrical producer) as Dr. Rank?

George Bernard Shaw was first introduced to American theatre audiences by Richard Mansfield?

Maxine Elliott is a Kentuckian, and her real name is Jessie McDermott?

Louis Mann began his stage career at the age of three when he appeared in a series of Grimm's fairy tales?

Robert Louis Stevenson's novel "The Master of Ballantrae" will be Walker Whiteside's next play?

Doraldina, known for her sinuous Hawaiian dances, is to play a strong dramatic rôle in the forthcoming production of "The Red Dawn"?

Klaw and Erlanger are about to dissolve partnership?

Joseph Jefferson's stage career extended over a period of seventy-one years?

Bertha Kalich headed the Yiddish stock company in the Bowery before making her debut in English speaking drama on Broadway?

Morris Gest, the theatrical producer, is a son-in-law of David Belasco?

Sam Bernard first met Weber and Fields when he was a young actor playing in Coney Island, earning twenty-five per? Twenty years after he was engaged by them for the Weber and Fields Music Hall.

There is an actor colony in Great Neck, L. I., some of the residents being George M. Cohan, Donald Brian, Joseph Santley, Jane Cowl, Olga Petrova, Raymond Hitchcock, Guy Bolton, Ernest Truex and John E. Hazzard?

A play based on the life of Abraham Lincoln is the dramatic sensation of London?

E. A. Sothern once wrote in reply to a request for an autograph: "In answer to your note for my autograph I beg to say I never give one. Yours, Dundreary."

Margaret Anglin was born in the House of Parliament in Ottawa? Her father was the Speaker of the House, and it was customary for the Speaker to live in the Parliament Building.

Wilton Lackaye wished to be a priest when a young man and even began studying for the priesthood, but seeing Annie Russell in "Esmeralda" he became stage struck and decided to become an actor?

De Wolf Hopper's famous verses, "Casey," were found in a San Francisco newspaper, and for four years Mr. Hopper tried to trace the author? He finally discovered that he was Ernest L. Thayer, a well-to-do manufacturer who wrote the poem merely to kill time.

William S. Hart played the part of The Bad Man in the stage production of "The Squaw Man"?

Margaret Lawrence of "Tea for Three" is the wife of a Lieutenant-Commander in the U. S. service?

William E. Meehan, of "The Five Million," once sang and danced in burlesque?

Cohan and Harris kept Max Marcin's play, "The House of Glass" two years before producing it?

John Mason played in "The Witching Hour" nine hundred and seventy times?

Winchell Smith, who produced such successes as "Turn to the Right," "Lightnin'," and "Three Wise Fools," is a playwright and actor, too?

Blanche Bates is the mother of two wonderful children and the wife of George Creel?

Nedda Harrigan, a daughter of the well-beloved Ned Harrigan, will appear with Chauncey Olcott in "Macushla"?

Members of the casts of musical productions get no salaries during the long rehearsals, and if the piece is a frost all their time and energy is wasted?

Pearl White started her career as a news-girl? At a very early age she sold newspapers in her home town, Sedalia, Ohio. Her father was Irish, her mother Italian, and there were nine other White children in the family.

Props for a pretentious musical entertainment have been known to cost $15,000?

Ina Claire is a graduate of the school of vaudeville? She made her debut in Variety when fifteen years old, being given the opportunity by a New York vaudeville manager.

Fannie Ward has a larger collection of jewels than any actress in the world?

Anna Case's father was a blacksmith of South Branch, N. J., and when she was a young girl she collected his bills for him?

Geraldine Farrar, who once emphatically declared, "I shall never marry," is now the wife of Lou Tellegen who is also her leading man on the screen?

In 1878, Robert Mantell supported Modjeska in "Camille;" Henry Miller and W. J. Ferguson being other members of the company?

Billie Burke's father was a popular singing clown in a touring circus, and when she went on the stage, she took his name?

A famous New York manager said, "When a play is accepted the first thing I do is to have the author rewrite it"?

Frank Bacon, the star of "Lightnin'," is as successful at prune growing as he is at acting, and he has marketed prunes between seasons of his playing on the stage?



Arnold Genthe

(Left)

BEATRICE MAUDE

Stuart Walker, whose aim it has been to establish a repertory company of the highest grade, can boast of this gifted and attractive young player among his ranks. The company has been giving a summer season of stock in Indianapolis with marked success



Abbe

(Right)

MARGARET MOWER

Who has been a conspicuous figure in the Stuart Walker Company, and will no doubt be prominent in the casts of "The Magnificent Ambersons," the Booth Tarkington novel, and the new play adapted from Wallace Irwin's "Hashimura Togo" stories which Mr. Walker is to stage

WITH BEAUTY AND TALENT—STUART WALKER PLAYERS

BURBANKING OUR DRAMA

Weary of bedroom farce, theatres demand plays based upon big, fundamental aspects of American life

By EDWIN CARTY RANCK



LUTHER BURBANK, the genius of the garden, has made the inhabitants of the vegetable kingdom do stunts that Dame Nature never intended them to do. He has even made two vegetables grow where there was only one before, and has come pretty close to persuading figs to grow from thistles—something that no self-respecting fig ever really wants to do, even at the siren call of Mr. Burbank. This California magician is the most honest and successful grafter in the world—so successful, in fact, that he has Bolshevized the Vegetable Kingdom and weeded out all the conservative or bourgeoisie elements. His composite vegetables are hybrid creatures that have no individuality of their own. A peach tastes like a pear and a pear tastes like a persimmon. The day is coming when fruits and vegetables will taste like an old-fashioned crazy quilt looks. Thus has he Burbanked the vegetables and fruits until the poor little things are suffering from hopeless amnesia.

There is a moral here for the ambitious playwright who attempts to graft upon the technique of the drama distinct attributes of the motion picture that will no more mix with good drama than an Irishman with an A. P. A. The result of such grafting is a wobbly, weak-kneed dramatic offspring that is neither play nor picture. It is a sort of everyplay that is too puny to stand the glare of the footlights and soon dies of inanition. And this is as it should be, for there is no more deadly and blighting influence at work in our theatre to-day than this pernicious practice of trying to combine in one, two separate and distinct arts—if you can call scenario writing an art, which I certainly do not. If our playwrights persist in this practice, we shall develop a mongrel drama that will ultimately bite itself and die of hydrophobia.



MR. BURBANK has succeeded not only in preserving the original flavor of a fine peach, but has developed and augmented it. Personally, however, I prefer the unaugmented flavor of the peach before it became the victim of scientific experimentation. And I like my drama straight—just as I like my whiskey. Doing things to them does not improve the flavor, according to my lights. Mr. Shakespeare says that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Nevertheless, I believe that any unprejudiced person would rather smell a rose than a Camembert—even if the odor were apparently the same.

We have become accustomed to certain forms and formulas in the building of plays and I think these forms should be adhered to. By this, I don't mean that a playwright must smother his individuality and write conventional drama. By no means. But I do think that a playwright who takes his work seriously should strive to write in the conventional form, no matter how unconventional his theme.

We had many horrible examples last winter of plays sired by the drama and dam'd by the movies, and, in most instances, they were also damned by the public. The most flagrant and successful instance of grafting movie methods upon the body dramatic was "Forever After," a successful play by Owen Davis, our most affluent yellow dramatist. The story started in a war hospital and then, à la the movies, there was a "cut-in" which showed us the past life of the hero and heroine. This was the story within the story, which was followed by the hospital scene again—a scene that gave Miss Alice Brady a gorgeous opportunity to tear passion to tatters in a way that reminded one of the hectic heroines who flourished in the days of Olga Nethersole and Mrs. Leslie Carter.

As a matter of fact, "Forever After" recalled that good old stand-by of the French housewife known as *pot-au-feu*, which contains a stock of meat and odds and ends of everything in the house except door-knobs. It is a fearful and wonderful concoction, coarse but entirely satisfying to the French middle-class "tummy." It is not, however, a dish that even an imaginative genius would designate as an artistic culinary achievement.



MISS ALICE BRADY was a successful movie actress for years before she became a star in a "legitimate"—and I use this word advisedly—Broadway attraction. Therefore, Mr. Davis was forced to make the punishment fit the crime when he wrote "Forever After"—and he did. Miss Brady had as many opportunities in the play as she ever had in "The Servant Girl's Revenge" and "Stella, the Stenographer;" or, "The Steel Stiletto." There were "cut-ins" and "close-ups" and all the other familiar movie paraphernalia, and they fairly buried the small stock of drama in this theatrical *pot-au-feu*. However, the—I don't know what to call it—was a box-office success. I know, because a young woman in Pickford curls who sat near me, remarked to her gentleman friend after the "big scene": "Ain't it just grand!" Could sweeter tribute fall from feminine lips?

I am not making a plea for "highbrow" drama. Perish the thought and word! I don't like Percy MacKaye's work any better than Owen Davis', but I do think there must be a happy medium if we are ever to develop a drama that will command the attention and respect of other countries. There are multitudinous problems in this huge country of ours that would readily lend themselves to dramatic treatment at the hands of a playwright who had the vision to see beyond the box-office.



BUT most of our dramatists, or would-be dramatists, are troubled with commercial astigmatism and are too short-sighted to see anything except the dollar mark. That is why, with the possible exceptions of "Paid in Full," "The Easiest Way" and "The Great Divide," we have not yet produced in this country one big play.

Conditions were bad enough before the advent of the movies, but now the situation seems pretty nearly hopeless. Uneasy and envious over the success of the ubiquitous movie, the Broadway managers are Burbanking our drama more and more in their frantic attempts to make the spoken drama as much like the unspoken as possible. And, as the manager holds the whip hand over the playwrights, it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a new dramatist to obtain a production unless he consents to garble and gobble—garble his manuscript at the behest of a man with more money than brains, and then gobble the scraps that fall from the photo-playwright's table until he has given enough Broadway nourishment to his "child" to hear it gurgle "success." No wonder the poor infant never knows its own father!

In a recent book on the drama, that acrimonious critic, George Jean Nathan, is mordantly pessimistic on the subject of American plays. He does not believe there will ever be a rift in the theatrical cloud, because, in his estimation, the mentality of the chronic playgoer in this country is about on a par with the mentality of a high-school girl.

Now I do not agree with that dictum at all. It is not the fault of the playgoer that we have so many bad plays; it is the fault of a theatrical system that will not admit that the mentality of the average playgoer is above that of a high-school girl because his own is not. This system feeds pap to playgoing paranoiacs and piffle to playwrights. The success, for instance, of such plays as "Redemption," "Dear Brutus" and "The Jest"—all foreign plays, by the way—proves that there is a public possessed of more intelligence than high-school girls, provided the play is worth while and is well acted.



IN a review of last season's plays, Mr. John Corbin, writing in the theatrical column of the *New York Times*, said:

"If there is any manager who has established a reputation for definite quality, it is David Belasco. Yet the patrons who last year thrilled to the pink and blue audacities of 'Polly with a Past' were this year plunged into the muddy crimson vortex of 'Tiger! Tiger!' And now 'Dark Rosaleen' has leaped another hurdle and we have the padded green of patriotic Irish comedy of the vintage of Dion Boucicault. No wonder the confiding playgoer shouts aloud that there is no justice in heaven or on Broadway."

I contend that it is perfectly possible for a dramatist to write a play based upon some big, fundamental aspect of American life; a play written in the sane and established form of good drama: a play written with regard to careful and convincing characterization and told in language of distinction that would read as well as it would act; a play in which the so-called "punch" and "pep" were surbordinated to the logical action of the story and not "lugged by the ears"; a play in which "comic relief" came from amusing lines "in character," rather than from the lips of a walking fun delegate hired to drop slangy inanities for the benefit of the T. B. M.; a play minus bedrooms, revolvers and motion picture machinery; a play that would hold and grip an audience by sheer force of legitimate drama, rather than by spurious interpolated "novelty."



From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

ARTUR BODANZKY

FOLLOWING his remarkable success in two concerts which he conducted for The New Symphony Orchestra last spring, Artur Bodanzky, with the permission of Mr. Otto Kahn, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Mr. Giulio Gatti-Casazza, General Director of that Company, has been engaged to lead twenty concerts for The New Symphony next season. These performances will take place at Carnegie Hall. The list of soloists includes Mr. Jacques Thibaud, Mr. Harold Bauer, Mr. Serge Rachmaninoff, Mlle. Guiomar Novaes, Mr. Leopold Godowsky and Mr. Fritz Kreisler. The concerts will be played in pairs, evening and afternoon. Through the efforts of its Executive Committee, composed of Mrs. Newbold Le Roy Edgar, Mrs. Charles S. Guggenheimer and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, The New Symphony has been put on a financial and artistic basis which assures its permanency as a leading factor in New York's musical life. The Orchestra is unique, in that it is co-operative, the players sharing in the proceeds. The personnel is chosen from the membership of the Musicians' New Orchestra Society.

I am not a bit pessimistic about the future, for I know that there are many dramatists in this country who could write such a play if they had any assurance that it would be produced. One of these dramatists is Eugene O'Neill, whose recently published volume of one-act plays, "The Moon of the Caribbees" is a remarkable achievement. There are plays in this book that are on a par, technically and imaginatively, with the best work of J. M. Synge and John Masefield. Mr. O'Neill's plays would probably have rusted in manuscript form for years if it had not been for the discernment of the Washington Square and the Provincetown Players, who first introduced the New York public to these tense and well-written little dramas of the sea. Whether Mr. O'Neill can keep up to this same high level of achievement in a full-length play is a question. But, from what I have seen of his workmanship, I believe that he can. He is a born dramatist of big potentialities, and if he has not already written a long play, he is bound to some day, and then—remember that I told you so!

There is bound to be a tremendous upheaval in our theatre shortly, and it is going to smash precedent to smithereens and hurl many moss-back managers into the discard. The world moves swiftly nowadays and precedent is an outworn shibboleth that no longer frightens children. For many years the cry of the self-respecting theatre-goer has been: "How long, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience?"

That question is going to be answered one of these days in a manner so emphatic and unmistakable that the box-office-first manager will find himself echoing the words of the stunned parrot who once went too far:

"Where were you when the whirlwind struck us?"

SUPERNATURAL

Ghosts, fairies, witches, spectres, continue to play important stage roles

By HAROLD SETON



THE supernatural has always had a fascination for mankind and has played a great part on the stage.

The earliest records of what could properly be termed a theatrical performance deal with the worship of the Greek wine-god, Dionysus. In Attica a chorus of men impersonated satyrs. Clad in goat skins, they danced around the altar, singing songs in honor of the deity. It was in this manner that Arion, of Corinth, led his cyclic chorus of fifty, in the year 600 B. C. Half a century later came Thespis, of Attica, who introduced an actor to bridge the intervals of singing and dancing, with short dialogues and even mimicry.



AESCHYLUS introduced a second actor, and Sophocles added a third. The Athenian tragedy was not merely an entertainment, it was a series of religious ceremonials. Its purpose, according to Aristotle, in his "Poetics," was to purify the passions of fear and pity through the exalted exercise of them. The idea of supernatural influence has been expressed in all the great masterpieces of the Greek dramatists. In Aeschylus the thought of Nemesis, divine vengeance, is an overwhelming mystery. In Sophocles it is a vital element in the law of life. In Euripides it is a source of human sadness.

In the theatres of ancient Greece the actors and the chorus stood on the same level in the orchestra, except that those impersonating gods appeared upon the roof of the skene. Actors added to their stature by thick soles in their shoes and high tops to their masks. The dress of the tragic chorus resembled that of daily life, except in such cases as the "Eumenides" of Aeschylus, where the Furies produced an uncanny effect by their weird appearance.

During the Middle Ages, Europe witnessed considerable progress in theatrical presentations. Many of the Christian Fathers condemned all dramatic exhibitions, but the Church as a whole was more tolerant and tactful, and even undertook to counteract the influence of the pagan shows by Christianized equivalents. This evolution came about quite naturally, from the responsive chants and narrations of Biblical events, which developed into a liturgical drama, and then developed into Mysteries, Miracle-plays and Moralities.

Mysteries took their subjects from the Scriptural narrative, centering about the life of Christ. Miracle-plays depended rather upon the lives of the saints. Moralities dealt with the personified powers of good and evil struggling for the mastery over the soul of man.

Mysteries introduced such supernatural characters as angels and devils, and such supernatural occurrences as ascending into Heaven or descending into Hell. Miracle-plays showed the healing of the sick and raising of the dead. Moralities illustrated the triumph of Virtue over Vice, frequently with awe-inspiring accompaniment.

In 1633, as an evidence of gratitude for deliverance from the Black Death, which had desolated the surrounding country, the little village of Oberammergau, in the Bavarian highlands, vowed to represent the passion of Christ every ten years. This picturesque community has observed that oath ever since. Some six hundred persons participate in the performance, which is simply but reverentially treated.

During 1902 and 1903 Ben Greet, an English actor-manager, revived an old Morality entitled "Everyman," meeting with considerable success. Edith Wynne Matthison played the title-rôle.

Since then Maurice Maeterlinck and Lord Dunsany have written plays along the lines of the Moralities, the supernatural being part and parcel of the performance of Maeterlinck's "Bluebird" and "Bethrothal," and "Dunsany's "Gods of the Mountain." In this last-named piece, produced by Stuart Walker, mortals who pretend to be gods are punished for their presumption by being turned into stone.



JOHN and Lionel Barrymore attracted attention in a mysterious play called "Peter Ibbetson." Marjorie Rambeau met with success in "Eyes of Youth," in which the heroine encounters an East Indian fakir who presents her with a crystal globe in which she gazes, seeing various visions of herself.

David Belasco has experimented with every type of dramatic composition, from melodrama to farce comedy, and has more than once delved into the supernatural. "The Good Little Devil," written by the wife and son of Edmond Rostand, dealt with fairies, ghosts, and Mary Pickford. "The Return of Peter Grimm" afforded a ghostly garment for David Warfield, with thrills and chills for the audience. "The Case of Becky," in which Frances Starr was featured, dealt with dual personality and hypnotic suggestion.

"The Devil" was incarnated by George Arliss who was impressively satanic. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was one of the most popular pieces in the repertoire of Richard Mansfield. "L'Aiglon," acted in France by Sarah Bernhardt and in America by Maude Adams, had a strange scene in which the pathetic offspring of the great Napoleon is alone on a battlefield haunted by the ghosts of dead soldiers.



GHOSTS were utilized by Henry Irving in several of his plays, notably in "The Bells," "Dante," and "Robespierre." In this last-named piece a bloodcurdling effect was produced when the villain was surrounded by swarms of spectral figures, the spirits of his unfortunate victims.

In "The Willow Tree," Fay Bainter portrayed an oriental image that comes to life. In "Rip Van Winkle" Joseph Jefferson fell into a deep sleep, produced by imbibing of schnapps provided by gnomes. "The Servant in the House," by Charles Rann Kennedy, and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," by Jerome K. Jerome, also dealt with the supernatural.

Shakespeare used fairies in "The Tempest" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," witches in "Macbeth," and a ghost in "Hamlet." When Augustin Daly put on the first-named pieces, he introduced many devices to secure mysterious effects, and when Booth, Irving, Tree, Sothern and Forbes-Robertson presented "Hamlet," various modes were employed to render the ghost strangely impressive.

Two of the big hits of the past season in New York have dealt with the supernatural. In "The Unknown Purple" Richard Bennett portrayed a character who has discoverd the secret of invisibility, his presence on the stage being indicated by a ray of light and a curious melody. In "The Invisible Foe" Thomas Dixon presented a play in which an awe-inspiring effect is obtained without a spotlight or musical accompaniment.

But, in order to prove that spectres may be utilized for comic purposes, Elsie de Wolfe once afforded much amusement in a piece called "The Shades of Night," acted in 1901. There was a episode where she, a ghost, sat on a sofa with her ghostly lover, these two being in turn sat upon by two living sweethearts who are quite unaware of the close proximity of the disembodied spirits!

(*Right*)

JANE RICHARDSON

A bright spot in the musical comedy "Sunshine" which has met with considerable success in Chicago





REES DAVIS

From a mannequin at the Winter Garden to playing a rôle in "The Crowded Hour" is quite a jump, but Miss Davis made it, and has supplemented it with a short run in vaudeville. She is to be seen shortly on Broadway in a new play by Cosmo Hamilton

(*Circle*)

MURIEL WINDOW

After her success in this country, Miss Window has gone to conquer new fields, and she is now appearing with Harry Lauder in Australia



Photos Moffett

TAKING ENCORES IN THE MIMIC WORLD

PLAYERS WHO DIED ACTING

Famous histrions who received their last call before the footlights

By RENÉ WREN

WHAT can be more dramatic than an actor dying dramatically? Many a player's devout wish is to die in harness on the stage. To breathe her last while acting has ever been the fervent desire of Sarah Bernhardt.

To act dying and to die acting—such were the strange sagas of Molière and Edmund Kean. Nature played her part well, for both Kean and Molière died at their posts.

It was while playing Othello to his son's (Charles Kean) Iago at Covent Garden, March 25, 1833, that Kean played his last rôle. Kean's financial condition at that time was as desperate as his physical state, so that he was compelled to once more brave an audience, no matter what the consequences might be. Arriving at the theatre, he immediately sent for his son, Charles, who found him in his dressing-room on the verge of a collapse. "I am very ill, Charlie," he said, "I'm afraid I shall be unable to act." But with the aid of stimulants and the encouragement of his manager he managed to get dressed for the part, and supported on his son's arms, he went down to the wings. The house was crowded to the doors and a salvo of applause greeted the old favorite, but Kean could only respond by feeble attempts at acting. His voice was weak and movements pitiful. After speaking the line, *"Othello's occupation's gone,"* he sank exhausted into his son's arms and expired soon after.

Molière was no imaginary invalid at the fourth performance of "The Imaginary Invalid." He was pretty well played out, and when he was urged by his wife and Baron, a young actor friend of his, to avoid further risk on the stage and take a much needed rest, he refused.

"What would you have me do?" he asked. "There are fifty workmen here depending on me. They have only their day's wages to support them. Will you tell me what they would do if I did not act?"

Molière struggled through the performance under so great a strain that he was seized with a convulsion while taking the burlesque oath in the final ceremony. This was followed by chills and severe coughing right after the play; and before his wife could reach him one of the world's greatest actors had expired.

Anne Oldfield, the talented and popular English actress, whose versatility equalled that of David Garrick's, was her own Frankenstein. She to whom acting was the joy of living, whose Lady Townleys, Cleopatras, Violantes and Lady Brutes were the admiration of her devoted generation, suddenly discovered one day that acting had become a burden to her—a dreadful reality to a determined woman who could not save herself from being done to death by her own art.

Her failing health made the burden of acting even harder, but she struggled on heroically and quietly, few of her admirers realizing how much she suffered. Nor did they understand why in the midst of a scene full of gay moments she would suddenly walk to the rear of the stage and with turned back hide her face from the audience because she was afraid that they might see her cheeks moist with the tears of torture.

Finally her days of pain-playing came to an end when she broke down during the performance of "The Provoked Wife," in which she played Lady Brute. And she was driven to her home in Grosvenor Street to play her last rôle on her own death-bed.



WOFFINGTON



(Left)
KEAN

(Right)
MOLIÈRE



THREE FAMOUS PLAYERS WHO DIED AT THEIR POSTS

No more quixotic death than that of Charles Macklin, one of the most remarkable and striking personalities of the English stage, can be imagined. Such a farcical death rightfully belongs to Charlie Chaplin and hardly to Charles Macklin, one of the greatest of Shylocks.

On the morning of his birthday, Macklin arose and as usual, bathed himself from head to foot with warm brandy. After making a complete change of his clothes—he always went to bed in his clothes—he further refreshed himself with a change of clean linen, and seemed to feel as happy as a lark. A bit later he crept back into bed, lay down quietly for about an hour, and suddenly turned to his wife and shouted, *"Let me go!"*—and went.

Madly loved by David Garrick, one of the handsomest women of her age, the beloved "Peg" Woffington of English and Irish theatre-goers, was driven from the stage with a paralytic stroke, never to appear again on the boards. "Peg" Woffington walked into the shadows of death on the tragic night of May 3, 1757, when she appeared as Rosalind in "As You Like It," at the Covent Garden for the benefit of two players and a dancer. Although ill, she disregarded her feelings to face a brilliant audience and managed to struggle through the performance, feeling worse and worse as the play progressed. Nevertheless, she played delightfully until the fifth act, almost breaking down when she came to the lines in the epilogue:

"If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue, etc."

The collapse came when she arrived at the familiar passage:

"If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me."

As she struggled with these lines her voice gave out and she was completely overcome. With the mournful cry of, "Oh God! Oh God!" she staggered to the wings where she fell unconscious.

Here is the queer case of a gentleman of the stage who died most apropos, his actions exactly fitting his words. On the evening of the 20th of June, 1817, during a performance of the tragedy of "Jane Shore," in the Leeds Theatre, Mr. Cummins, a prominent actor of his day, who played the part of Dumont, had just repeated the benedictory words:

"Be witness for me, ye celestial hosts,
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul
Accords to thee, and begs of Heaven to show;
May such befall me at my latest hour—"

when he fell down on the stage and instantly expired. This Mr. Cummins, it seems, had been suffering from "ossification of the heart." This malady, coupled with the exertion from the stress of his emotions in the mimic scene, helped to precipitate his end.

Another dramatic death of interest caused by too violent playing of the emotions in portraying a character was that of Montfleury, the celebrated French tragedian. His death was brought about while playing Orestes in Racine's "Andromache." So violently did he exert himself in portraying this difficult rôle that he ruptured a blood-vessel while on the stage, and died shortly after in Paris.

"Into Thy Hands, O Lord—into Thy hands." These were the last words spoken by Henry Irving on the stage. On Friday, October 13, 1905, he had acted Tennyson's play "Becket," and that line, the last spoken by the principal character in the piece, was the last utterance Irving himself made in public. On returning to his hotel after the performance, he had a fainting spell and the distinguished actor died a few minutes later.



Photos Abbe



AS a Ziegfeld decoration in one of "The Follies," Mae Murray first attained prominence. Then she conquered the movie field, her latest picture being "On With the Dance," her rôle that of a dancer and cabaret entertainer. Now she is to return to the legitimate in a comedy written for her by Edgar Allen Wolfe

AT HOME WITH MAE MURRAY AT MAMARONECK

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE IN CHINA

No theatres in the celestial kingdom but plays are popular in temples, streets and private houses

By MAUDE WHITE

THE legitimate flourishes in China. But there are no playhouses. Instead, the Chinese build stages in their homes and places of worship. Every temple has them; on any street they can be improvised; every gentleman of position arranges his house to accommodate them.

The Chinese love the theatre, as the Spanish love bull-fighting.

Whenever a god is reputed to have a birthday (and there are many gods in China), crowds repair to the temple to honor him with a play before his image. If a man takes a vow he must celebrate it with theatricals in his place of worship. Ancestors, who are almost gods to the Chinese, furnish another excuse for this sort of entertainment on the occasion of the innumerable feast days to them which almost every self-respecting Chinese man observes.

Gods may begin these celebrations, but men continue them. For days on end they run in China, with scarcely an intermission between the plays. The old proverb, which the Chinese pensively repeat, "There is no feast in the world which does not break up at last," seems to the weary foreigner too good to be true when it comes to their love of play-acting.

RUDE stages are often set up in the streets at night, rarely in daytime, and there a theatrical company will act out its repertoire to the delight of the men, women and children who crowd around it. These shows, like those in the temple, are free. Therefore, the crowd blocks the traffic with a clear conscience.

A favorite means of entertainment of guests among the mandarins and rich gentry is the employment of players to come to their homes and perform for the assembled company. Previous reputation determines the amount they are paid. It is considered a compliment to the host for the guests to "tip" the actors. This they do on the spot and etiquette demands that the host follow suit even more generously. In a merry-go-round this giving and getting continues until companies will sometimes receive $1,000 a night.

Actors carry with them all their properties and scenery and gorgeous apparel. Not until most of the guests have assembled and have clamored for some play for which the actors are famous, do they know what they are to present. Repertoires run from twenty-five to one hundred productions. Each company comprises from ten to one hundred actors.

Boys are "bound out" to actors to learn playing like a trade. Their services are bought from their parents or guardians for a term of years and in that time they are seldom allowed to go home. They are often cruelly treated in their apprenticeship, and it is said that should a boy die from injuries received in this manner no official would do anything about it.

AS in Shakespeare's theatre, there are no women on the Chinese stage. When a female character is needed some man who thinks he speaks well in a high thin voice takes the part.

Even private theatricals are not witnessed by men and women together.

The plays themselves are based on history—the dramatic things that happened to dead and gone kings and ancestors. Actors follow period costumes, but they put them on over whatever they happen to have on. Historical accuracy is somewhat impaired by a 1919 trouser sticking out from the skirts of 800 B. C., for the things rarely fit. But the nerves of the Chinese are good.

Farces form a part of their legitimate stage, and even here the historical Chinese humor asserts itself. The "Official and the Priest" is one of their widely known favorites. It represents a sour looking official being harangued by an unmanageable priest with a broom under his arm. The story underlying it runs to the effect that an officer of the one-time Sung dynasty was cruel and unjust. So a king of the infernal regions assumed the guise of a crazy priest of the Buddhist sect in order to reprimand the wicked mandarin. He went about with a broom sweeping now and then, and was thought to be so harmless that he was allowed to go wherever he wished. In this way he finally came to the room of the man whom he sought, and began to upbraid him for his many crimes. When the insulted mandarin tried to have him arrested he vanished.

Another favorite farce shows their sly knowledge of human nature. A Buddhist priest leads a blind man to the show of lanterns—which is a chapter out of Fairyland in China. Tens upon tens of gigantic fishes made of gauze are illuminated with lights and lanterns and transparencies innumerable. But the priest is supposed to have renounced the pleasures of the world and the blind man is not able to see the lovely spectacle.

"Lion Chasing the Ball" stands high in favor. They have a great regard for the lion and suppose him to want a ball whenever he sees one. Then he plays with it much like a kitten. This is acted out thousands of times in China. One of the pictures shows how two people with a skin thrown over the bamboo frame to conceal them, impersonate the lion. The mouth is always hideously wide open so that the front actor can see to run for the ball.

ALL of a piece with the Chinese love for theatricals is their predilection for processions. Under the name of pageants something is always happening in China. Religious festivities form frequent and long excuses for them, so do even the preliminaries to a marriage. On the occasion of the exchanging of gifts between the two, a procession of some magnitude is called forth.

Death is the most dignified reason for a similar display. Huge mourning lanterns lead the way. Shrill clarionets pipe a dirge which sounds remarkably like Chinese wedding music to an Occidental. Banners, yards long and high, on which are inscribed the man's virtues, are borne aloft. These take the place of our funeral wreaths. A sedan chair carries a conventional portrait of the deceased. Mourners follow in hempen drapery that is but a mockery of clothes, and women wail for the dead. Imitation paper money (for the Chinese are thrifty) is scattered along the way to keep evil spirits from harming the living or the dead. For one of social position it is expensive to die in China.



Courtesy of Centenary Commission Methodist Episcopal Church

Scene in the play "Lion Chasing the Ball," which has been acted thousands of times in China



John Ellis Robert Barrat Harrison Hunter

Act 1. The inspector, the detective and the accused face the evidence

"THE CRIMSON ALIBI," OCTAVUS ROY COHEN'S MELODRAMA AT THE BROADHURST



Photos White John Cromwell Peter Lang Idalene Cotton John Harrington George Backus

Act. 1. The detective questions the Irish cook regarding the murder

SCENE IN "AT 9.45" A MELODRAMA BY OWEN DAVIS AT THE PLAYHOUSE

THE MYSTERY PLAY STILL HOLDS BROADWAY

ARE CHORUS GIRLS ALWAYS HUNGRY?

Hen McNutt dines with a Mack Sennett beauty.
"Stung wunce, but never agen" is his motto.

By LESLIE CURTIS



sinsinatta, awgust Ateteenth.

deer editer theayter Magazeen,

hear i am agen, just to show you that my hart is not compleatly broak like it was last munth by that femail impersnater. mister Coyne sed it was just a prackticle joak to teech me how to handal vamphighers, (althow i think it is dangrus to handal them at all. keep yure hands offen 'em i say if you wanta conker in the uneekwal battal of the seckses.)

enyway, i'm werking as varlot de chamber for mister Coyne agen and he give me qwite a tawking too abowt vamphighers in genral. he toald me what i neaded was to investigait diffrunt kinds of girls until i new the secks moar perfeck and then i cood take care of myself wharever i went. he reely has a good hart even if he is rich and affiewunt, althow he is awful crood at times.

the furst girl i tride to investigait was wun of McSenits bathing girls. she must of new her manager well becuz she always cald him Mack. thats the trubble with wimin. they cant keap to mear bizness relashuns and the furst thing you no they are calling you by yure furst name like a maden ant. mister Coyne sed he met wun of afoarsed McSenits bathing girls and if i wanted to start investigaiten, he wood help me owt. Sew he tooked me arownd after the matinay and then i asked her to have supper with me at missus Sintons hotel neerby. (i think it is safer to take vamphighers in a publick dining room, dont you?) her name was mildrud Dayveez and she was cute and pritty and ateteen and evrything.



now, mister Hornblower (or shood i say deer editer?) i have always herd that these hear korus girls live in fine hotels and upartmunts and ride in thare own limonzeens, awl on ateteen and twenty dollers a weak. the hurst papers always tell abowt milyunairs sending bokays to these hear girls with pyanos and automobeels consealed inside the flours. mister Coyne toald me that korus girls always have frends worth milyuns hanging arownd and i wood have to tawk like a man of the werld if i expected to interust these blossums of Brawdway.

sew i went into this thing prepaired to see what hi life amung the lowly was and to say i was supprized is saying littel. furst i went to the show and if figgers dont lie, then mister McSenit is sum peech picker. ile bet his wife wurries turble. what chants has a mear wife with them buties? if mister Kippeling, a inglish riter, had ever of saw those bathing soot girls he never wood of called wimin "a rag and a boan and a hank of hare." (i reely think sum wardrobe lady past herself off as a chickun, which sorta made Kippeling disgusted or sumthing, which is why he rote with sutch disrespeck about the fare secks, a sinic has to be well stung, you no, befoar he can be a sinic.)

well, mildrud was abowt the niftyus trick i ever saw on the stage, but when i met her in a littel black soot she looked just as plane like a regiler girl with no figger, but she had stile. she sed she wasunt hungry, but when we was set at the table she ordered rite off the reel sum 'oar-doovers" (which is french for fussy goo) and which is mearly to toy with at large expents. i think awl vamphighers start a meel with these oar-doovers becuz it sorta makes a atmusfear sootabal for gettin the victim in a hipnitizm fraim of mind. the poor fish gets coald feet when he sieze the price of oar-doovers and as he looks at the fare face acrost the table, the num-ness spreds until his cawshun is overcame and he ses, "i shood wurry—go as far as you like—the skies the limut. "then it is the vamphighers cue and anuther good man is lost to home and family. barnum ses "wun evry minit."



of corse, mildrud was no vamphigher and mister Coyne had gave me the money for the meel, sew my feet were qwite warm and my equalibrum perfeck. we had soop and crimson biter fish (or sum sutch name which costa lot) and a ontry of sweatbreds with mushrunes in a casterole, and a stake cooked on a bord which they tride to conseal with littel squirts of potato awl arownd the edge like a ruffal. (i shood think missus Sinton wood get moar cookin dishes for her hotel. but maybe her husband is cloase with her abowt sum things.) enyway, while mildrud was eatin, she toald me abowt what a treet it waas for a poor girl to meat a gentalman and have a reel square meel. she sed the life of a McSenit bathing girl. was full of ruff brakers and lobsters was offen met, to say nuthin of sharks and publissity men. (she reely didunt order that expensive meel to be a vamphigher, but becuz she was trooly hungry. i'm convinsed of that!)

our tawk got more intimut and she soon broak down and cuverd her hands with her face. with her ize glood to the salad (cuverd with saint Lawrunce river dressing), she toald me how this crool man McSenit drug her outen the passifick oshun and made her go on the rode like a ordinerry korus girl. the salry sownded awl rite, she sed, but it had no elastissity when it began to sepperate on her.

"do you carry a car?" i asked cazully, becuz of what i had always herd.



"indeed not," she retorted, "we just take chantses on getting a birth between stands, if we can aford it at awl. i have set up moast of the nite jumps."

"i ment a limonzeen," i explaned. "with yure talunt you shood have a moter and evrything."

"i coodunt have a ten candal power tin lizzy," sed she, "if they was gave away with a pownd of tee. in fack, evry sent i can save gose to my poor mother and she needs twenty dollers rite now the worse way. you no she ejucated me and gave me swimming lesons by the swet of her deer brow and thats why i'm werking this way to repay awl that she has did. she rote me today to send the money becuz the sowing mushine peepul was after her and she was broak. o deer, o deer," she waled, "i dont no which way to tern!"

now mister Hornblower, i never was brung up to reticule wimin which is werkin for a mear livin, and as this girl was planely no vamphigher, i reelized it was up to me to help her owt. sew i up and handed her twenty dollers of my own money. nobudy can tell me what sowing mushine men are, as thare speshalty is gettin blud outen stones, sew i new this poor girls mother hadunt a chants to save her preshus mushine unless i come threw. of corse, after while, mildrud britened up a littel and sed she didunt meen to hint that i shood help her, but i was adamant and she finly kep the money.

we set a while longer and she et on a fancy dingus called a artychoke that looked like a overgrowed Brussel sprowt with his lips curled in derishun. she wood pull offen a leef and dip it in cooked butter and after a long time she found the hart hiding under a surculer wheal made of wood splinters. i never et nuthin like that at peory, ills, but i was lerning sew i held my piece. while she was eating this thing she sed the hotels whare she stayed was poor and the traval was worse becuz mister Macado never seemed to give no thawt to the neads of McSenits bathing girls. sumtimes they had to get up at nine oclock to make the next stand which is a owtrage for artists what cant sleap at nite until erly dawn.



well, i lerned a lot and mildrud promist to give me swimming lesons owt in California next winter and i paid for the dinner withowt ever lettin on how it hert and i was just gettin my hat from the waiter when sumthing turble happined! a big corse man came up and pushed the waiter aside and ses rite owt lowd, "what are you doing hear with my wife?" and before i cood move he ses to her "you get home and if i ever catch you agen with sutch a comick valuntine, ile teech you a leson you wont forget. as long as you bare my name you wawk strate," he ses, just as if i had done sumthing i shoodunt. well, i started to say sumthing, but the waiter sorta shook his hed in warning and then i notised how big and corse the man was like dempsie, and besides mildrud was leaving two skared to say a werd, so i kep still and got owt.

mister Coyne ses hes compleatly at see becuz he distinktly understood her to be *MISS* dayveez and he never herd of no husbund. he ses whare i fell down was by not asking if she was mareed in the furst place before i menshuned the dinner. he ses maybe McSenit dont allow his girls to spoil thare figgers by eatin artychokes and 1000 iland dressing, and this guy was a detecktif watching the girls and keaping them away from milyunairs. i dont no but it awl seams qweer and the next investigaiten i do will begin by a polite qweschun as to the state of the lady. "stung wunce, but never agen" is my motto.

as mildrud hasunt sent back the twenty dollers, i hoap you will speek to yure offis girl abowt sum money for what i have rote up to date. mister Coyne ses mildrud wont retern the money, but i think he is two sinical at times. i will let you no when i get it. yures for hard werk and no moar foolishnuss,

HENRY MCNUTT.





"RIP VAN WINKLE" staged on the slopes of a purple mountain far above the clouds in a natural theatre that has real pines for wings and a soft carpet of grass for a floor, colored by lupins and California poppies—that is what is being done, once a year, on the rugged slopes of Mt. Tamalpais, across the bay from San Francisco. Originally it was started as a play for hikers, those of us who love to put on old clothes, heavy boots, shoulder packs and go tramping off into the hills. A young man named Ramon Pholi first saw the possibilities of the mountain-side theatre with its perfect acoustics and its seating capacity of ten thousand. He only lived to see one production on the mountain side and today a huge rock, gracing the entrance of the theatre, bears a bronze plaque in his memory, for, two weeks after the first play, he fell to his death in Yosemite Valley while climbing a steep trail.

The Mountain play holds an unique place in stage productions the world over. There have been many open air plays but there has never been an open air play like that on Tamalpais. It is the vastness of the setting that is the wonder of it all. There seems to be no limit to the scene. The whole world appears to be spread out behind the actors on the mountain side.

The play is presented annually on the third Sunday in May. The actors are professionals and semi-professionals from San Francisco and about the bay, all donating their services for the joy of playing on the great mountain. Mr. Garnet Holme, director of the plays, and one of the directors of the Percy Mackaye Shakespearean pageant, "Caliban," is interested in only the artistic side of the production. The manager is Mrs. D. E. F. Easton, the well-known western president of the Drama League.

The seventh play on the mountain, Joaquin Miller's "Tally Ho," has just been produced to an audience of eight thousand. The six other productions have been: 1913—Abraham and Isaac, and scenes from "Twelfth Night"; 1914—Shakuntala; 1915—Rip Van Winkle; 1916—William Tell; 1917—Jeppe-on-the-Hill; 1918—Robin Hood.

(Upper Right)

A view of the vast audience and the stage during the performance of "Robin Hood"

(Inset)

William Tell and his boy taken during the performance of "William Tell" in the mountain theatre



(Right)

A scene from "William Tell" with the trees and shrubbery forming a picturesque background

THE MOUNTAIN PLAY OF CALIFORNIA

BROADWAY ACTORS GO ON STRIKE

Warfare between producers and players a disturbing element in the new season.

THE old feud between the actors and the managers which is of long standing has at last broken into active hostilities. The Producing Managers' Association, composed of all the leading Broadway producers, absolutely refused to deal with the Actors' Equity Association, an organization with a membership of more than 4,000 actors, including a goodly number of the country's most famous players, and, as a result, on August 7 last, a hundred or more actors and actresses closed twelve attractions in New York City and precipitated one of the most remarkable situations ever known in the history of the American stage.

The calling out of the players followed a strike meeting of the Actors' Equity Association, 1,400 strong, that same afternoon, and was the reply of the Association to the refusal of the managers to treat with it. These attractions were closed by the action of the actors: "Nightie Night," "The Challenge," "A Voice in the Dark," "Listen Lester," "The Royal Vagabond," "The Crimson Alibi," "At 9.45," "Oh, What a Girl," "Gaieties of 1919," "The Five Million," "Lightnin'," "East is West." The audiences were dismissed and the money paid for seats refunded.

Unless some compromise is effected, which at this writing seems doubtful, the playgoing public is likely to be treated to the most disturbing season in the annals of theatrical history.

THE Producing Managers' Association has proclaimed that the actors would degrade themselves and their art by affiliation with the American Federation of Labor. The Actors' Equity Association does not agree with those managers.

Grant Stewart, Recording Secretary of the Actors' Equity Association, says for the actor:

"The Producing Managers' Association denies the right of the actor to organize for his own protection and refuses to recognize the Actors' Equity Association. What chance has an individual actor to stand up for his rights if he feels that by so doing he is going to antagonize a body comprising the most powerful managers in the United States of America? But, with the prestige and the power of the American Federation of Labor behind him, he is in a vastly different position.

"The managers in the Producing Managers' Association, in refusing to recognize the Actors' Equity Association, have been in a position to influence actors to sign the contract offered them by coercion, cajolery and in every other way. Now that the Actors' Equity Association is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, the question of the form of contract is no longer a matter of the individual choice or consent of the actor. In standing by his union he will be entitled to the support of the American Federation of Labor—no mean ally!"

Sam H. Harris, President of the Producing Managers' Association, replies for the managers:

"I agree with every member of the Actors' Equity Association that there should be organization. I believe without organization the small man would not get his rights and I certainly would not argue against organization when I am president of an organized assembly of producing managers; but the representatives of an organization should really not misrepresent it.

"The Actors' Equity Association has been doing business with the United Managers' Protective Association for three years, not six years as Mr. Stewart would have you believe. At the expiration of that time, it brought forth a new contract which was not even submitted to the organization which had helped it. The United Managers' Protective Association was ignored, and the new contract was submitted to a new organization.

"The Managers' Association is not looking for a fight, but it will not be found sprinting or sidestepping if one comes along its way. The representatives of labor know that they have always gotten a hearing, and they must be aware by now that there is something radically wrong in Denmark when we refuse to do business with the men who have placed themselves at the head of the Actors' Equity Association. One of the primary objects of the Producing Managers' Association was to better the condition of the actor, and it won't be dissuaded by Mr. Wilson, Mr. Gilmore, Mr. Stewart or any other co-agitator."

THE Actors' Equity Association was formed six years ago for the purpose of bettering the conditions under which the actors work. At that time it was quite customary for a manager to rehearse his company over an indefinite period without any monetary guarantee to the actor in case of the play's immediate failure or the company's preliminary dismissal. A manager might call rehearsal one day, and decide on the necessity of some change of cast or play a few days later, which would cause the company to be held in a state of suspended animation for possibly a week or two while a search was made for a new player or an entire act was rewritten.

Even after this delay the actor had no assurance that the play would ultimately reach production on Broadway, as it was not unusual for a manager to get cold feet at the last moment and decide to dismiss the company. There was rarely any remuneration given for the actor's wasted time, and he might either be put to work in a new production or left to shift for himself until he secured another engagement.

It will be readily seen that an actor's lot was indeed a precarious one and it was for the express purpose of ameliorating such conditions that the Actors' Equity Association was called into being. This was in 1913 and it was not until October 2, 1917, that a standard contract endorsed by the Equity Association as well as the United Managers' Protective Association was agreed upon and put into force. This contract provided that for legitimate dramatic productions the actor was to rehearse four weeks without remuneration with a guarantee of at least two weeks' full pay and half pay in case additional rehearsals were found necessary. For productions of a musical or spectacular nature, the actor was to give free rehearsals for six weeks with the same provisions of half pay for additional rehearsals and two weeks' salary guaranteed.

AN important feature of the contract was an arbitration clause in which judicial power was vested in three arbitrators in the event of any dispute or disagreement between the contracting parties. Each disputant nominated an arbitrator, and they in turn were to choose a disinterested umpire. The adoption of the standard contract was celebrated by a notable dinner and heartily acclaimed by both organizations.

The contract was to run for two seasons, expiring then, on October 2, 1919. Meanwhile, however, the United Managers' Protective Association gave way to the Producing Managers' Association, with Mr. Sam H. Harris, of the firm of Cohan & Harris, as president. At one of the first meetings these managers held several months ago they invited the Actors' Equity Association to send a committee to confer with them on the provisions to be incorporated into the new agreement.

Subsequent conferences disclosed that both the actors and the managers were seeking to better their positions. The actors wanted a shorter period of rehearsal without remuneration and more liberal notices of the closing of a company or the discharge of an actor, and chiefly they wanted payment in proportion for all performances given in excess of eight a week.

A clause in the old contract specified eleven national and local (such as Lexington Day in Boston) holidays on which the actors were to play extra matinees without remuneration. It was also specified that nine performances were to be given weekly in such cities as Chicago, Cincinnatti, or St. Louis, where Sunday evening performances were permitted; or such cities where it was customary to give six evening performances and three matinees.

The actors demanded payment on the basis of eight performances a week, additional performances to be paid for at the rate of one-eighth of a week's salary. The managers stated that it was impossible to grant this demand as it was contrary to the established traditions of the theatre, and that if it were granted the players must receive proportionately smaller salaries. They pointed out that actors had often received a full week's salary for six or seven performances and they stated definitely that to meet this demand was a financial impossibility.

THE Actors' Equity Association asked that this point be arbitrated and secured the assistance of William Howard Taft and Charles E. Hughes for this purpose. The managers declined the proffered arbitration with thanks and announced their decision to continue the old contract for another season, with an additional clause providing for arbitrators nominated by the actor and the manager in the traditional manner.



AMATEUR THEATRICALS

WHAT IS BEING DONE BY AMATEURS EVERYWHERE

Miss Florence Brobeck in a picturesque costume in "Pitter Patter," a clever amateur "Revue" presented by the Woman's Club of the U. C. T., of Columbus, O. The book and lyrics were written by Ray Lee Jackson, Russell H. Unruh, and Frederick C. Russell



The woodland spaces of the Berkshire Country Club, were the scene of Constance D'Arcy Mackay's enchanting masque, "The Forest Princess," presented by the Junior Division of the Woman's Club of Reading, under the direction of Katherine H. Keiser. From out the forest depths the tree sprites came to dance before the resplendant court with its king and queen, lords and fine ladies; everything that goes to make up a real fairy tale was in this production, with lovely costumes, and a beautiful musical setting

THE CHINESE LANTERN

at the

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, ST. LOUIS

TO the long line of plays at Central High School, St. Louis, presented by the senior classes, including dramas by authors as different as Sudermann and Shakespeare, Milton and Molière the graduating class of last June offered a production of "The Chinese Lantern," by Laurence Housman. This fantasy in three acts is especially suited to production by amateurs because only one stage set is required, and because costuming and characterization add so effectively to the impressions made upon the audience. The romantic plot woven around the two "leads" is one which appeals to young people of all ages. The despised drudge of the painting studio has a real artist's soul which cries for its chance to paint, so all night long, Tikipu secretly copies the wonderful masterpiece. It is required by all procedure of dramatic story that he should also win the love



"Tikipu" and "Mee-Mee" in The Chinese Lantern

of the little Korean slave girl, Mee-Mee, destined when the story opens, to marry the sleepy son of the artist teacher, a lumbering fat youth whose sole ambition is to become a grocer.

WHILE these two characters stand out in the play, every other part offers a good acting rôle, from the strong-minded Mrs. Back-of-the-House, her hen-pecked husband, on to the two strange figures of Josi-Mosi and Cosi-Mosi, two Chinese comedy Jews. The opportunity for a fairly large number of participants among the art students and the holiday and auction crowds permits the inclusion of many members of a school class.

The spectacular effects were as good as the acting, which is saying a great deal. The school stage—in the beginning, as is too frequently the case in our school buildings, not at all adapted to acted plays—has been gradually changed until almost any drama can be mounted.

With the addition of only the most simple and necessary equipment, it has been possible to reproduce scenic and lighting effects remarkably like those of fully furnished and well-planned stages. A proscenium opening of more than thirty feet allowed the fullest scope for action and grouping in the box set representing Olangsti's art studio. As most amateurs can not afford to build new sets for every different production, material on hand must be adapted. So, too, newly made equipment must always be possible of later use.

AT Central High School when scenery is to be built, a small scale model is constructed, complete in all parts. Even when the frames are made in the school, the finished scenery is painted by professional scene makers, unless the "flats" are to be covered with plain colors, such as walls or panels. Several terms ago, for the "Comedy of Errors," an interior for the first scene was needed. To secure this, some of the "flats" of a modern interior were painted tan on the back, the surrounding wooden frames were painted black. Greek shields were hung upon the panels; the door backs were treated with Greek designs, and the scene was thus set. For "The Chinese Lantern" several more of these interior pieces were black-and-tanned on the back. A large window, used first in Sudermann's "The Faraway Princess," was covered with rice-paper to transmit shadows and colored lighting from outside. A typically Chinese border design was painted in black, tan, and blue upon heavy paper, which was then fastened to the top of the scenery. No one in the audience noticed the lacing ropes of the "flats" because the brilliant coloring took attention away from such details.

EVEN without dimmers, the magical appearance of the old master Wiowani in the black background of the picture in the rear wall was so manipulated as to win a round of applause every time it was repeated. Yet, this spectacular effect depended upon extremely simple means. The picture appeared as "deep as night"; in reality the distance was less than a yard. There were no baby-spots, yet the same effect was secured. In the last act the curtain opened on a dark stage where Josi-Mosi, entering with a dim lantern to give Mee-Mee the poison she is determined to take rather than marry Younglangsti, provides only a dim patch of light. The act proceeds through the first coming of dawn up through the crimson of sunrise to the full light of day.

Before each act, parts of the *Nut Cracker Suite* were played to mark the curtain. The stage itself, was kept rather clear of furniture and properties—for a note of simplicity in such matters seems best for amateurs, but the costumes were as rich and colorful as could be imagined. Except for the few characters in which comedy had to be emphasized, they were beautifully blended, and under the changing lighting, stood out against the black, blue, and tan, and the black, blue, and gold of the scenery, like figures in a Chinese print.



The Chinese Lantern, presented by the Central High School of St. Louis, under the direction of Clarence Stratton. And amateurs—take notice! The stage set was painted on the back of old scenery—if you look closely you will recognize the framework.



Processional in the "Springtime of Life" in which Mrs. Noble's woodland sprites make offerings to the Sun.

PLAYS AND DANCES FOR CHILDREN

The Importance of "Make-believe" in the Life of a Child

By HELEN S. NOBLE

ALL my life I have had an inward longing to put on plays for children, and when the opportunity came, a few years ago, through a woman friend, who gave me, as an experiment, the use of a beautiful French ball room in her hotel, my enthusiasm knew no bounds.

I chose for my first venture a dramatized version of "Cinderella," the old fairy story loved by all children. In coaching the children I found them ever ready to respond and willing to learn and rehearse their parts, which, for children who are in school so many hours each day, is indeed no small task. My kindly benefactress gave her personal attention in arranging the ball room, so we had the most exquisite setting for our little play. A stage was built at one end of the room, on which we used rare old Florentine furniture, so the atmosphere for the play was perfect, and as the children moved about in their mediæval costumes, it all had the effect of Fairyland! On either side of the ball room we arranged a series of raised boxes, so it had quite the appearance of a theatre. We reserved all the first rows of chairs on the floor for the littlest children (some of them even sitting on the floor).

TO the children, it was all so real that when the charming "Prologue" asked: "How many children know about Cinderella?" ever so many little voices piped: "I do! I do!" I never omit the "Prologue," for I find it puts the child audience into the proper mental attitude—children, like grown ups, want to understand what they are to see. "Cinderella" was a success beyond my wildest dreams; not a line had to be prompted, not a dance was forgotten.

Later I presented "Cinderella" in a real theatre, but to my mind there never was a picture so attractive as the one in the French ball room, so small that actors and audience were in intimate relationship—one loses that intimacy in a big theatre!—though one gains in light effects and numbers in the audience.



A charming scene from "In Arcady," a juvenile play produced by Helen S. Noble

IN my plays I try to keep the child's point of view in mind and I always choose happy subjects, barring anything disagreeable that would cause a child to shudder or shed a tear. I was greatly impressed one time in seeing "Jack-and-the-Beanstalk" presented in a so-called special Movie picture for children, in which the tender little hearts of the audience were so touched, when the horrid giant said he would kill Jack and cook him for his dinner, that they wailed and wept, and crept into mothers' arms and would not look again until assured that something pleasant was on the screen. It is my idea a child should not be called upon to live through unhappy mental things, so I try to remember always that to children, THINGS ARE REAL!

We have so few plays at a regular theatre suitable for children: "Snow White," "The Bluebird," and "Alice in Wonderland" are about all I can recall—even those do not really appeal to the very young child; one must be older in life's experiences to appreciate many of the points brought out in even these plays. Although, in London, the English children are given their yearly pantomime at the theatre—a beautiful spectacular performance, beginning the day after Christmas, known as Boxer Day, and continuing until Easter. But I know of nothing of the kind in this country.

ALL young children are imaginative and impressionable, and it is well to give them something sweet and beautiful to think about. "Make-believe" to a child is as natural as to breathe, but in this day of nearness to everything, the child of today really loses the opportunity to "make-believe"—the average child *has*

(*Concluded on page* 200)



Photo Alfred Cheney Johnston

SYLVIA BREAMER

An Australian by birth, this attractive young player has been on the stage practically all her life. She received her early training in the Antipodes playing in all the imported American productions which found their way from Broadway. New York first saw her with Grace George in Shaw's "Major Barbara," after which she joined the motion picture colony and has been associated with Thomas H. Ince, William S. Hart, Charles Ray, Cecil de Mille and others. She is now under the Stuart Blackton banner. "Dawn," a picturization of the popular story by Eleanor Porter, will be her next screen release

MOTION PICTURE SECTION



In the film version of Rex Beach's story, "The Vengeance of Durand," to be released by Vitagraph shortly, the principal action of the first part takes place amid the picturesque setting of a Parisian water fête. Alice Joyce, the heroine, appears as a pathetic, ethereal figure in nun-like garb

BRINGING LITERATURE TO THE SCREEN

The motion picture superior to the printed page as a magnificent background to a fine story. An interview with

MRS. JACK LONDON

IN the Valley of the Moon to which, in a covered wagon, came Jack London, seeking a home site and went no further, there dwells today the woman who went adventuring with him. Living with Jack's sister, Mrs. Eliza Shephard, on the great estate that came into being and flourished as the American public rewarded the labors of his popular pen, Mrs. Jack London is preoccupied these days writing the biography of her husband and following the productions of his novels in motion pictures. When I saw her and talked with her on the porch of the Lodge—a place filled with trophies and curios that Jack London had picked up on the seven corners of the earth—she had just signed a contract for the filming of his entire literary output. She remarked that some of his stories had been screened before, but that Jack had secured an injunction from the Supreme Court of California, restraining further exhibitions as he held that the stories were not being presented as he had written them, wherefore his literary reputation was subject to injury. So, for years, he had declined offers for further presentations, as had his wife, after his death, scrupulously respecting his wishes, until at last, C. E. Shurtleff, a New York producer, convinced her that the art of the motion picture had reached a stage in its development assuring her that her husband's stories would be done justice upon the screen.

As Mrs. London told it to me, the story of how Shurtleff induced her to release her husband's stories for filming, is interesting—showing as it does a new trend in the motion picture. He convinced Mrs. London and the trustees of the Jack London estate that he could and would faithfully portray London's stories on the screen, that he would brook no interference of star actor, star director nor mayhap sordid commercialism on the part of movie exploiter; but that each London story would be visualized on the screen just as Jack London himself would have wanted to see it. For example, they will go to Alaska to make "Smoke Bellew;" they will go to the Samoan Islands to make "Adventure;" they will go to San Francisco to make "John Barleycorn." The type of actors will be selected with only one point in view, that of fitting London's characters to an iota, and not from the point of view of a "box office" drawing card.

The author is the star!

"I am glad," Mrs. Jack London told me, "that Jack's stories are going to be filmed. I am glad because of the appeal to a wide variety of audiences and because I am passionately desirous of making a success of things that he only half started. The pictures will make the stories better known. With excellent filming there is no reason why these days, literature cannot be brought to the screen. And the effect of this upon the public mind should be beneficial. It is a mistake to think that women like only the namby-pamby kind of stories. The book reviewers used to say that Jack's stories were decidedly men's stories, but we knew that women readers would 'gobble them up.' The critics called 'The Sea Wolf' essentially a man's book. But one day the largest woman's magazine in America contracted with Jack's publishers for several thousand copies of the 'man's book' to be used as premiums, inducing women to subscribe!

"Literature in the motion picture is coming, for it bids fair to become a great democratic art. When I apply the term of democratic art to the moving picture, I ally it with all the arts. Until we recognize that the motion picture has all the inspiring values of painting, of character drawing, of story construction, of human appeal, we perceive a combination that is irresistably powerful. Its growth within the last two or three years has been surprising. It has shot up into an adolescence of artistic maturity that

enabled an author with a literary conscience to respect it. Of course, at the beginning, the moving picture was merely a mechanical novelty. People went to look at it without any other expectation. The elements of romance had no interpretation, no place in the moving picture of infancy. It was a prodigy of the camera and as such was a curiosity. By degrees it began to talk to us in the term of understandable romance. Nothing much was said about the crudities which crippled it, but a great deal was heard about improved photography.

"It is essentially an alien art and yet every effort was made to associate it with theatrical values. It really should never have been accused of theatricalism, though because many of the pictures were badly done, it deserved it. The motion picture is intrinsically the best medium to impart the essence of literary thought, in popular form, that we have. This is because the word painting which a conscientious author uses to flavor his pictures can be vastly improved in the actual reproduction of natural effect. The photoplay can lead the audience into the heart of the woods, to the top of a mountain, to the edge of the sea, into the clouds if necessary. It can do this better than the author could possibly, in words. Therefore, so far as magnificent background to a fine story, the moving picture surpasses the literary flavor of the printed page.

"At the time of Jack's death he was just beginning to get interested in motion pictures. He was interested in the theatre, being extremely fond of a good play. Jack had dramatized one or two of his stories but much preferred writing to dramatizing them. He was interested in Ibsen; he read every play Ibsen ever wrote. He followed everybody's work—read thousands and thousands of books every year. Among his favorite authors were Joseph Conrad, Kipling, Masefield and George Sterling. I understand that Ibsen, Conrad and Kipling are being brought to the motion picture screen. The public seems to be demanding higher class material.

"If only Jack could have lived to see his stories, properly done in motion pictures! He loved 'The Star Rover' and that is the one they're doing first. I have just heard from the East that they've rebuilt the streets of old Korea for one episode of it, and that they had constructed a Viking ship so that the part of the story laid in that period would be historically accurate. When producers go to such expense so as to have such details accurate, it is a healthy sign. The artistic conscience is awakening. It argues well for literature on the screen.

"I am anxious to see how they will do 'The Call of the Wild.' It is not to be produced for a year, they tell me, for it will take that long to train the dog for the part. Jack wrote 'The Call of the Wild' to develop a natural psycho-analytical bent, I suppose—delving into race consciousness. He did not consider it his best story, however, despite its tremendous popularity. Jack liked 'White Fang,' the companion story better, deeming it a better constructive piece of work. Some of his writings not so well known to the public, he liked best. Better than any of his books he liked the story, 'The League of the Old Men,' and he loved 'People of the Abyss.' His 'John Barleycorn' should be a big success these days. He carried that story in his mind for years, before writing it. The big idea in it was to make alcohol inaccessible for the young. He was absolutely in favor of Prohibition, nation-wide, and nothing else. The message of 'John Barleycorn' on the screen should be a powerful one.

"I am told that the majority of an average motion picture audience is composed of women. Most women do not like the 'clinging-vine' woman, nor the 'little mouse' woman, nor the 'pouting baby-stare' woman. They like women who have a mind of their own, women with imagination, women who can go out and do things. Of Jack's heroines, those I personally like best are Lady Om in 'The Star Rover'; Dede Mason in 'Burning Daylight,' and the Indian girl in 'The Wit of Pauper-Tuk.'

"I like them best because I think they are the best kind of sports. They have minds of their own, they have imagination, they do big things, and what is more, they stick, they stay put. For example, Lady Om; she loved her hero but with her it had to be fifty-fifty. By that I mean, that if he ever for any reason had ceased to love her fully and truly, little Lady Om would surely have gone her own way without so much as a glance back. Her heart would have



At a garden party, wounded soldiers have a charming hostess in Billie Burke—a scene in the new Paramount picture, "The Misleading Widow"

Owen Moore, a rich New York idler, has been carried away by the spirit of the carnival and meets romance with ungloved hands. The girl is Hedda Nova, and the man of murderous intent is Sidney Ainsworth, in "Crimson Gardenia," a Goldwyn picture





Nazimova as "The Brat," a roguish, winsome girl with ready wit and a fine nature



Macmillan (Charles Bryant) finds keen inspiration in the Brat once she is installed in his home

NAZIMOVA'S latest screen appearance is in "The Brat," filmed by Metro from Maude Fulton's play of that title. The Brat, a child in years, loses her "job" in the chorus. As she is leaving the theatre her beauty attracts Stephen Forrester, a dissolute spendthrift, and he offers her new clothes—for a consideration. She slaps his face, and is arrested and taken to Court.

Macmillan Forrester, an author, has dropped into the Court. He realizes the Brat is the type he is looking for and takes her home, much to the chagrin of Angela, Macmillan's fiancée. The Brat and Stephen meet again and she finds that he is Macmillan's younger brother.

Stephen comes to his brother for money. Macmillan, busy with his book, asks the Brat to find the key to the safe. After giving the money to Stephen, he returns the key to the girl and she drops it into her pocket. Stephen is hard pressed by a money-lender and is drinking heavily. Thinking to save him, the Brat takes the key from the cellerette and puts it in her pocket with the other.

The Brat is asked to dance for a charity bazaar. She overhears Stephen and the money-lender quarreling. Stephen promises the money on the following day. As the Brat runs up stairs he demands the key to the cellerette. She throws it to him, remarking that he can drink himself to death if he wants to. Stephen finds that the key is for the safe.

Owing to a trick of Angela's, the Brat's dance is a failure and, not waiting for the others, she rushes home in shame. She finds Stephen rifling the safe and takes the money from him. At this moment the others arrive and the Brat is accused of being the thief. With despair she sees that Macmillan also believes her guilty. Her misery is too much for Stephen and he confesses his guilt. The joy that spreads over Macmillan's face tells his fiancée where his real love lies and she quietly places her engagement ring on the table, leaving the Brat to her new-found happiness.



Asked to dance for a charity bazaar, Nazimova as the Brat dons this elfish costume

NAZIMOVA A WINSOME HEROINE IN "THE BRAT"

been broken but she would have been too proud to cling to him when she knew he didn't want her any longer. In other words, she would have been a 'good sport' and taken her medicine. This she proved in the positive by sticking to him to the end because he did love her. Even though it was to an extent her lover's fault that everything came crashing down about them, even though she might have shifted the onerous burden upon his shoulders and gone scot-free if she had so minded; she stuck to him and chose forty long years of misery because he loved her as much as she loved him.



Thomas H. Ince presents William S. Hart in "Square Deal Sanderson," an Artcraft Picture

"Those are the kind of women, who to my mind, will make universal suffrage worth while. It is that kind of women who for years have fought for universal suffrage, who have been the big leaders in the 'Votes for Women' movement, and who have succeeded wonderfully, despite the organized cavil and ridicule heaped upon their heroic attempts. They are tremendously imaginative and it is that which has made them leaders among women just as only imaginative men can be leaders among men. In transferring such women from the pages of literature to the screen, much good will be done. It will make women—and men—think.

"The woman that the average man likes to paint as the ideal woman, to flatter his own vanity, is generally a dull and simple baggage. The average man wants his woman meek and docile, without spunk or backbone, without imagination and ideas of her own. He wants his woman forever to look up to him, and I am afraid the average man, at heart, agrees with the vicious delineation of the mission on earth of the ideal woman as expounded by the most press-agented man in the world, viz: kitchen, church and children. This maxim has, until recently, been the man-made precept for women for the last ten thousand years. Despite this psychological strait-jacket, the female of the species has advanced, at last shattered the metaphysical fetich of the average man, to wit, 'the inferiority of women. Moreover, this yoke of man-made inferiority has caused to make the average woman a calculating creature, it has caused her to be concerned only with realities and has stunted her imagination, her flight of fancy. It has surfeited her with common sense, but the average man instead of crediting her with at least that one accomplishment, viz: common sense, has in his usual sentimental way, invented the term 'woman's intuition' instead. The heroines of literature portrayed upon the screen, will make some dents in conventional opinion.

"The greatest shake-up of the old-fashioned idea of woman, the most startling awakening from the unhealthy hasheesh dream that the average man was wont to indulge in, came with the past three years which conclusively proved that women are equal to any emergency. I have sometimes, in the past, been inclined to class women in the mass as not very progressive, but the Great War has absolutely and finally dispelled this judgment. From now on, man and woman face the goal of human progress hand in hand. The day when the average man considered woman either as a drudge or a doll, when his average conversation consisted of vain boastings about himself on his part and he demanded sweet nothings in return, the day when the average man would ask a woman only 'yes' and would consider an occasional 'no' as high treason to his superior intellect—these days are of the past. So must pass the false conceptions of womanhood, with which the motion picture screen has been surfeited. So now is coming real women—women from the pages of the world's greatest writers.

"I am glad that in the transferrence of Jack's books to the screen they are not being made monologues, so to speak, for some star. I have always wanted to hear that great stories would some day be done in pictures as the author had written them.

"Stars can often carry off ordinary stories but a really big novel needs only intelligent interpretation."



© Hartsook

Pauline Frederick, star of the stage and screen, has just completed her latest picture for Goldwyn, entitled "One Week of Life"



Hartsook

Marjorie Daw, formerly leading lady for Douglas Fairbanks, has recently become allied with the Marshall Neilan Productions

Lucy Cotton is the star in Gerald Bacon's new feature picture, "Sun-Up"



TALLULAH BANKHEAD, DAUGHTER OF A CONGRESSMAN, GRANDDAUGHTER OF A SENATOR, GAINS FAVOR ON THE SCREEN



Alfred Cheney Johnston

W. B. Bankhead, Congressman of the tenth Congressional district of Alabama, can claim a very talented daughter. Not content with laurels won in filmland, she is to appear in the legitimate too. Selected out of a hundred and fifty candidates, she is to play the leading feminine rôle in a special road company to be seen in Rachel Crothers' successful comedy, "39 East." J. H. Bankhead, her grandfather, was U. S. Senator from Alabama. Miss Bankhead's last appearance on the screen was with Olive Tell in the Universal picture "The Trap"



Members of the Smithsonian-Universal Expedition who are to travel many miles through Darkest Africa to bring its wonders, curiosities and natural history to moving picture audiences all over the world. The trip is to be made by scientific experts of the Smithsonian Institute in conjunction with the Universal Film Company. William Stowell (seated center left) will direct the motion picture work



Brunel

W. B. Davidson, who is lending Virginia Pearson admirable support in the leading male rôle of "Impossible Catherine," her latest picture



Catherine Calvert, Famous Players star, snapped at Lake George where she is summering with her small son whose father was the late playwright, Paul Armstrong



© *Underwood and Underwood*

Rex Beach, the popular novelist, who with Samuel Goldwyn recently organized the Eminent Authors' Pictures, Inc., to present photoplays based on well-known stories



Bessie Barriscale seeks rest and recreation at home after a strenuous day filming "The Woman Michael Married"

Woodbury



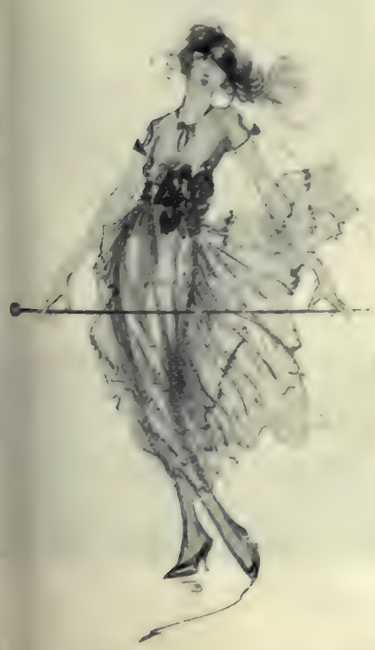
Saucy and dashing, in black tulle and chiffon, Miss Dickson exploits a real fashion in her dance atop the Century, in the "Midnight Whirl." There are several layers of chiffon beneath the tulle, and black drops of glass decorate the tulle. A stiff bow of taffeta provides a successful finish

A vision of silvery loveliness, Miss Dickson dances in long-trained gown in "The Royal Vagabond." The dress is of cloth of silver, lined with hyacinth chiffon. The tiny wing jacket is of the same colored chiffon, beaded in crystals. A sash of turquoise and violet chiffon floats gracefully with the dance

The Programme of Fashion

Alfred Cheney Johnston

By PAULINE MORGAN



DOROTHY DICKSON in a charming Callot gown of white coque feathers over white satin, from Tappe, Inc. Miss Dickson is a bewitching sprite in this elfin-like creation which is very short and narrow. You ask how she manages so much agility in a short skirt? Whether the secret lies with the little genius of the dance, or with the talented designer, it is hard to say, but in any event the skirt opens at the side front from top to hem of skirt, cleverly concealing the fact.

AS to jewels, Miss Dickson wears pearls almost exclusively. In the photo she is wearing a magic long strand of small pearls, which are wound tightly around her throat, but very frequently she wears the same pearls wound into a bracelet of seven or eight gleaming bands. Miss Dickson is the originator of this piquant fashion of wearing small pearls.



POUR LE JOUR

LYNN FONTAINE CHOOSES AMERICAN FASHIONS FOR SOCIAL LIFE AND STAGE WEAR.

Lovely blues and tan combine in making a stunning tricolette gown for afternoon wear. Made by Bergdorf Goodman



Hill's Studio



For a head-dress, Miss Fontaine introduces a new idea in the use of two uncurled ostrich feathers joined with ribbon and a diamond flower brooch

BY way of distinct contrast to the French fashion, behold Miss Fontaine in a conservative long-skirted street gown! It is becoming, however, to her English beauty, and suits certain of her moods which are colorful and talentful. When she wears the short frock, it betrays her mood to many admiring friends. The photograph cannot do justice to the delightful chic of the beige tricolette gown. The smart neck-line, pointed girdle and rope of Jade wood beads are unusual features, and when worn with a wrap of summer ermine, lined with green and gold, the effect is picturesque and very feminine. Miss Fontaine wears with this costume one of the new Russian turbans with blue-green satin top and roll of beige velvet.

AN all-day dress worn by Miss Fontaine on her recent voyage to the other side is a new Fall model of great comfort and charm. It is a slip-over jumper style of blue and tan check with a loose fold on each side, front and back. Side pockets with tailored buttons provide the only ornamentation, for the entire interest of the frock depends on the dainty frilled blouse of cream batiste. The cuff is unusual with its graceful pleated ruffle and quaint little undercuff tightly buttoned around the wrist.



MISS FONTAINE carried this smart new patent leather pocketbook on her voyage. It is commodious, with several departments, and is elegant in simplicity and gold initial. With the beige tricolette gown, Miss Fontaine carries one of the gorgeous new brocade bags in brilliant colors, with shell mounting.



MISS FONTAINE WILL INTRODUCE THIS EVENING GOWN IN "MADE OF MONEY," A NEW PLAY BY RICHARD WASHBURNE CHILDS AND PORTER EMERSON BROWNE, WHICH WILL HAVE ITS PRÉMIERE IN NEW YORK ON SEPTEMBER 20TH.

Made and designed by
Bergdorf Goodman





Hill's Studio

Jade green sequins fashion a truly regal tunic over a gracefully draped skirt of Jade green charmeuse. Rich brocades and entire gown of sequins are featured in many of the Fall fashion displays

THEY are here! Short-sleeved, short-skirted frocks with bewitching side draperies for evening gowns, and cunning touches of bright color for all-day frocks.

THE evening gown sketched to the left of the page is an advance model showing a clever treatment of moon-glo satin crépe. Orchid and silver, daintily brocaded, forms the body of the gown, while the fashionable side trimming flutes itself in cascades of silver lace beaded in silver. Silver cloth is glimpsed occasionally, facing the graceful long train, and again appearing at the under-arm bodice.

ONE of the very newest frocks is characteristically Parisian, and is winsome in design and effect. Of midnight blue, the bodice is cut in kimona style with sleeves a little below the shoulder; the skirt is gathered slightly to the waist-band, and a narrow orange wool fringe decorates the hem. The same wool fringe edges the tiny sleeve, and narrow strips of orange wool with little bullet buttons emblazon the front to several inches below the waist line.



Miss Perry wearing a "Wing Toy" hat of jade green taffeta and black. The Chinese design is distinctly new, and is very appropriately worn with the skimpy-skirted, short-sleeved frock of the moment

KATHERINE PERRY AND BETTY MORTON OF THE "ZIEGFELD FOLLIES" IN STUNNING NEW FALL HATS FROM BRUCK-WEISS.

THE favorite hat in Paris is black, frequently worn without any trimming, or perhaps decorated with paradise or glycerine feathers. In New York, the chic headgear is shown in rich, dark colors with little trimming or ostrich feathers. This only for the moment, however, as the fashion fairy insists on a fickle season, and various extremes are likely to appear over night.

THE "tam" is extremely fetching for general wear, and several of our prominent screen stars are seen wearing them on the avenue and in the restaurants. Elaine Hammerstein is wearing a large tam of ivory duvetyn with a huge buckle at the side of rhinestones and blue enamel.

THE three-cornered hat is another youthful style, and soft round hats with large Alsatian bows are smart.

AS to veils!—the heavy border designs are in demand again as they achieve the "covered-up chin" effect which is decidedy correct, and which we will see exploited in the new wraps.

TOUCHES of orange are effective on either blue or brown. Lovely shades of brown are with us again, from deep ivory to the deepest shades of tobacco brown.





Miss Morton, one of the beauties of Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic, favors the picture hat. At present she confines her choice to soft, wide brims, which yield gracefully to any desired angle. This lovely model is of mulberry chiffon velvet with a wreath of ostrich in darker hue

Streamers are no longer confined to summer hats. Here we have a rather bizarre effect, with very narrow streamers beading a wide head band of gold and silver lace. This band fits snugly around the head, holding in place the flat wheel hat of amethyst velvet, pyramided with three ostrich feathers of the same color

HATS MAY BE OF ANY SHAPE FOR FALL, PROVIDED THEY ARE MADE OF DUVETYN, VELVET OR FUR



Hill's Studio

In thoughtful mood, Miss Perry poses in a lovely hat of sapphire blue velvet, trimmed in skunk. The cut-steel buckle adds the only touch of ornamentation. This charming hat is very versatile, as it is dignified or piquant, according to adjustment

With a picturesque Oriental scarf, Miss Perry wears a demure little hat of black maline and narrow French blue ribbon. The side drapery is very chic, and gives a hint of the futher smart designs we are to see in millinery this Fall. A facing of flesh-colcred chiffon, and a roll of gold cord on the brim above, gives a very youthful and becoming glow to the face





To go a-shopping, Miss Perry wears a provoking turban of rose-colored chiffon velvet, with the popular ostrich trimming at the side back. The ostrich feather determines to remain in favor, and wins its point in this matter. The fashion of wearing a fur or wrap to cover the chin, continuing an unbroken line to below the waist line, is a decided getting away from conventional dress

ADVICE SERVED WITH TEA

By ANGELINA

MY Godchild came into town the other afternoon, rang me up and asked me to come over to the Manhattan for tea. I never told you I was a "naval reserve" Godmother, did I? He's a sweet, good-looking infant from Kentucky, now a six-foot Junior at New Haven, and as he insists on keeping up the *marraine* relation even though the war is over he dutifully calls me up at intervals and invites me somewhere. Besides, I know he finds it thrilling to have the celebrities pointed out to him as we go about.

We were half-way through tea, when a little group of three, coming into the room, pounced on me with shrieks of joy,—a girl from the West whom I knew at school, her mother and young sister.

"Angelina!" they cried in a breath. "What luck! You're just the person . . . We're all on to get fitted out. Do tell us! What's going to be worn? You don't mind our making use of you?"

"Not in the least," I assured them, "everybody does. I'm a nice, obliging, old thing, amn't I, Godchild?" And Godchild responded promptly with that traditional Southern gallantry that every Kentucky infant seems to have at its command. We turned him over to the young sister to jolly and plunged into clothes and toast and tea.

AFTER many things were settled—"Capes, Angelina?" suddenly asked Molly. "Shall we buy capes? Are they still going to be worn?"

"Assuredly," I answered. "Wherever you see a cape, whether for day or evening, or a cape wrap, or a dolman effect, you can be sure you're right and go ahead."

That very day I'd been hearing a lot about them, so I was on "terra cotta" there. And I'd been seeing Roshanara's chinchilla satin cape that she invented—she designs most of her clothes and is awfully artistic and ingenious at it—and that, in order not to be monotonous, can be worn in seven different ways, each twist to show a bit of its gay pussy-willow silk lining. And two cape-wraps for evening that Miss Martha Mansfield, the Follies' beauty, will wear this winter, made of the new metal broche pussy-willow satin.

I told them there should be two evening wraps at least of that latter material in their wardrobe, if they wanted to make a showing. Nothing more stunning in the way of evening fabrics could be imagined. Anybody might be beautiful in them.



Miss Martha Mansfield, Follies' beauty, is so much in favor of the new metal broche pussy-willow satin that she has had two evening wraps made of it for the winter. Above is a Bruck-Weiss model in navy blue and silver with hat of electric blue and metal broche

and—

Below is another in black and gold metal broche pussy-willow satin trimmed with skunk



What is a fur coat today without its contrasting lining? It is an egg without salt, a peacock without a tail, a sine qua non, in short, an impossibility. Wherefore, Lubovska has wisely chosen for her broadtail wrap a lining of kumsi-kumsa plaided in blue and black



Photos Aime Dupont



No question about the continued popularity of capes! Roshanara, who has a pretty skill at designing clothes, originated this one of the new fabric chinchilla satin, that drapes in such graceful, rich folds, choosing for its lining, a gay pussy-willow silk

"Whatever else happens, I myself am going to have an evening cloak in the dark blue and silver," I announced. "It's such a very new and original color combination for evening and goes so beautifully with fur."

And I was able to tell them about some of the other new silk materials that I'd been seeing. Chinchilla satin, for instance, that is very like that heavy, "curdy" Roshanara crepe—which you all must know—except that the former has a satin finish on one side. And about "Dovedown," which it seems to me is almost the greatest triumph of all the new creations, for it is a silk duvetyn that eliminates all the bad features of the original duvetyn; the rubbing and creasing. This fabric is so soft and pliable it can fairly be tied into knots (*Concluded on page* 196)

THREE stars appearing in "East is West," at the Astor Theatre: *Fay Bainter, Hassard Short* and *Packer's Tar Soap.*



Photograph by White, New York

FAY BAINTER *and* PACKER'S TAR SOAP

IN that engaging comedy, "East is West," Fay Bainter as Ming Toy, the Chinese heroine, adores three things above all others: White man's God, peanuts and *tar soap.*

Miss Bainter doesn't specify "Packer's"—but the "property" soap used in the second act of the play is the original and inimitable product known to two generations of Americans.

Ming Toy, being a "heathen Chinee" and unused to occidental ways, uses Packer's Tar Soap as a perfume. She is captivated by its pleasant, piney fragrance.

She marries "Mist' Billy Benson," whose privilege it becomes to explain to his charming wife the real benefits to be obtained from the proper use of "tar soap" in shampooing.

Mrs. Billy Benson, and Billy too, for the matter of that, can have nice-looking, healthy hair years from now, if they are careful to use Packer's Tar Soap regularly, and this applies to everybody—East and West.

Send 10c for sample half-cake of "Packer's." You cannot begin too early.

Write for our Manual, "The Hair and Scalp—Modern Care and Treatment," 36 pages of practical information. Sent free on request.

Packer's Liquid Tar Soap, delicately perfumed, cleanses delightfully and refreshes the scalp—keeping the hair soft and attractive. *Liberal sample bottle 10c.*

Packer products are sold by druggists

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Pure as the Pines

THE PACKER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Department 88-I, 116-120 West 32nd St., NEW YORK CITY

The Furs That Heighten Woman's Charm



—Ira L. Hill's Studio

POSED BY
MISS GRACE DARLING

Broadtail Dolman, with deep Collar and Cuffs of Chinchilla. An exquisite and extremely useful garment.

Booklet sent on request.
"Fall and Winter Furs 1919-1920"

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C'EST DE PARIS

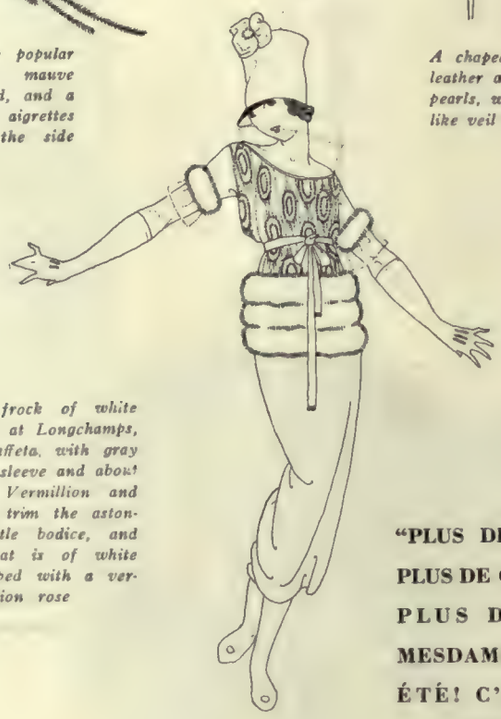
By HOWARD GREER



One of the popular toques of mauve tulle braided, and a shower of aigrettes falling to the side



A chapeau of patent leather and enormous pearls, with a visor-like veil of black net



A daring frock of white taffeta seen at Longchamps, of white taffeta, with gray fur on the sleeve and about the hips. Vermillion and blue beads trim the astonishingly little bodice, and the high hat is of white taffeta, topped with a vermillion rose

"PLUS DE JUPON, PLUS DE CHEMISE, PLUS DE BAS, MESDAMES, CET ÉTÉ! C'EST LA MODE"

THUS runs the caption in explanation of a very naughty—but altogether charming cartoon in a current issue of *La Vie Parisienne*. A bit exaggerated, perhaps, but these few words offer one a skeleton of the idea of the moment, with perchance a stitch or so more than the simple sentence might lead one to believe, draped about the skeleton.

And yet, in this period of uncertainty, things suddenly seem more conservative than they did a brief month ago. Skirts seem a trifle longer, and the bars of fringe or braid that often encircle them, give an impression of fullness, where none really exists.

Hats seem to be the fascinating subject of the hour—big ones and little ones; soft draped tulle toques, and stiff, glazed-straw broad-brimmed sun-shades; flowers, beads, and fruit in scattered profusion; and bird of paradise—lots of it!

FURS have disappeared and given way to masses of plumes and swirling feather, which serve not alone as regal coiffures, but as shoulder ornaments, decorative motifs upon the design of materials and even as the basis for entire robes and cloaks. There is a riot of color, somewhat subtly achieved in sequins and cut beads; the lines are daring and youthful—long pointed toes are replaced by round Chinese-like silhouettes, and precious jewels in platinum are worn in bands about the ankles.

AT the theatres, the splendor of the spectacle behind the foot-lights is rivalled by the array in the boxes and stalls. There is Gaby's intimate revue at the Femina. Though a bit below the standard of Gaby shows, it is a rainbow of color and a sea of feathers. Erté, from his villa at Monte Carlo, has sent sketches for the chorus numbers, but Gaby has evidently conceived her own ideas, working upon the the theory that pearls and plumes are for her alone! The unhappy consequence is a confusion of feathers, with little more than Gaby's eyes visible through the towering atrocities. In one dance with Harry Pilcer, she was divine in a simple, airy costume of pale yellow paradise feather upon chiffon.

A GREAT gilded cage, against a black and silver background, formed the set, with Gaby, as a contented canary, swinging listlessly upon her gilded perch. The entrance of Pilcer, as an enormous and very wicked-looking cat, occasioned the beginning of a series of whirls and pantomime that was altogether delightful. (*Continued on page* 192)

While we won't dispute that a rose by any other name might be quite as fragrant, a Pettibocker by any other name just can't be a Pettibocker!



Vanity Fair Union Suit 34822

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Vanity Fair Pettibocker 2475

Vanity Fair SILK UNDERWEAR

THERE is only one Pettibocker and that is the Vanity Fair! All the frilly daintiness of the petticoat with the comfort of a knicker!

Perhaps the designers of Vanity Fair should feel flattered by that subtlest of all compliments—imitation—but after originating the Pettibocker and spending countless hours and unlimited effort perfecting it, they naturally want the women for whom it was designed to enjoy the comfort and luxury of the real Pettibocker—not to suffer from the inferiority of imitations.

Yet, there is a way to know that you're getting the original and only "Pettibocker." See that the label, in the back below the waist-elastic, says "Vanity Fair Pettibocker." It's worth the slight trouble of looking—for you know what Vanity Fair stands for in the world of undersilks!

No matter what you want in a fine quality glove silk, whether it's a vest, envelope chemise, union, knicker or Pettibocker, ask for Vanity Fair.

There are so many special features—there's the double-back that only the Vanity Fair knicker can boast; the sure-lap on the union that keeps it closed; the step-in envelope chemise with never a snap nor button; the vest with four extra inches in length—and above all, the quality and exquisite workmanship of Vanity Fair itself.

Vanity Fair Silk Mills, READING, PA.

Makers of Vanity Fair Silk Underwear and Silk Gloves.

The Beauty Play



ACT 1:—

Young Mrs. Jenkins is in despair—she has just glanced in her mirror and realizes that she looks about ten years older than her age—which is thirty-one. There are three wrinkles in the corner of her eyebrows; besides the summer sun has played havoc with her complexion.

There is a dinner party to-night, and all she can do is follow the simplest way—some powder and some rouge.

ENTER MRS. BELLOWS

Her friend looks mysteriously at the artificial-looking glow of health, but says nothing.

ACT 2:—

Three weeks later—matters have gone from bad to worse. Mrs. Jenkins is thoroughly in despair. The wrinkles have increased (one cannot laugh and keep late hours, without something happening). The terrible tell-tale sign of age is upon her—for the skin around her lower jaw hangs loosely—the crowsfeet detract from the natural prettiness of her eyes—the frec les stand out boldly—the pores are large and unrefined looking—and the oil just seems to ooze out of her face.

Mrs. Jenkins attends the play, and in glancing listlessly over the program, observes announcements of Mme. Rubinstein's; notes the address—46 West 57th Street—decides to call early next morning.

ACT 3:—

Meets Mme. Helena Rubinstein; is astonished with the beauty of the Rubinstein Salon; delighted with the art of its decorations; charmed with the manner of Mme. Rubinstein and her assistants; is thoroughly calmed after a few minutes' chat with the great beauty expert, who assures her there is nothing to worry about.

ACT 4:—

No more wrinkles, no more blotches, no more freckles, skin has returned to its normal conditions.

But if you will come behind the scenes thereafter, you will find Mrs. Jenkins busily engaged in following the natural method of "a la Rubinstein."

***Special Note*—To those women who cannot personally consult Mme. Rubinstein, there is a series of effective home treatments which are recommended as follows:**

VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKIN EMOLLIENT: The fundamental of Mme. Rubinstein's treatment for weather-beaten, blotchy, muddy or freckled skins, toneless skins, which require stimulation. Price: $1.25, $2.25, $6.50.

VALAZE SKIN-TONING LOTION: For use in conjunction with Valaze Beautifying Emollient. Prevents the spread of wrinkles and should be used whenever cream is removed from the face, so as to stimulate the pores and tighten up the skin, thereby preventing large pores. Price: $1.25, $2.50, $6.50. For very dry skins, use the special s in-toning lotion. Price: $2.20, $4.40.

VALAZE LIQUIDINE: Overcomes enlarged pores, undue flushing of the nose and face, oiliness and "shine" of the skin, and blackheads. Also used for cleansing the face of dirt, grease and travel stains. Price: $1.75, $3.00, $6.00.

VALAZE ROMAN JELLY: Wrinkles under the eyes and flabbiness in the neck vanish under the application of Valaze Roman Jelly. It contracts the skin and removes ungainly hollows and puffy places. Price: $1.50, $3.00.

VALAZE SUN AND WIND PROOF CREAM: For golfers and motorists—protects against the chemical action of the sun's rays and the ravages of wind. Price: $2.00, $3.00, $5.00.

Some Other Mme. Rubinstein's Beauty Aids

VALAZE CRUSHED ROSE LEAVES: A new and delightful coloring for the face, whose tone is so soft and natural as not to betray the least trace of artificiality. Price: $1.00, $3.50 and up.

VALAZE EYELASH CREAM: To stay the falling of eyelashes and eyebrows, and promote their growth—at the same time darkening them. Price: $1.00 and $1.50 a jar.

VALAZE REDUCING JELLY: A specialty that induces the absorption of the superfluous fat which collects around the face, forming a double chin. A little of the jelly rubbed in daily will maintain the youthful contour of the face. Price: $1.50, $3.00, $5.00.

VALAZE BLACKHEAD AND OPEN PORE PASTE: To be used instead of soap, for refining coarse skin texture, preventing blackheads and enlarged pores, and removing all greasiness of the skin. Price: $1.10, $2.20, $3.30 and up.

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN

46 WEST 57th STREET, NEW YORK

PARIS, 255 Rue St. Honoré LONDON, 24 Grafton Street

Chicago: Mlle. Lola Beekman, 30 North Michigan Avenue

San Francisco: Miss Ida Martin, 177 Post Street and Grant Avenue



"Robe de ville" of blue serge and black silk ribbon fringe, worn by Mlle. Marken at the Palais Royal

An afternoon frock from Callot, of rose taffeta and pale yellow chiffon, embroidered in beads, worn by Max Linder's leading woman



PARIS is mad over the tango and the fox-trot—while conservative London contents herself with new interpretations of the waltz. The first strains of the tango are always accompanied by a dimming of lights, a drop in the hum of conversation, while the dancers throw themselves into an exaggerated state of 'atmosphere." Nothing is quite so comforting as an "áperitif" by the Cafe de la Paix, just before the dinner hour, when the crowd is most dense—or a refreshing beverage after the theatre, at night, and it is an exceeding novelty to the American who takes his drink, or pardon me!—took his drink at home.

BUT the costumes that milady carries into the various places! A bit shocking after the sombre raiments of the past few years—but still delightfully economical! For there are no backs in the evening gowns—no sleeves in the summer frocks, knee length for the street and dance—and now—they have discarded stockings! But with delicious inconsistency—the Parisienne has twined her ankles with priceless chains and bracelets to offset the absence of "les bas." Only last evening, at a very fashionable soirée in the Avenue Hoche, I counted five women upon the floor, elaborately coiffed and gowned, with black satin pumps strapped about the pale lustre of bare ankles.

I HAVE just returned from a fortnight in London—where conditions are not so topsey-turvey, and one feels free to take a good long breath, without fear of facing the luxury tax for such an indulgence. Quite the most delightful stage production, to me, was the musical version of "Monsieur Beaucaire," with Maggie Teyte's superb personality throughout. And by far the most charming costume in London was one worn by Miss Madge Titheradge in "In the Night Watch" at the Oxford. A sketch in black and white cannot do justice to the creation—one must imagine an ethereal fall of gold—for the foundation was of gold cloth with ripples of gold beads and rhinestones falling, in Pierrot-like squares, from the material.

IN Paris, however, the opera, continuing long after its accustomed close, Salome," in one evening, with Ida Rubinstein in the latter. I was Madame Paderewski entered a box—five minutes' wild applause followed the appearance of Poland's premier, and the musician-statesman bowed as calmly to the gathering as though he were graciously refusing an encore to an enthusiastic musical audience. Madame Paderewski, in shimmery white and silver with a great cloak of chinchilla thrown over one shoulder, stood modestly a bit behind her famous husband, smiling and sharing his honor.

A SHORT time ago I saw both Rigoletto and "The Tragedy of Salome," in one evening, with Ida Rubinstein in the latter. I was thrilled with Mme. Rubinstein's interpretation of the oft-presented character, but disappointed there, as everywhere, with the French presentation. Of all places, one might expect the Parisians to have found the keynote of simplicity in lighting and staging, but even they have missed it. After all—is Greenwich Village the only spot where one finds genuine relief in monotones and simple suggestions?

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HIGH boots—Oxfords in combination colors, and pumps in shades of grey, beaver, bronze and white, with the long narrow vamp! This notwithstanding the promise or threat or however you may regard it, of the round-toed French shoe. Colored shoes will certainly be more popular and in greater demand than ever before—shoes to harmonize with the costume is essential to the correctly gowned woman. For only too long have women been neglectful of this kind of harmony—with infinite care they select gloves and millinery to attain a certain color scheme, but they often seem unmindful of the important part which footwear plays in the general appearance. Slowly but surely the French influence has done its work, and short skirts seem inevitable. High boots therefore are of pre-eminent consideration, and pretty, well shod feet today are the "observed of observed." It is interesting to note the way an eye travels from face to gown, and then to the feet, and very frequently disappointment is manifest in the last glance. Anyhow, men always notice a woman's feet. So if you dress to please the men, give a thought to your footwear. Pretty feet are not a matter of size! Shoes of soft kidskin, comforming snugly to the foot and to the ankle, have a tendency to make the foot look smaller, as well as the ankle look more trim. And the kidskin is practical—inasmuch as the kidskin called F. B. & C is so easily cleaned. Spots are quickly removed with a little castile soap and water, but a thorough cleaning with a regular cleaning fluid renews them after a time more satisfactorily.

Her stunning bathing suit of blue wool jersey, trimmed in block design of black and yellow, and made in one piece. This style of bathing suit gives unusually smart and youthful lines to the figure



Mrs. Roscoe Arbuckle is one of the versatile sports-women who swim late in the season. She continues this aquatic diversion until late in December. Perhaps it is because the saucy Annette Kellerman bathing outfit is so comfy and becoming that Mrs. Roscoe is so insistent on late season bathing

WINTON SIX

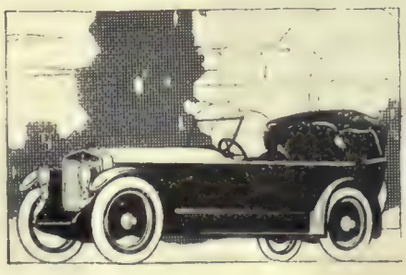


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Evelyn Gosnell of "Upin Mabel's Room" wearing pajama suit trimmed with "J. C." Lady Fair Ribbon.

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ADVICE SERVED WITH TEA

(Continued from page 188)

AND then I went on and described the wonderful new ribbons I had likewise been seeing, and of how they were more popular than ever, for hats, for frocks, for bags, for—oh, everything. And of how you couldn't go wrong in investing there, either.

Had they seen any of the adorable hats made entirely of ribbon, that were to be the rage, this Fall? Didn't Molly remember the one I brought back from Paris several years ago and how it was raved over? Funny! We're just taking up the idea over here now. Due to the artistic enterprise of the Johnson, Cowdin people, who not only make those beautiful *de luxe* ribbons, but show you all the myriad different things you can do with them.

For example, they showed me a set of scarf, hat, and bag, made of taupe brown duvetyn combined with one of their old blue and silver metallic ribbons. The scarf was rather narrow, just wide enough to take as lining, from selvage to selvage, an old blue satin ribbon. At either end of the duvetyn side was a deep finishing band of the blue and silver metal ribbon, with blue silk fringe below. The hat was a small turban of the blue and silver ribbon, intertwisted with the duvetyn, and the bag had its bottom of the duvetyn and the top of the metal ribbon.



And of all the charming things that are being done with ribbon quite the most charming is this idea of making hats of it. Miss Ruby de Remer's blonde loveliness above is framed in a hat built entirely of old rose Democracy grosgrain

AND did Molly and her mother know about the new veilings? Van Raalte's, of course. They're the only ones worth talking of. Molly, get out your pencil and take down these names. You'll save yourself a lot of trouble when you go shopping, if you know them. Ready?

First, "Fan-see," a very fine octagon mesh with little raised figures through it. "Sparkle," a bit like the "Twinkle"—you remember?—but even prettier, I think. There is a fancy octagon mesh, the mesh in fine double instead of single lines, and with square woven dots at intervals that stand out on cheeks and chin as if they were coquettish little "patches." "Pam," a square *hair-line* mesh—that's the new mesh and even more becoming than the octagon—outlined by larger squares. Have you got those?

Then, the "Sonnet"—it is indeed—a filet ground with a flower design running through the veil and on the border. The "Lafta," a large square design; the "Bab," again double threads worked in squares; the "Coleen," a fancy mesh. I can't describe it, but it's lovely. And the "Jingle," another fancy mesh, another indescribable, but wildly becoming.



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The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, the artist, has just declared that American women, already the fairest on earth, are growing more beautiful with every passing year. The reason? *"Because being beautiful is an art* (the italics are our own) "and the American women are keeping ahead of their foreign sisters in this art, as the American brethren are in business."

IT is perfectly true that you find the American woman giving increased regard to each detail of her physical appearance. She knows she can't afford to slight even so seemingly small a thing as a single eyelash in the competitive race for beauty. That is why the eyes, for the first time, are coming in for their proper share of attention. One is learning that it is possible to enhance their beauty enormously, in a dozen different ways, if one only knows how.

NO woman, naturally, knows more about this art of beautifying and making the most of the eye than the actress, which she has learned from her stage experience. And during our many interviews with her we have picked up one or two of her secrets, which should be of great profit to Vanity Box readers.

THERE is, to begin with, the blonde young actress, greatly in demand for vampires of a subtle type, who has lived much of her life in Paris and learned there the art of faintly tinting the eyelids. The interesting part of which story is, that though her eyes are grey-blue, she does this tinting not with a blue pencil, but with a pale brown rouge, which gives depth and mystery to the eye. One thinks it brown at first glance, and blue at second. Then one doesn't know what color it is, except that it is mysterious and alluring. Naturally, the tinting is meticulously done, with such care as one would give to the painting on a miniature. I, myself, was unaware, even though I had seen the lady in broad daylight, of how the effect was obtained, until she let me in on the secret.

THEN there is the popular *danseuse* of the Follies, who adds to the delicacy of her features by going regularly to a beauty shop and having the line of her eyebrow "slenderized," until it is no more than a faint thread arching her brow. Also the equally popular screen star, who, if you will watch for closely, you may discover, lengthens her eyebrow at the tail end to give it a more effective appearance.

NOWADAYS, there is hardly an actress or a woman paying any thought to her make-up, whether blonde or brunette, that doesn't use some sort of darkening for the eyebrows and eyelashes. And you can have no idea of the improvement it will make in certain appearances. We know a blonde doll actress that creates terrible havoc with her beautiful blue eyes, who would be nowhere without this darkening. We saw her once washed out by the sea, and My Word, what a difference! Of course, her eyelashes, to start on, are long and curling, but without their "mascarine" they get nowhere.

MASCARINE of some make is the most popular form of darkening. We know an excellent one, that "sticks," has a delicious perfume, and comes in black, and in dark brown for fair people.

ALSO we have been put wise, by a stage beauty, to three products of a Famous Beauty Specialist. An amazing Eyelash Grower. A wonderful Eye Lotion that clears the white of the eye and removes any tendency there may be to its being clouded or bloodshot. And a splendid Astringent Paste that smooths out all the little wrinkles underneath the eyelids and around the corners, leaving the skin young and smooth.

(Do write the Vanity Box, care The Theatre, 6 East 39th St., New York City, and let us tell you of these interesting products for beautifying the eye).

TO TEST a cheap tire: Inject the air-pressure of the advertisement inside the tire, and see what happens.

Of course, an equitable adjustment allows you to try it again, but if you haven't a mania for testing tires, the sensible way is to get Kelly-Springfield Cords at the start.



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Let Your Own Eyes Tell

THIS is to urge a free ten-day test of a tooth paste which combats the film. See the results and then decide if filmless teeth will pay.

That slimy film which you feel with your tongue is the cause of most tooth troubles. The tooth brush alone doesn't end it. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it.

It clings to the teeth, gets into crevices and stays. That is why teeth brushed twice daily still discolor and decay.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So, despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

Dental science has found a way to combat that film. The way is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. It does what nothing else has done. That is the tooth paste we ask you to try—use a ten-day tube at our cost and see the results for yourself.

You Do Not End the Film

Your present methods remove food debris, but they do not end the film. So teeth discolor and tartar forms. Wherever the film is, decay may follow.

The use of Pepsodent applies pepsin to the film. The film is albuminous and pepsin is the digestant of albumin. The object is to dissolve the film, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But dental science has now discovered a harmless activating method. And that has made the constant use of active pepsin possible.

Clinical tests under able authorities have proved the results beyond question. Leading dentists all over America now urge the use of Pepsodent. It is keeping millions of teeth white, safe and clean.

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Send This Coupon for a 10-Day Tube

Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten—how they glisten—as the fixed film disappears.

Do this and then decide between the old ways and the new. Cut out the coupon now.



Little Evelyn Hoy, a gifted member of Helen S. Noble's group of Juvenile Players

PLAYS FOR CHILDREN

(Continued from page 175)

everything to play with, so the little mind has nothing left for "make-believe"—and what a pity!—for "make-believe" stimulates his mental activity. I was impressed recently with the example in the two-and-a-half-year-old son of a friend who was having a beautiful time playing with a chair and a couple of dolls; he being the policeman, the chair a patrol wagon, and the dolls the wrong-doers, who had to be taken to the Police Station—but the zest for the "make-believe" was gone when the Mother pushed the chair aside and brought in his real wagon to take the dolls to the Police Station. The child immediately tired of the game and left the wagon in the middle of the room. There was nothing for imagination!

SOME plays I produce are a combination of dramatic work and dancing; some are dancing pantomimes; we, as a nation, are lacking in pantomimic ability, so it takes a lot of coaching to get the little people to respond. I consider that the children get valuable work in more ways than one when they are coached for a play. Our plays are always given for a charity, and I *try* to impress upon the actors that it is their duty to give of their talent and their fortunate lot in life to the child born in less fortunate walks of life. At the close of the final rehearsal, all the cast are seated on the floor, every one absolutely quiet, while I tell them again the object of the play and that they are to pray that night that tomorrow shall be a fine day (our plays are always in the morning), so that all the children who hoped to come to the theatre may not be disappointed, and especially that the poor children may come. We sell out the gallery to people of means, and these tickets are sent to the various Childrens' Orphanages, and Settlement Houses, etc.--the Street Railway Company often providing free transportation. How those poor little waifs adore those plays!! Most persons will give clothing and food for a child, but how few think of giving joy and beauty, which is the birth-right of every child.

THE children of foreign parentage have little or no imagination, poor dears, they have no beauty in their sordid lives, so how *can* they imagine. The parents know fairy-lore and legends, because the old world is filled with it, but our country is too new, and we are too commercial; so my little actors take the keenest delight in playing to the kiddies in the galleries, and are taught to play their *best* for those who have *nothing* in their lives; the box-holders are a secondary consideration.

I deplore the way the average child is allowed to go to the Movies. Movies are splendid educational structures in many ways, but the average drama produced on the screen is unfit for a *child* to see, and we must take the good with the bad—so I want my plays to stand for something especially fit for children to see—and worth waiting for.

MADAME SEROVA, of New York, who, so successfully builds lovely plays, and dances for children, says she never teaches a dance to a child in which there is an element of something a child should not know—what a splendid thought—I have been more or less instrumental in getting Madame Serova to give in her school these plays for children and have tried to interest the dancing teachers who come to her from all parts of the country to study these plays; so I am looking forward to seeing eventually an awakened interest in amateur plays for children. We, as teachers, can do much for this branch of work and we must not shirk our responsibility. I have no thought to prepare children for the professional stage; it is only my idea to give them a clear wholesome something to play with. It is the educated person who gets the joy out of art, so let us all do our bit, and educate the child in our care, in the beautiful.

THE ESTEY RESIDENCE ORGAN



A PIPE organ costs more than a grand piano, but a pipe organ is something a great deal more than a grand piano. A pipe organ is the greatest musical instrument in the world. To own one is to know the finest feeling in the world. A swimming pool costs more than a bath-tub; but you do not consider your swimming pool in terms of bath-tubs. A golf course costs more than a croquet ground; a Rembrandt costs more than a Sargent; a greenhouse costs more than a cold-frame; but to the man who wants a golf links, or a Rembrandt, or a greenhouse, the question is not whether he can get something entirely different that costs less. It is always how can he get the thing he wants in its most desirable form.

The Estey Residence Organ is made for you who want an organ in your home. No one who has ever heard it in all its wonderful musical versatility can doubt that he wants it, or hesitate about installing it.

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CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER DIVORCE CASES

(Continued from page 150)

JIMMIE WALSH telephoned her from the hotel and asked her if there was anything new.

"Come over right away."

"Jimmie Walsh," said Fay, very red-eyed, very pale, and more determined than he had ever known her, "there has been a misunderstanding between Mr. Hampton and myself. But however it ends, whatever happens, it is *not* to be published. Do you understand? Not a word of it is press agent stuff. It is private. If one word appears through you or anyone in Blake & Lake's office I shall cancel my contract. Is that clear?"

Her eyes filled, she shook her head, not trusting her voice, clasped his hand and bowed him out.

Then, woman-like, she called him back.

"Jimmie Walsh, I have always liked you. Somehow you have a corner of your brain that is not devoted entirely to publicity. I am going to tell you about it," and she did. When she finished Jimmie's eyes were red. He said with anger, but half of it was a salty dampness:

"I'll go and kill him for you first, and then—"

"No, that won't help in the least."

"I'll—I'll—damn it all, Miss Hampton, I'll do something that will pull you through because you're straight and your story is straight."

FAY HAMPTON went into the city the next day and directly to the office of John Collingwood. Although a neighbor of his, she could not well call on him on business like that, in his home. Collingwood was out; she waited. When he came in and found her he was angry that she had been let in.

He was a lawyer, and an honorable one. He could not allow her to talk to him. She tried to tell him—he held up his hands. "No, no, Mrs. Hampton, I cannot listen to a word."

"But—here is a retainer, I want to engage your services—"

"That is just it—you are too late, your husband has retained me."

"Wha-a-at?" gasped Fay. He nodded. "And—and you believe his story?"

"Every word of it."

Fay broke down and wept. Over and over she told John Collingwood that she was innocent, that he would be committing a greater crime than murder if he divorced her and Donald.

"You cannot believe me guilty!"

"I came along in time to see Atkins slide down the veranda pillar from your chamber window," said Collingwood.

"I admit it, I was going to tell you about it—how he deliberately compromised me because—"

"Stop!" thundered Colingwood, "I must ask you to go."

"And you are going to try and separate Donald and me?"

Collingwood bowed.

"There's no getting around the evidence. I am sorry—"

Fay never knew how she got out to the street. Perhaps Mrs. Collingwood would help her. Perhaps, if she told the whole terrible story to her, she would tell her husband. That was one way. But when Fay called at the Collingwood home she was told that Mrs. Collingwood was not at home.

Fay had seen her at the window!

MEANWHILE there was trouble at the Blake & Lake office. "Just as sure as you know who made little fishes, she won't be able to take the part in 'Paste Jewels'," Jimmie told them.

"She must," yelled Blake.

"She's simply got to," shouted Lake.

They got in touch with Fay Hampton. Jimmie's prophecy was a good one.

"Don't mention contracts to me, don't mention stage to me. Unless I communicate with you within another fortnight get someone else for the part," was her message to them, and her ultimatum.

"Do something, quickly," they told Jimmie.

Jimmie looked at them scornfully. "If I could help her I'd give my right hand," he said. They believed him.

Fay Hampton sat down calmly one day, took herself in a firm grasp, as it were, and studied her predicament just as she would study a great part in a play manuscript to actually live it. She went over every detail, from the first time she saw Atkins up to that moment. Nothing came to her. She went back again, mentally, and started afresh. Nothing offered itself as a solution. But the third time she suddenly stood up, threw her arms exultantly upward and began to lay plans. Her first plan was to telephone for Jimmie Walsh. He arrived by the next train.

"What is it?" he asked

"I need you," she said.

"Anything, Miss Hampton, from pouring tea to straight murder."

She believed him, but would tell him nothing of her plans. "Just do the things that I ask of you, without question, please."

Jimmie obeyed. He had seen Mrs. Collingwood. He was also shown a photograph of her and then sent to the Woman's Club to find out if she were at the meeting. He came back with information that while he couldn't get in, he got the program and Mrs. Collingwood was to preside.

Jimmie sat around until nearly 11 p. m. Mrs. Hampton had excused herself. When she came down stairs she wore a long automobile coat, down to her toes, buttoned to her chin. She led Jimmie to the garage and got out the little car. She drove it herself to a side street on which the Collingwood lawn abutted. She parked the car on the stretch of turf between the narrow sidewalk and the little-used street; the car lights were out.

"Find out where Collingwood is!" she commanded.

(Continued on page 206)



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REHEARSING A PLAY

(*Continued from page* 142)

stand up under it. A week in committee would most advantageously destroy belief in them, for it must be confessed that the taste for their flashy effects is apt to originate with the actor; if he scratches their surface, fertilizes it with the easiest of his own emotions—a quick crop of something can be raised.

Such plays parallel the cheap fiction which appears and disappears month by month in certain magazines, harmless enough perhaps if it did not debase the market and oust the finer genuine products, if it did not consume and waste so much energy and means.

BUT for the play that attempts some comprehension of life, it is, let it be remembered, not the plan of action but the plan of thought that needs to be most firmly laid, for from plan of thought, plan of action will at the right moment develop itself with surprising ease. Upon that moment it needs the tact of the producer to decide; there are no rules for telling when talk ceases to be fruitful, but the moment's approach should be as obvious as to a hostess are signs of restlessness among her guests. It will have been his skill as a chairman so to have conducted the discussion that its profit has been equalized among the cast so that the same moment—to be quite the right moment—finds them ready and just a bit impatient to add movement to words, to leave their study for the stage.

(*To be concluded next month*)

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

THOUGH *"The Chimes of San Giusto"* is virtually a street song such as any Italian might hum as he walks the sunlit ways of an Italian city, its essential gaiety and spontaneous melody make it fully worthy of the best efforts of the great Caruso. It is a song of Italian rapture over the re-conquest of Trieste and to hear this highly typical Italian patriotic number as it is vividly sung by Caruso on a new Victor Record which is among the new list of September offerings, is to fully appreciate the joy of victory which has come after years of suffering.

The *"Festival of Bagdad,"* the fourth movement from Scheherazade, played by the Philadelphia Orchestra, instantly transports you to Bagdad. This number is really an epitome of the three previous movements based on the Arabian Nights tales.

The Galli-Curci record of the aria *"The One of Whom I Dreamed,"* from Traviata is of interest because this great soprano has made such a perfect Violetta in this opera. It is undoubtedly one of the greatest of all coloratura arias—the awakening of Violetta's soul illumined by the glow of a purer passion—and to it Galli-Curci has brought her highest gifts. On a double-faced record Olive Kline sings *"Chinese Lullaby,"* a particularly good number with oriental atmosphere, and Elsie Baker presents a delightful lullaby, *"Baby Jim,"* which has a melody of haunting sweetness.—*Adv.*





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Dorothy Gish *in* "Nugget Nell"
Lila Lee *in* "Rose of the River"
Vivian Martin *in* "Louisiana"
Shirley Mason *in* "The Final Close-Up"
Wallace Reid *in* "The Love Burglar"
Bryant Washburn *in* "A Very Good Young Man"

Thomas H. Ince—Paramount

Enid Bennett *in* "The Haunted Bedroom"
Dorothy Dalton *in* "Other Men's Wives"
Charles Ray *in* "Hay Foot, Straw Foot"

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"The Silver King" *starring* William Faversham
"False Faces" A Thomas H. Ince Production
"The Firing Line" *starring* Irene Castle
"The Woman Thou Gavest Me" Hugh Ford's Production of Hall Caine's Novel
"The Career of Katherine Bush" *starring* Catherine Calvert
"Secret Service" *starring* Robert Warwick
Maurice Tourneur's Production "The White Heather"

Artcraft

Cecil B. deMille's Production "For Better, For Worse"
Douglas Fairbanks *in* "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo"
Elsie Ferguson *in* "The Avalanche"
D.W. Griffith's Production "True Heart Susie"
*William S. Hart *in* "Wagon Tracks"
Mary Pickford *in* "Captain Kidd, Jr."
Fred Stone *in* "Johnny Get Your Gun"

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Paramount Comedies

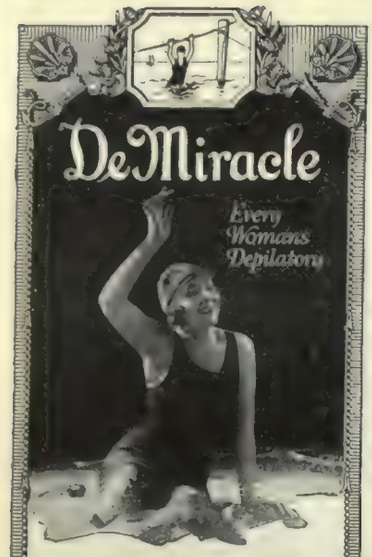
Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "A Desert Hero"
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CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER DIVORCE CASES

(Continued from page 202)

Jimmie did the Old Sleuth and reported that he was in the library.

'Sit in the car and watch the front gate," was her next order. "The moment that you see Mrs. Collingwood at the gate, sound the auto horn sharply three times."

"I'll do it if I am living."

"And don't move, whatever you see or whatever I do," was her last command. Jimmie promised.

Fay Hampton crossed the lawn. There was no porch post to climb to reach the Collingwood sleeping chamber, but a little balcony at the window. Fay had evidently studied the ground for she deliberately walked to a rose trellis, made like a "V" with cross bars like a ladder. From her coat pocket she produced pruning shears and severed the rose vines. She tugged at the trellis and it lifted readily from the soft soil. She turned it, wide side down and took it to the chamber window. It made an ideal ladder. Slowly, noiselessly, she climbed up, lifted the window screen and stepped into the room. Jimmie could see dimly. He watched her, breathlessly, and wished he had a gun. He had visions of her getting shot as a burglar.

He waited. It seemed years, it was only minutes, before Mrs. Collingwood reached the gate.

There came three sharp notes from the auto horn.

FAY HAMPTON darted to the chamber door, opened it, and groaned sharply, a long dismal groan.

Collingwood, in the library below, could hear plainly, up the open stairway that led into the library. He looked up. Fay repeated the groan. Collingwood ran up the stairs. Fay stepped into the room and groaned again. Collingwood ran into the room.

"What is it?" he said.

The door closed, the key clicked in the lock, the lights went on and Fay Hampton stood facing John Collingwood.

"Get out," he said, angrily, "it is no use, I tell you. Your tricks will not work—"

"Listen to *my* story, that is all I ask—"

"Get out," he said.

'I beg of you to listen," she pleaded, slowly, backing toward the window. Her fingers worked rapidly at the buttons of her coat. Secretly she pushed off the rubbers that were over her slippers; in a flash she opened and threw off the cloak and stood before him in the daintiest of nightgowns! A tug at her hair and it came tumbling down. She turned to the bed, threw it open and leaped in.

"Get out!" This time Collingwood shouted it, too angry and surprised for further words.

Fay Hampton laughed softly.

"Hush," she warned, "your wife is down stairs."

"My God, you fiend, get out! What will she think?"

"Exactly what my husband thought when he found Atkins in my room," said Fay, tensely.

"But I am innocent—"

"So was I," answered Fay Hampton, evenly. "I was innocent then, I am innocent now, and you are innocent, but you cannot escape the evidence. I have witnesses who saw *me* come into this room half an hour ago. I have witnesses waiting to see me come back the same way—"

Collingwood trembled. He turned pale. To do him justice, it was far more at the thought of how he had doubtless allowed circumstantial evidence to wrong Fay Hampton than of fear that his wife would enter.

"I hear your wife down stairs," laughed Fay.

"Forgive me," he exclaimed hoarsely. "Get out. There's to be no case against you!"

Fay was out of the window and down the trellis ladder almost instantly. Instead of putting on the long cloak she removed the night dress. Beneath it was a dainty little pink afternoon frock.

"Home, James," she gasped.

Jimmie made quick time back to the cottage and nearly ran over Fay's maid and her young man, who were sitting in the shadow of the gate post.

"Last time I was here a guy nearly killed me jumpin' off th' porch on me. Did he get anything? Gee, he wasn't in th' room more'n half a minute," said the maid's young man.

"Get in here! You are going to tell that to a certain Mr. Collingwood," yelled Jimmie, and ten minutes later the young chap, who had waited in vain for Fay's maid on that night Atkins had entered Fay's room, was first telling his story to Collingwood and then to a very excited man over the telephone who asked Collingwood to notify his wife that he was grabbing a taxi and would be out in an hour.

"Don's coming," said Fay.

"I'll go to the hotel," grinned Jimmie.

"You understand about this?" asked Fay.

"Sure!" agreed Jimmie, gravely, "this isn't press agent stuff!"

NEW COLUMBIA RECORDS

TOSCHA SEIDEL makes a thing of beauty of *"Hejre Kati"* (pronounced High-ra-catty), Hubay's immortal composition of "Scenes from the Csarda," the Hungarian national dance, on his Columbia Record this month. His slow, sweet measures dream and quicken, flash into a mad activity, die away and dream again.

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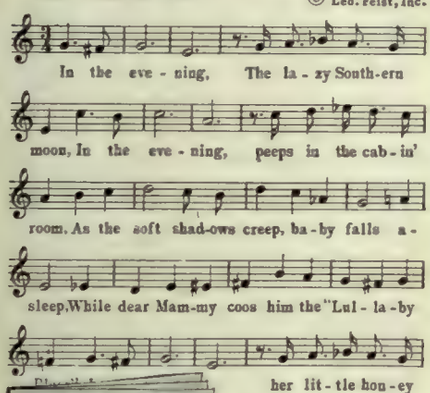
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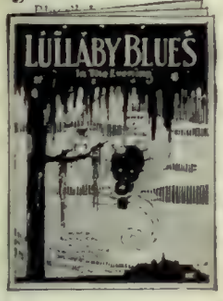
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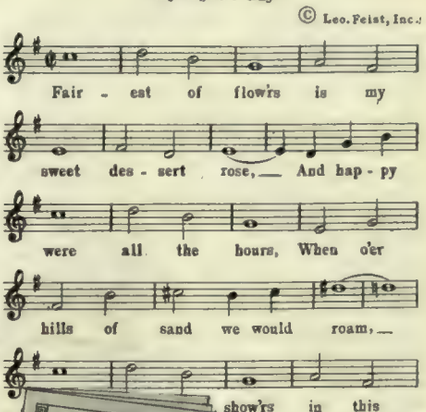
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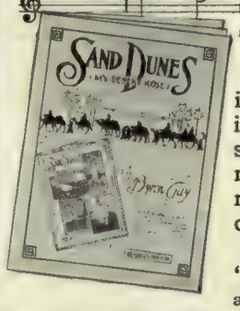
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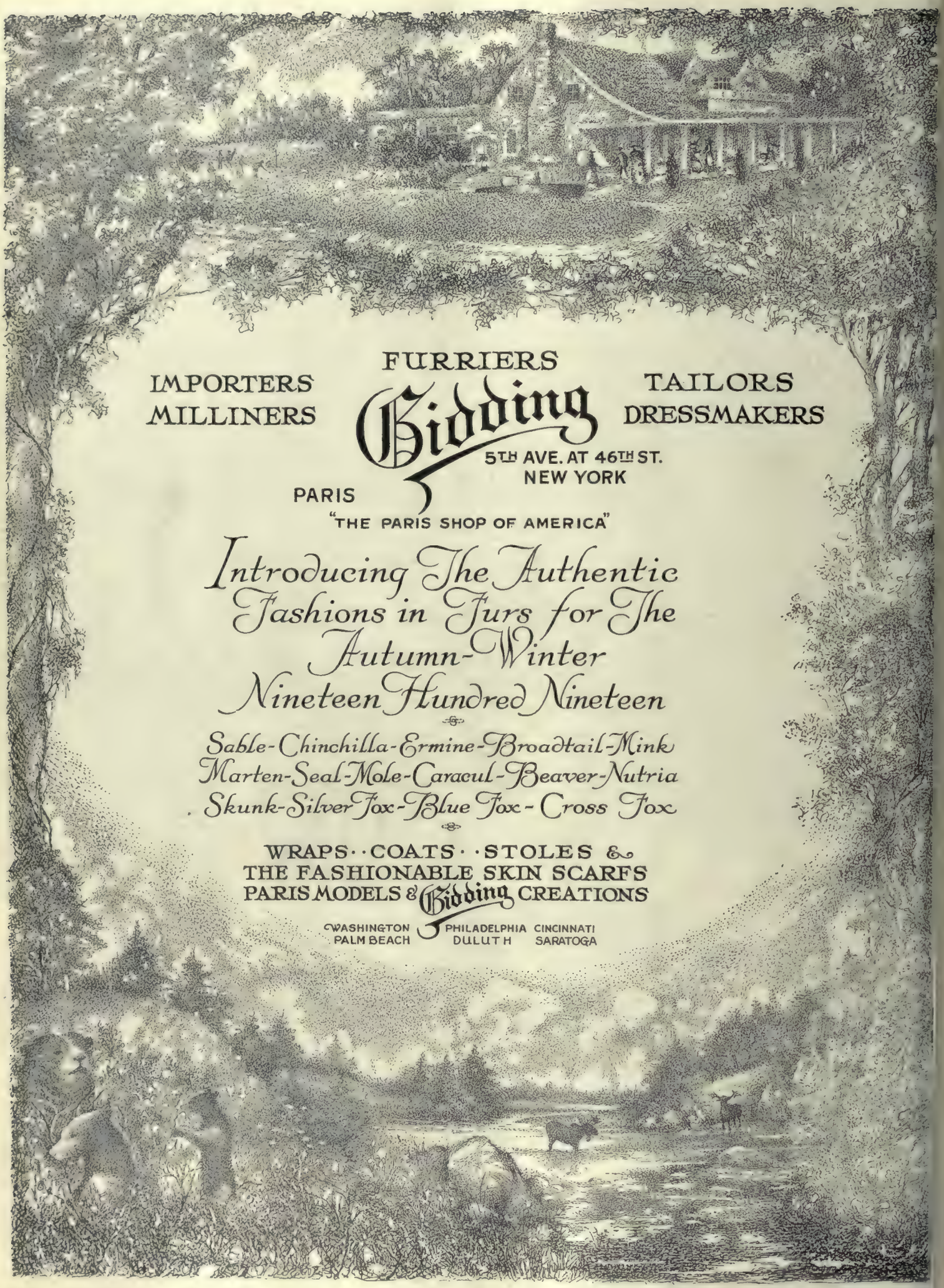
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THEATRE MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1919

DOES your morning paper give you the blues?

No wonder—what with strikes, the H. C. of L., increase in rents, 'n everything, if you read your paper during breakfast, you're sure to lose your appetite.

But you can get away from this dismal picture and look on a pleasanter one. You can desert the world of reality for the world of make-believe.

Get acquainted with the THEATRE MAGAZINE. You'll find it will make your conversation brighter, your wit keener, and your heart lighter. The gossip of Broadway, the latest picture of a talked-of star, the new plays, the best screen releases — and for the ladies, the last word in fashion—all in each copy.

Don't be a back number. The THEATRE MAGAZINE *keeps you wide awake.*

EVERYBODY pities the understudy, the humblest member of the cast.

Letter perfect, well schooled in the part, he or she nevertheless remains in the background living in vain hopes that some day a chance may come.

And it does come. The careers of some of our best known players prove that. Walter Hampden was once an understudy; to-day he is a famous Hamlet. Maxine Elliott, Julie Opp, Edith Wynne Matthison, Hamilton Revelle, Marguerite Clark, were once obscure understudies, and now their names are bright on Broadway.

Read Harold Seton's article in the next number. It will show you that although the path of the understudy is not often spread with roses, the goal to stardom is often reached through the door of Opportunity.

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ONE of the biggest successes of London's theatrical season is a play dealing with incidents in the life of a beloved American president. The title of the play is "Abraham Lincoln," and the author is John Drinkwater, an English poet, who with this piece makes his first bid for recognition as a dramatist.

The play will be seen on Broadway some time this winter, but THEATRE MAGAZINE readers need not wait that long. Our November issue will contain a full account of this much talked-of drama.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE'S stories of stage life are already one of our most popular features. Did you read "Circumstances Alter Divorce Cases" in our August issue?

Everybody liked it and wrote us asking for more of the same kind.

Our next story will be more truth than fiction.

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The stage holds the mirror up to nature. The THEATRE MAGAZINE *holds the mirror up to the stage.*

ARE you a movie fan? Then our Motion Picture Section is for you.

Do the latest fashions on the stage delight you? Would you like to know where they come from, who designs them? Then our "Programme of Fashion" is for you!

Are you eager to learn about the little accessories that make an actress charming—her shoes, her perfume, her veils? Then accompany Angelina on her monthly peregrinations in the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

In a word, are you a theatre lover? Then you should be a lover of the THEATRE MAGAZINE too.

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Publishers
ARTHUR HORNBLOW
Editor
FREDERICK E. ALLARDT
Director of Circulation

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXX. No. 224. OCTOBER, 1919



From a study by Maurice Goldberg

DOLLY SISTERS

These inimitable dancer-twins will continue their highly successful appearances in the musical comedy "Oh, Look," and in December will star on Broadway in a new revue

Theatre Magazine, October, 1919

THE CO-OPERATIVE THEATRE

Actors successfully organize as play producers on a sharing basis

By ROLLO PETERS

Director of the New York Theatre Guild

THIS is the age of co-operation.

In the great fields of industrial labor the man who makes shoes or tin boilers has come to the point where he realizes that it is no longer a matter of working so many hours a day—for so much money. Labor demands more—the opportunity to have a voice in matters pertaining to its welfare, and a just share—a percentage—in the profits over and above the running expenses.

It is the old English Guild system coming into effect after years of disuse.

Why shouldn't the theatre take its place in this advancing policy of industry? Why shouldn't a co-operative relationship be established between those who produce, meaning in this sense, the actors, and those who are responsible from a managerial or capitalistic standpoint, for the production.

It was as if in answer to this thought that The Theatre Guild, a co-operative plan on the part of a group of people of the theatre, came into existence. It may have been largely luck—for it certainly was a great surprise but the success of the first season was remarkable—and finds "John Ferguson" one of the Guild's productions, playing at a time when managers and actors are at odds and the theatre world is at a standstill—theatres closed, rehearsals stopped—a dead-lock.

Certainly such conditions make it a time to discuss the worth of the co-operative theatre.

First, what is a co-operative theatre? Something that has particular timeliness—because of the general social unrest? Not at all. Its timeliness may be greater, but there was never a period when such a theatre may not have existed—and prospered.

AT the outset, it must be plainly stated and understood that the Theatre Guild has no connection with the art theatre movements or semi-amateur "Little Theatres" which have sprung up—seldom with lasting success in all parts of the country. Nor is it exactly a new idea. As the *New York Times* says: "In the history of the drama of which the Equity actors are still a part, co-operative production has a high, if brief, tradition. In the days when actors were: 'vagabonds that carried erst their fardels on their backs,' the enterprise was of the joint stock order, receipts being divided among the company according to a fixed scale. Under Elizabeth, the theatres of the Bankside were co-operatively owned and managed. Shakespeare, who was actor, author, and capitalist in one, owned a tenth share in the Globe. Authors who were neither actors nor capitalists were sometimes shareholders. John Marston owned a share in the Blackfriars, and Michael Drayton a share in the Whitefriars. When Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, turned playwright he was so pleased with himself that he aspired to own 'a fellowship in a cry of players.' On the Continent similar conditions obtained. An early print shows Molière and his fellows dividing the receipts of a performance." A century and more ago, a group of American players conducted a co-operative theatre with some success. When William Dunlap failed as manager of the old Park Theatre in 1805, the actors of his company banded together and called themselves the Commonwealth players. They it was who first produced here Tobin's comedy "The Honeymoon," one of the most popular plays ever performed in America.

The experiment, however, did not last. Possibly because there was not the same interest in the theatre in those days as exists at present.

THIS is the age of co-operation. The germ is in the air and was, no doubt, responsible for the formation of the Theatre Guild. The work attached to this was not done in a few hours or weeks. When the players decided among themselves that they would create a guild in which they would have a voice in the selecting of plays, casts, scenery, etc., and share in any profits realized, they started a definite business-like organization. Through subscription by the players and the public, a financial standing was established, the Guild incorporated, and a theatre hired. This was the result of nearly three months' work, and then came the task of selecting a play, casting and rehearsing.

It sounds simple, but the very spirit of co-operation, of being fair to one's self and one's fellows, made it necessary for great time to be taken before every step forward. The whole movement was taken in the spirit of adventure—it was an organic theatre, but it was not the spirit of wild adventure, nor was the new departure to be regarded by the public as the work of a group of players interested only in the so-called "artistic" dramas. The successful co-operative theatre must be commercial. There is no one connected in a leading part with the Guild who has not had great experience in the theatre. A portion of them had received much of their training in the very varied school offered by the Washington Square Players, while others came from the theatres of this country and England.

THE first action of the members of a co-operative theatre is to decide on a Board of Managers. Each member of this board should be capable of leading a department in the work of the Guild, scenic, play-reading, etc., and while all these departments have their place in the work, they must all be subservient to a director and a producer.

This may not seem co-operative, but remember that all co-operative movements must have a leadership. In the theatre this must necessarily be so. The "art" or little theatres have tried the experiment of players acting the part as they felt it should be done, and the result has been an artistic hodge-podge. As far as the direction of its plays are concerned, the co-operative theatre needs as great care taken with this work as regular theatres. After all, the only real difference between the co-operative theatre Guild and the theatre as it generally exists, today, is that the Guild is trying to produce plays on a higher plane of theatrical artistry—that each player has his share of work—each one shares in the profits.

While the Board of Managers meet to select plays, the casting is done by the director and producer, two members of the Guild chosen by their associates to these posts. The committee have the right to withdraw these people if they see fit, and substitute others, but they have not the right to constantly bother them with trifling suggestions that are really whims. So, it is easily seen, that the aim of the co-operative theatre does not differ from any other theatrical production. It is only that there are several managers instead of one, and that these managers are trying to get away from the ordinary type of play with its so perfectly machine-made situation, scenery, acting, etc.

This is an important step forward. Only those who have worked for a theatrical manager, who have hired a high-salaried director to produce a play for a high-salaried star, can appreciate the freedom, the inspiration for creative work, when one is able to work without the hindrance of whims.

Not many seasons ago a play was produced on Broadway in which no less than four people connected with the production insisted on changes in the scenic equipment. These changes were made regardless of any argument of the scenic director, and the result was far from satisfying. Had one person of experience been allowed to carry out a set scheme of stage setting, the result would have been less inharmonious.

PLAYWRIGHTS, too, will be aided by the co-operative theatre which will give their plays as written. When the Guild read "John Ferguson" for purposes of presentation, it was decided that it would not be necessary to eliminate any scenes. The dramatist wrote them all as part of his story, and they must remain. This, of course, applies only to an author thoroughly expert in the technique of the drama, as Ervine emphatically is. One of America's most popular playwrights who learned this fact has made five different visits to "John Ferguson" to study it from a dramatist's standpoint. He is amazed at the possibility of writing a play and having it acted as written, and a careful study of most of the plays to reach our theatres, will show what results after patching by many pens.

Then another advantage of the co-operative theatre is the fact that each person playing their part realizes that on their individual efforts depends a portion of the success of the play, and that the success of the play means money in their pockets, and the pockets of their fellow-craftsmen. The system of the Theatre Guild is to pay each actor a salary, which is included



Ray Huff

Guy Bates Post continues to score playing a dual rôle in "The Masquerader"



Hutchinson

Gregory Kelly, of "Seventeen" fame, will be seen as Hashimura Togo, the Japanese schooolboy



© Hixon-Connelly

Clifton Webb has been delighting audiences by his agility and grace in "Listen Lester"



Edward Thayer Monroe

Henry Hull, a youthful leading man appearing sucessfully in Rachel Crothers' comedy "39 East"

FAVORITES OF THE MATINEE GIRL

in the running expenses of the theatre, and then there is a percentage basis for the division of profits. Co-operative theatres will probably find no petter plan.

So much for the history of the Theatre Guild, which has in its short life been able to offer two plays, one of them "John Ferguson" such a success that in spite of the fact that it was a tragedy, it survived the summer season, made money, and because of its co-operative presentation, gained the approval of the Actors' Equity Association, which has closed practically every theatre in New York City.

However, members of this co-operative organization do not believe that they have founded a theatrical Utopia. One of the reasons that people have been surprised at the success of the co-operative theatre is that in the past the little theatre—the few examples of co-operative theatres that have been in existence—have not been organized on any commercial basis. They have gone in for what they thought was art, and the result has been a pose rather than a sincere effort. I have seen some of the results of the so-called "art theatres" and they have been pitifully amateurish.

The co-operative theatre to succeed must not try to educate. The theatre is never a place for a preachment. It may show an audience a slice of life which is unusual, or unlike their own, but it is not a schoolhouse. That is what I object to in Shaw. There is a too frequent sermon to retard his action.

The mention of a playwright's name suggests an interesting situation that faces the co-operative theatre. To succeed, this theatre must have plays of extraordinary value. They cannot be the ordinary thing that is so well done by the ordinary theatre manager who hires a set of players and offers the public a new production. Yet, on the other hand, the co-operative theatre must not be confusedly placed as a snobbish literary clique, who believe that nothing good can come from the present writer of modern English. The Theatre Guild is most anxious to offer American plays—American in theme and writing—comedies and farce, as well as the heavier dramas. So far, we have not been successful in finding plays. Most of the plays we have been offered have been lacking in the artistic sense that we have striven to find. Perhaps it will be necessary for a new school of playwrights to come into existence.

So much for the worth of the co-operative theatre. It has been done successfully, and the road ahead should not be as difficult as one might imagine. It is not a question of courage, for the opportunities for co-operation are too great. Better plays, with better productions, should result, and when all share in the work and profits, there should not be moments of dire dissatisfaction such as have existed in the theatre for the past few years, and reached a climax in the present strike.

Certainly, from every angle, there is much worth while in the co-operative theatre.

ARE ACTORS LABORERS?

Interesting question, raised by the Actors' strike and discussed by Sir Charles Wyndham's nephew

THIS question, which we now hear on all sides, and which could be obviously relegated to the mere definition of a word, would present an almost irresistible temptation to answer in a humorous vein were it not related to a condition in the business of the Theatre which recent events have shown to be lamentably deplorable.

Probably this question would never have been put had not American actors followed the example of their confrères in England, in France and in Australia and affiliated themselves with organized labor. It may be presumed, that in England where "Trades Union" is employed that the question is: "Are Actors Tradesmen?"

These affiliations, however, bear no relation to the actual work of the actor, or to his Art, or whatever he prefers to call his individual professional effort. He sheds these affiliations when he steps on the stage and only resumes them after he has come off and then—only in his purely business relations with his manager.

In the purely literal sense it is obvious that the actor cannot well be classified in accordance with Webster's definition of a "laborer" as "One who performs labor requiring strength rather than skill," but, in the broad, economic, social sense, he is in common with the scenic-artist, the musician, the electrician, and the scene-shifter, a laborer, laboring in the performance of a single and common task, one of a large or small group, earning a weekly wage, and—although differing from the others inasmuch that although his product possesses only an intangible quality, it nevertheless consists of a negotiable commodity which his employer sells to the public for profit.

This is particularly exemplified when the actor engages in motion-picture work. The enormous incomes enjoyed by some actors in this field is not due so much to their superlative popularity as to the fact that the product of their labor can be (like chewing-gum) manufactured and sold in unlimited quantities, in other words—their huge incomes are not derived from salaries but from sales. This argument is modestly presented in confutation of the managers' claim that an actor's services are "unique, special and extraordinary and that they cannot be sold to the public as a commodity."

An artist's affiliation with organized labor has no relation whatever to his Art, it affects only the conditions under which his Art is practiced. This condition is due to a weighty and gradual social development resulting from the inevitable elimination of the individual in large enterprises. The individual, whether he be employer or employee finds it is impracticable to deal with a combination. It is evident that in all cases where large interests, and large numbers of persons are involved that all business dealings must be transacted by combinations representing all parties concerned. This is rational and economic.



BRUCE McRAE
A leading figure in the Actors' Strike

In connection with the foregoing—a well-known actress who refused to follow her associates when they went out on the recent regrettable strike, indignantly exclaimed: "This is outrageous, this is the age of individualism," quite unconscious of the fact evidently that this is the age when even Nations are unionizing.

However, the public, especially the "Young Person," and all those who support the theatre nowadays, are probably more interested in the personal side of the question. It is safe to assume that those of us who belong to old theatrical families connected with the theatre for two generations and more are not feeling "insulted" by our affiliation with organized labor, and that most of the fatuous fussiness and indignation exploited in the daily press recently has emanated more from the bosoms of ladies whose ascendency on the ladder of histrionic fame has been more accelerated by the assistance of modistes and milliners than by years of hard work and stock drudgery. Henry Irving, no doubt, was proud to consider himself a laborer as he was to always declare himself to his public as their "Humble Servant," and where in this country to-day is there a greater laborer than David Belasco, devoting every moment, every ounce of energy, to his great task, surrounded by loyal laborers in his perfectly equipped workshop, the establishment of which has been his life's ambition, an artist's workshop in which the very atmosphere is charged with the "will to labor, with the desire to co-operate, an atmosphere devoid of sodidness, commercialism, but vibrating with 'unionism' in its most perfected form."

The late Bronson Howard so rejoiced in the sensation of feeling himself "a laborer" that—with his own hands he built the little one-room "hut" in which many of his plays were written. No paint or varnish desecrated the interior of this work-shop, on the walls of which his books and his tools reposed with equal dignity. A desk, a chair and a stove completed the furnishing and on his book-plate his name and the word "Plays" was surrounded by drawings of a manuscript and of his carpenters' tools. The most conspicuous of the latter was the axe, the use of which the one-time "Dean of American Dramatists" strongly advocated and which is now respectfully submitted to The Editor by the author of this article.

Bruce McRae.



Bert Levy, famed as the one-minute artist, impersonates Shakespeare in the new spectacle



White

"Fairyland," a scene in Act One, gives ample opportunity for the lavish scenic display and enormous cast for which the Hippodrome is famous



"Poodles" Hanneford, the world's premier horseback comedian



Inez Bauer is one of the pretty and graceful dancing girls



(Left)

Belle Story, Lalla Selbini and Arthur Geary in the "Chinese Cabaret Restaurant" scene

"HAPPY DAYS" AT THE HIPPODROME

PITY THE MUSICAL COMEDY JUVENILE

White flannels and a toy moustache the only essentials for success. A protest

By DONALD MACDONALD



I SHOULD like to voice a protest in this day when reform is in order, when conditions are in fluid state, impossibilities are daily bread, and "the things which are not are confounding the things which are."

The theatre—reflecting contemporaneous life—is turbulent and marching on, and even musical comedy here and there manifests its native qualities; satire, melody and romance—*but*, like the Scriptural poor, we have ever with us that vapid creation, that most meaningless puppet in all the realms of Thespis, the Musical Comedy juvenile. Having played one after another of these difficult young gentlemen, I can surely speak as "one having authority."

It seems to me that the inflexible laws of tradition have been cast aside everywhere else, yet in piece after piece he does the same thing, in the same way, at the same time.

He must be young, Good Lord!—is there anything so young on land or sea as the Juvenile? Between his violent attacks of youth he sings and dances with one to four girls; there is a vast latitude in the songs he may sing, ranging from *"Love Is Love In The Summer"* to *"I'm In Love With A Love Of A Girl,"* and even so far afield as *"Eyes Of Blue Means Y-O-U."*

He must never for a moment be quiet or say anything intelligent, and it is safest to let him do nothing during the play that a young man might do in life under co-relative circumstances.

As for complications and episodes, there are several which are screamingly funny, for instance: let his moustache—which the ingenue may insist that he grow as a condition of her consent—stick to the same lady's lips as they embrace, or let it be painted so that the comedian may smear it. Either variation of the moustache theme is diverting; oh, a Musical Comedy Juvenile must have a toy moustache.

It is equally important that he pursue the soubrette unsuccessfully until the arm-swinging in the finale. This can be managed by her flip and uninviting rejoinders to his advances—or, more happily, let the comedian interrupt him each time he is about to propose; the latter trick offers the Juvenile an opportunity for a side-splitting scene of indignation and petulance, and it has the added virtue of being exactly what a boy wouldn't do in life.

Then the engaging *young* thing should be of an old family; you can be certain of that from his name on the programme, which should be something like Stuyvesant Van Cortlandt. It isn't vital that he should indicate his breeding in the play, in fact, if he prates of the family tree, and dresses like 47th Street and Broadway, it is more in keeping with the laws of Musical Comedy.

Young Van Cortlandt must be engaged to the Prima Donna in Act One, and it is thought best to have pages of dialogue in this act, bearing on this fact—and conditions of a will. This should be lost sight of then until the finale when he can exclaim—"Then I do get the money and the little girl I love!"—clasping the cerise and alabaster ingenue to his silk shirt front.

Finally, he must wear white flannels in either Act One or Two; tradition is absolute here; white clothes sing of *youth*, and contrast so well with Number Five grease paint (all regular Juveniles use "Number Five Sunburn").

Will some brave revolutionary librettist some day, somewhere conceive and set down a young man with manners, some varying phases of character and occasional glints of humor? Every young actor of my acquaintance asks the same question. As I am handed part after part of the white flannel, ill-mannered, prancing variety, I groan and grow more sympathetic toward audiences who surely must be as annoyed by the young upstarts as I am. It can be done for there were two juvenile rôles this season possessing these qualities, those played by Charles King in "Good Morning, Judge" and Frederick Santley in "The Royal Vagabond."

Yet there is one gratifying side of being a player of dancing Juveniles; you are spared the labor of learning new parts. Merely play the moustache scene in whichever act the author may designate, and keep your white flannels in shape.

I have often heard theatre-goers say that Musical Comedy players play carelessly and think not at all of characterization, and relatively the accusation is borne out in effect, but—Shades of W. S. Gilbert!—did they ever listen to the dialogue in the average piece, with special emphasis on that saddled on the Juvenile? Do they know that the actors, at first readings, fairly wear out their eyes searching for some line, some scene which may contain a human strain, a real thought, a slight basis upon which to build a possible shadow of a human being? They more than likely find instead a scene like the following:

SCENE: Paris—Artist's Studio.

ENTER: JACK VAN EDGERTON, a young millionaire.

JACK

Well, Paris is a wonderful place.

(*ENTER Artists' Models*)

MODELS (*in unison*)

Do you really think so?

JACK

Why girls, what are you doing here?

MODELS (*in unison*)

We came over on a Cook's Tour.

JACK

It must be wonderful to be an artist.

MODELS (*in unison*)

Why?

JACK

Then I would paint six pretty little girls like you.

(SONG: *"Six Pretty Little Girls Like You"*)

(*After song Jack re-enters—sees Helen*)

JACK

What—! You here, Helen?

HELEN

Yes, Jack, I couldn't fulfill the conditions of the will which said I must give you up, or lose the ten million dollars.

JACK

Then you do care for me a little?

HELEN

Why Jack, you know I love you more than love can tell.

(SONG: *"I Love You More Than Love Can Tell"*)

And so on—and so on—

To paraphrase Fay Bainter's prayer from 'East Is West": "Oh, please, nice white man's God, be good to young actors and send them nice sensible parts to play in musical comedy, and if they no get nice sensible parts, then please, nice white man's God—make librettists go to hell!"

RESOLUTIONS FOR THE NEW SEASON

Julia Sanderson:—Never to sing another *Honeymoon* song.

Mr. and Mrs. Coburn:—To let Molière rest and find "Better Rôles."

George M. Cohan:—To "Cohanize" all comic operas.

Chauncey Olcott:—To write his own plays.

Leo Ditrichstein:—To let some one else write his.

Eddie Cantor:—To stand still and sing a song.

Elsie Janis:—To stay "Over Here" awhile.

Frank Bacon:—To be struck by another flash of "Lightnin'."

Donald Brian:—To come out from "Behind the Gun" and be a star again.

Marilynn Miller:—To be "The Spirit of the Follies."

Ann Pennington:—To stop dancing so "Scandal"-ously.

A. H. Woods:—Never to produce another thriller.

Florenz Ziegfeld:—To stop producing and become a ticket speculator.

Ina Claire:—To forget the "past" and reappear in the present.

Smith and Golden:—To be such "Wise Fools" as they were this season.

George Arliss:—To exhaust the characters of history.

Joseph Cawthorn:—To resume his German dialect.

FREDERICK C. RUSSELL.



From a portrait by Maurice Goldberg

ANN PENNINGTON

THE most diminutive of the 'Scandals," but the most bewitching of them all is this expert dancer who is the brightest spot in the "Scandals of 1919," the musical revue at the Liberty



Photos White

The chorus of "Oh, What a Girl," the musical piece seen at the Shubert, is graceful, spirited and pretty



Ernest Lawford, Estelle Winwood, Kenneth Douglas and Marguerite St. John in the new farce, "Too Many Husbands"

SCENES IN THE RECENT PLAYS

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



AFTER being closed for four weeks owing to the actors' strike—the most serious disturbance of the kind in the history of the American theatre—New York's forty odd playhouses have again reopened their doors, the actors and managers having happily settled their differences.

The strike, which began on August 8 last and ended on September 6, was a complete victory for the players, represented by the Actors' Equity Association. The managers professed they were fighting for the open shop. The Actors' Equity Association has always conceded the open shop. As the *New York Times* observes editorially, "It is to the actors' great credit that they have conceded this point from the start." The real fight was against recognition of the Actors' Equity Association. This was the real issue and the actors, backed by their allies, the stage hands and musicians, have won, settlement being reached on the basis of formal recognition by the managers of the Actors' Equity.



Peace came suddenly after drastic measures had been taken by the unions to bring the managers to terms. The stage hands' union placed on the "unfair" list 193 Shubert theatres and theatres where Shubert attractions were playing, calling out by telegraph all the stage hands here and in other cities.

The strike, now happily ended, was fast bringing about a condition unprecedented in theatrical history. Theatres all over the country were closing. Millions of dollars were being lost. Friendships and business ties of years were being shattered.

The Equity Association closed one metropolitan attraction after another, darkening twenty-one theatres and preventing the presentation of at least six announced première performances. When it is realized that the theatrical business ranks fourth in this country's industries, some idea of the vast amount of potential box office receipts involved may be imagined. The strike practically held the legitimate stage in its grip in the four largest cities of the country.

The damage suits, it was generally agreed, were a mistake on the part of the managers, in-as-much as they were based upon the famous Danbury hatters' case which for years has been anathema to union labor. The theory involved is that each individual member of a society, by delegating authority to certain leaders, becomes personally responsible for the acts of those leaders. Defendants in the suits include numerous prominent motion picture stars such as Douglas Fairbanks, Nazimova, Elsie Ferguson, Fred Stone, Dustin Farnum and Francis X. Bushman, who naturally rallied immediately to the support of the Equity Association. The bringing of the damage suits also served to align the American Federation of Labor squarely against the managers, the stage hands and musicians striking a few days later.

The closing of the theatres was replete with dramatic incidents. Crowds thronged the streets and wound in long lines about the box offices waiting for the refunding of their admittance fee. Actor and actress pickets promenaded in front of theatres, providing a diversified and novel entertainment for fellow-professionals and curious onlookers. George M. Cohan and William A. Brady quickly reorganized their respective companies and starred themselves. Mr. Brady, at this writing, still continues to appear as the butler in his production of "At 9:45," but Mr. Cohan's opera comique, "The Royal Vagabond," was terminated by a walk-out of stage hands and musicians.



Mr. Cohan has been something of a storm center during the course of the entire controversy and following his resignation from the Lambs' Club and the Friars, the Rialto was treated to the dramatic spectacle of more than 300 members of the Friars' Club parading to "the little fellow's" theatre to beg him to withdraw his resignation as abbot of that organization—but to no avail. Mr. Brady and Mr. Belasco also withdrew from the actors' clubs and with Mr. Cohan, announced that if the Actors' Equity emerged from the strike triumphant, they would never produce another play.

E. H. Sothern addressed a meeting of the Equity a few days after the strike was called, and brought the announcement from the managers that they would be glad to deal with the actors individually in case of grievances, but would not deal with them collectively as members of the Equity. This proposal was loudly denounced and Mr. Sothern left the meeting and resigned from the A. E. A. He immediately inaugurated the formation of a new association, which, a few days later had gained sufficient membership and prestige to successfully organize as the Actors' Fidelity League.

Mr. Cohan had declared himself willing to resign from the Producing Managers' Association to head a new actors' organization to which he would personally contribute $100,000. Accordingly, the presidency of the Fidelity League was tendered Cohan and accepted after his resignation from the managers' association, though still, as the Equity pointed out, a member of the firm of Cohan & Harris, and as such affiliated with Mr. Harris, president of the Producing Managers' Association.



Mr. Cohan, in accepting the chair, presented a new contract to the members of the Fidelity League, which embodied all the original demands of the Equity and more. The new contract provided that eight performances should constitute a week; full salaries for all rehearsals after four weeks for dramatic companies, and after five weeks for musical shows; in musical shows all costumes, from wigs to shoes, to be provided by the managers; all gowns to be provided by the managers in both dramatic and musical productions; salaries to be paid not later than Saturday night, and a number of other concessions that exceeded the Equity's demands.

The contract was enthusiastically received by the Fidelity League, but the Equity Association contended that the situation was not altered since no provision was made for recognition of a representative



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Striking Actors who were formerly Army and Navy men, marching past Columbus Circle in the monster parade of striking actors on Broadway



© Underwood and Underwood

Marie Dressler surrounded by a mass of striking actors and actresses in front of the Actors' Equity Association Headquarters



© Press Ill

Well-known striking players rehearsing. Left to right, sitting: Florine Arnold, Doris Rankin, Ethel Barrymore, Louise McIntosh. Standing: Chas. Coghlan, Lionel Barrymore, Conway Tearle



© Underwood and Underwood

The "Big Four" of the Actors' Equity Association leading the striking actors and actresses in a parade down Broadway. From left to right, John Cope, Grant Stewart, Frank Gilmore and Francis Wilson



© Underwood and Underwood

The producers George Broadhurst, David Belasco, and Arthur Hopkins after meeting with the Actors' Equity Association at the Hotel Astor in an effort to settle the Actors' walk out

SOME PHASES OF THE ACTORS' STRIKE

actors' organization to enforce the terms of the contract.

The arrival of Gompers from Europe found the labor chief squarely allied with the Actors' Equity. Several days after his arrival, after a conference with him in Washington, the producing managers issued a statement as a resumé of their position as they presented it to Mr. Gompers.

"A condition like this can only mean chaos and, finally, death to the theatre," the statement said. "The entire producing business is based on individual contract between actor and manager. Productions are planned far ahead with certain actors in mind to insure their success, and, naturally, if success follows, the manager wants to feel certain of the services of these actors for a definite period. The actor must be free from all outside interference. He cannot serve two masters—the theatre and unionism.

"A nominally uncertain business would become too hazardous, and might easily be exposed to a series of strikes that would ruin the theatre. The substitution of actor-managements would in no way alleviate the situation, since they in turn would be ever subject to the same conditions, which the present managers believe would make theatre operation and play production too hazardous to be longer attractive."

The Equity promptly answered this by reminding the managers that out of chaos came the Constitution of the United States. They also pointed out that there seems to be no legitimate reason why the managers, who are unionized, should object to the actors being unionized also.

Shortly before the general settlement was reached by the managers and the Actors' Equity Association, the Hippodrome, the world's greatest playhouse, succumbed to a strike of chorus girls and other employees, accepted the resignation of its director, Charles B. Dillingham, a member of the Producing Managers' Association, and negotiating through Marie Dressler, President of the chorus branch of the Equity, granted all demands and raised the weekly minimum salary from $25.00 to $35.00.

LEXINGTON.—Actors' Equity.

IT is a well-known economic aphorism that a strike unsupported by public sentiment always fails. Let us regard the late Rapid Transit difficulty as the exception which proves the rule. If the size of the audiences, however, at the Lexington Theatre where the Actors' Equity Association held forth in a series of entertainments for their common fund is any criterion, the players in their fight with the managers should breeze in an easy winner.

Vast as that big auditorium is, it has been sold out night after night by eight o'clock. Of course, there never was a time when so many all-dressed-up for amusement had nowhere to go, so that they flocked in hordes to the big opera house, the last and largest in the long chain of theatres which the late Oscar Hammerstein, by his energy, courage and enterprise, contributed to the metropolitan make-up.

Few vaudeville bills are universally applauded, but those at the Lexington had no weak spots. From start to finish each number was greeted with hilarious enthusiasm.

Not surprising, for the cream of the profession was on tap. Some top liners, eager to get on the programme, were prevented by injunctions, but there was talent galore, and the enthusiasm with which the performers worked in their heart-felt cause, got over the footlights and ran like a current of electricity through the big auditorium.

Three hours of steady entertainment was purveyed at each performance. With no desire to be invidious, it is impossible to enumerate all who took part. Of course, there were some high spots, but the even quality of the show was its real distinguishing feature.

The evening I was there the "cute" little Duncan Sisters (I wonder just how old they really are!), started things off with a bang. Dainty Marie Nordstrom followed with her interpretative songs and then came the Equity Dancers, fully a score of masculine exponents of the terpsichorean art, in the every phase, muscular, acrobatic and poetically discreet. When a man unaided can hold such a cosmopolitan audience in perfect hand for thirty minutes, it speaks volumes for his entertaining skill. Chic Sale does this. His sketch of the "Country Minister" and the various types of rubes who afterwards take part in the Sunday School entertainment are gems of rural expression, especially the aged "Tuby" player who, while not strong in technique, is noted for speed and endurance.

Ethel Barrymore and Conway Tearle in the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" held them spell-bound. The beautiful Ethel who is loved as much for her charm and looks as for her art, made a radiant Juliet, and poured forth the luxurious text with a full appreciation of its gorgeous content. Tearle was supremely handsome as the scion of the house of Montague, but to me he was too detached, too wanting in the necessary youthful enthusiasm.

Of course, De Wolf Hopper and Marie Dressler as Compere and Commere, introducing the striking chorus boys and chorus girls from the various shows they had quitted, never snapped out their bubbling wit and repartee with more perfect *abandon* and *verve;* while two quiet singing turns, replete with sentiment and humor, were contributed by Carl Randall and Frank Fay.

Blanche Ring's effervescent good humor worked at top speed in behalf of the cause and Jim Barton—I'd never seen him before—was as funny and skillful a dancer as I have ever seen.

The concluding number was Brandon Tynan's impassioned delivery of Hassard Short's moving speech in behalf of Equity. The setting was marvelously effective in its Reinhardtian suggestion.

SELWYN. "The Challenge." Play in three acts by Eugene Walter. Produced on August 5 with this cast:

Harry Winthrop	Holbrook Blinn
Mary Winthrop	Louise Dyer
A Nurse	Ruth Benson
Richard Putnam	Allan Dinehart
Mrs. Bemis	Georgie Lawrence
Mrs. Mather	Fannie Bryant
William Mather	Wilson Reynolds
John Shanley	Ben Johnson
A Police Reporter	Charles A. Sellon
A Copy-Reader	C. M. Van Clieve
Harry Day	Harry Mainhill
Taylor Warren	Hallett Thompson
Reddy Smith	Frank Torpey
A Telegraph Editor	William Battison
First Accountant	William Smith
Second Accountant	F. C. Bronson
Third Accountant	William White
A Stereopticon Operator	C. R. Brown
Andrew Bemis	Wm. T. Morgan
John Hayes	Fred Karr
Toney Bertalini	Vici Ioucelli
Mat Smith	Herbert Bostwick
1st Member of the Committee	Frank Vogel

THE Challenge" is a dramatic discussion, in three acts, a prologue and an epilogue, of the current and general misunderstandings between labor and capital. The timeliness of its theme is beyond question.

It may be regarded as, in most respects, the strongest output of a playwright whose work is chiefly

characterized by its force. There is always plenty of conflict in the Walter plays. The author makes the characters speak their minds in no uncertain language. These Walteresque marks are everywhere evident in "The Challenge." Indeed, the characters speak their minds so long and often that there is imminent danger, in six or more spots, of the play becoming a preachment and action degenerating into dialogue.

Yet no one knows better than the author of "The Easiest Way," "Paid in Full," "Fine Feathers," etc., how to pull up a play that is sliding down the toboggan incline of talkiness. Repeatedly he does this in strong scenes to the patent satisfaction of the audience. Not long is the playgoer's mind permitted to wander to his neighbor or other matters extraneous to the stage.

The clash of wills that makes drama is furnished by a young man of wealth and ideals of public service and a young soldier, that has been made blind in war but regains his sight and returns to his country war-sickened, a peace propagandist and socialist. The main protagonist of conservatism is represented by Holbrook Blinn, the star; the radical by Allan Dinehart. Harry Winthrop, the rich man, engages Richard Putnam, the returned soldier, to edit his newspaper. The young editor vitalizes the paper and increases its circulation, fairly representing the views of his employer; in his personal capacity he foregathers with the local soviet and becomes its chairman and spokesman. The first big dramatic moment comes when the capitalist charges the socialist with disloyalty to his paper and employer. Complexity is introduced into what might be a simple clash of wills by the fact and entrance of Winthrop's sister who is Putnam's betrothed.

In a tender scene between the affianced pair, the girl tells the youth that she knows she has but part of his heart, that most of it is devoted to the cause of humanity which he tries to serve. She offers him his freedom that he may without division of interests follow what he believes to be the great light and, she is sure, is a will-o-the-wisp. Winthrop warns Putnam that the men for whom he is sacrificing his love and his personal ambition and his happiness will forsake and foreswear him. But the young zealot renounces his fiancée, resigns his post and pledges his life to his work for humanity.

With the swiftness of drama the prophecy is fulfilled. The Committee of Seventy charge him with having betrayed it into the hands of its powerful enemies. Only by intervention of one member of the committee of seventy, excellently played by Frank Vogel, is his life spared.

A reporter who had been on his staff finds him sick and abandoned in Chicago and induces him to return to his sweetheart and resume life in his own class.

It seems to have been a labor propaganda play that changed its mind and tossed itself into the capitalistic lap. There is authority for the belief that the play in its earlier form was stronger. The young zealot was the spirit of Christ. He did not return to his sweetheart and the softer life. Instead, having been shot by an inflammable member of the committee of seventy, he vanished as spiritual essence. The feeling that divinity had taken on mortal form was definitely conveyed. But counsel and experience prevailed. The hero was saved. The play had its happy ending, with the lovers in a Nelson grip.

Mr. Walter may be proud of his play—at times and spots. The trio on whom the chief success of the rendition depended, Jessie Glendinning as the heroine who suffered between lover and brother, Holbrook Blinn and Allan Dinehart, gave intelligent, restrained, and memorably creditable performances.

48TH STREET. "THOSE WHO WALK IN DARKNESS." Drama in four acts by Owen Davis, from the novel of Perley Peere Sheehan. Produced on August 14 with this cast:

Nelson	L. J. O'Connor
Dowd	Percival Reniers
Bob	Alfred Knight
"Doc" Hedges	George W. Wilson
Alec Breen	Arthur Shaw
Mrs. Moss	Amy Ricard
Mrs. Spencer	Millie Freeman
Rufus Underwood	Donald Gallaher
A Girl	Mabel Maurel
Sally	Kathryn Sheldon
Viola Swan	Laura Walker
Dr. Bradford	Everett Milburn
Jessie Schofield	Consuela Bailey
Mrs. Alma Jenvey	Helen Tracy
Judge Joel Kennedy	Howard Kyle
Andy Jenvey	Godfrey Matthews

PROTECTED by an injunction which prevented its would-be striking players from walking out, the Shuberts were enabled to make their production of "Those Who Walk in Darkness" on the date announced. But before the legal paper got in its fine work some shifting about was made in the cast and the effect was manifest, for Owen Davis' new drama did not have full and complete justice done it. There was a want of artistic finish to its episodic opening scene and one or two of the players failed to measure up to the requirements of their parts.

The play, however, which is based on a novel by Perley Peere Sheehan, turns on the social and moral rehabilitation of Viola Swan, one of those exotics from the country, who, battered by relentless Metropolitan fate, find themselves thrust on the streets. We must blindly accept the fact that Miss Swan is "pushed" into this unenviable situation, otherwise we shall lose interest in her sincere love, which Rufus Underwood, also from the country, inspired and which he in turn reciprocated with an enthusiasm born of gratitude—she nursed him through a bad case of typhoid—and the compelling lure of her perfect charm.

The first act with its night lunch wagon scene and the interior of the disreputable rooming house in West 39th Street, starts the proceedings with no little local color of a positive and interesting kind. The second act is the best where the young woman, apparently secure in her happiness, finds herself confronted with the lustful machinations of a blackmailing associate of her would-be-forgotten past. To defeat him she declares what she has been and peace and happiness seem forever doomed, but relief—not over ingeniously displayed—comes to her help in the end and the conclusion is what the average playgoer wants, expects and gets.

Viola Swan is played by Laura Walker with an emotional insight and power of expression quite admirable. There is no doubt that she possesses histrionic gifts of a high order. Arthur Shaw was equally admirable as the tough young New Yorker who rather suddenly turns into a villain, and Donald Gallaher, who takes the ruffled swan to his heart of hearts, was nicely sincere. George W. Wilson successfully portrayed the humor of a Judge and a good bit of passion was contributed by Godfrey Matthews. Consuela Bailey was cutely kittenish in the rôle of the super-romantic ingenue and Helen Tracy gave a vivid portrait of the disreputable lodging housekeeper. As we go to press, the stage hands have struck and "Those Who Walk in Darkness" are hanging about until some adjustment takes place.



Photos White

A typical quick lunch wagon with its regular patrons for hot coffee and buns, is one of the best scenes in Owen Davis' new drama "Those Who Walk in Darkness"



In this Pullman train, with its well-known porter, Suzanne Willa is the girl, Francis Bryne the passenger engrossed in his newspaper—a scene in Adolph Klauber's first production "Nightie Night"



The busy newspaper office, with ringing telephones, alert reporters, clicking typewriters—a hectic scene in Eugene Walter's new play "The Challenge"

TYPICAL FEATURES OF AMERICAN LIFE IN NEW PLAYS



KATHERINE

From a photograph by Abbe

A WOMAN OF NO IMAGINATION

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

Author of "That Girl From Orchard Street"; "Man From Wishing Rock," etc.

WHEN the knock at her dressing-room door sounded for the second time, Katherine Gibson lifted her eyes, and half closed the book which had absorbed her attention.

"Come in," she called, begrudgingly. If only the other members of the company would find a method of occupying their time other than by forcing their conversation on her.

"Oh, it's you—good evening, Mr. Eggers. I didn't know that you had joined us." The boredom was gone now. There was cordiality in her voice, and just the trace of anxiety. She rose to greet him. Martin Eggers owned the "Paradise" company, as well as many other productions, and that he should choose to visit her, portended a communication of importance.

Eggers nodded, looked quickly about the small dressing-room as if to be sure that they were alone, and then found a seat on the theatre trunk.

"Sit down," was his greeting, "I've got something for you to do."

Katherine's heart leaped. A new rôle? An advance in salary and position?

"I'm not going to star you—yet," Eggers read her thoughts, "but maybe, if you do as I tell you I'll have something for you in a New York production."

He selected a cigar from three that his case held, lighted it, and looked thoughtfully into the smoke. The girl, she was hardly a woman, had backed against the farther wall, waiting. Her eyes travelled quickly about the small dressing-room of the one-night stand theatre, resting on the one costume that she wore in "Paradise"—the conventional black of a stage maid. For three seasons she had been a maid—first, a part that required but five lines, gradually up the scale until this season, the start of her fourth year in the theatre world, she actually had a scene—a commanding "bit." But she was still the maid. Mentally, she vowed that if she ever had servants they would never wear black. Pink, more likely, gray—but never black.

"You possibly remember our several little arguments regarding the future?" Eggers was abrupt, "how I told you that you'd probably have to go on playing maids and other small parts until you got some imagination into your work?"

She nodded.

"Well—I've told you from the start that I thought you'd never make an actress. You're like thousands of other women—you drifted into the profession because you thought it would be nice to paint your face, and stand back of the footlights. You've been discontented, yet you haven't realized how to plan your work. That shows lack of imagination—yet you have tried to tell me that you had plenty of it."

Katherine Gibson bit her lips. There was nothing that she could say. She knew, of course, that he had not come up two flights of stairs to tell her this. She wished that he would eliminate the preliminaries.

"That's the trouble with the stage," he went on with his lecture, 'It's a showy life—it offers a sense of excitement. That's the reason it draws in a lot of men and women who are destined to failure, and the stage gets a bad name."

"Do you think I am going to give the stage a bad name?" Katherine asked quickly. She resented Eggers' calm assertions.

"No, but then who can tell whether you're going to always be able to play maids? You may get too old and then you may get sick—and die. There will be another chance for the newspapers to print 'Actress Dies in County Almshouse.'"

"Oh!" the exclamation voiced horror and protest.

Well, it's happened before," Eggers laughed. "Perhaps you'll marry, or you may have a family back of you to support you in case of illness, but there are plenty of women who feel the urge of the stage, that end the way I pictured."

She did not answer him. He looked at her with a half glance. He was really interested in this girl. To begin with, she was very pretty, and while she had never shown any real talent, Eggers was more or less of the opinion that the cold, blue eyes might be made to flash with fire—that the languid body might strain at the leash of emotions, in other words, that she *might be made an actress.* She was fairly young, twenty-five or six, he judged, though she might persuade a less discerning man that she was younger. Who she was, where she had come from, he did not know. He had made several openings which might have allowed her to talk of herself, but she had never done so. That she was used to refined surroundings was evident, as was her education.

It was this education that had attracted Eggers at the very first, her well-modulated voice, her use of the English language. He remembered perfectly the afternoon she had come seeking an engagement. He had been alone, and the moment was as an oasis in his daily routine. There was plenty of work that he might have been doing, but he had just finished quarreling with one of his stars, and having gained his point, he was relaxed, mentally girding himself for the next unpleasantness, which he knew might happen any moment.

And the office boy had brought in her card—Miss Katherine Gibson. He remembered thinking that if she had so forcibly impressed the office boy—she must be worth seeing, and in this spirit of indifference he had interviewed her.

KATHERINE knew afterwards what Eggers had known that afternoon—that she had made a decided impression. He had talked with her for the better part of an hour, talked of books, music, costuming, but not at all of the stage after her first few words which told him she wished to be an actress.

When it was time for him to keep an important engagement he said that she must go. And he had told her to report to his general manager the following morning at eleven, making the engagement through the medium of the office telephone. When Katherine went home to the friends with whom she was staying in the city, they assured her that his action meant an engagement.

It had—as a maid at thirty-five dollars a week. And since then, even though the importance of the part and the salary had progressed—she was earning sixty dollars a week this season, she had played maids—nothing but maids.

All this passed through Eggers' mind as he sat there. Part of it the girl pictured, but she was too excited over the future—the reason why Martin Eggers should have come to this small town to see her, for "Paradise" was "breaking in" before its jump into the big cities that were to follow its New York success. The town where they had just played a matinée and were to give a night's performance was a hundred miles away from New York—a poky little place with a bad hotel. Yet he had come there to see her.

"We're going to play Hartford all next week," Eggers told her. "It's Fair Week, and we ought to do well."

"It's a nice place," Katherine agreed. She had played there the previous season.

"And while we're there, I've got a little job for you to do."

At last! Katherine swung the chair before her dressing table so that it faced Eggers, and waited. "Yes?" she questioned.

"My sister, my only sister, lives in Hartford. She's been in New York the past few days, trying to persuade me that she needs to be an actress. She says that she's unhappy, that her husband doesn't understand her, that she wants to leave him—and that I must give her a career."

The face of the woman who sat in the straight-backed chair darkened, though if Eggers noticed it he did not show that he was conscious of any change.

I KNOW for a fact, that she'll never make an actress," he went on. "She is good-looking, but she lacks fire. And damn it! why can't a woman learn even on the stage life isn't all one burst of applause? I tried to tell Eunice, that's my sister's name, that Tommy Doyle was a darned fine husband, but she said *I* didn't know. As far as I can find out the only thing the matter with the chap is that he's been too darn successful and too good to Eunice. He's let her have everything she wants, including her own way. They've been married four years, and two years ago he wept over the fact that there wasn't the slightest prospect of an addition to the family. He said that Eunice didn't think she was strong enough to bring up children."

Eggers jumped to his feet, and paced the length of the small room. He stopped and peered out from the high window, down the unsavory alley onto which the back of the theatre opened.

"Look at them down there—two kiddies playing mud-pies, and a woman who could give every child she owns an acre lot to play in isn't strong enough to bring them up."

He looked challengingly at the girl who had not moved in her chair.

"Have you—you any children, Mr. Eggers?" she asked quickly. She knew that he was married—nothing more.

"Have I? Six! And they're just healthy Indians! Incidentally, their mother is still one of the best-looking women that ever came into my office." He threw his head high. Katherine thought at that moment that if those who were so prone to criticize the morals of the stage could see this man, could hear him, they would have small ground for combat.

SHE shan't ruin her life—she shan't ruin his life, either. I've kept her away from the back of the stage purposely—just so that she wouldn't get the bug. But she thinks she needs a career." He sniffed. Suddenly he was standing over her. 'You say you have imagination. I want you to go there and persuade her she is crazy to think of giving up her home—show her the stage is only a place of false lights, paint, powder and tinsel. I don't care what you say, only make her see the truth about herself." He was visibly moved, almost to the point of incoherency.

"You mean that you want me to visit your sister, and try and persuade her that she should stay with her husband?"

"Yes," the emotion was gone, he was suddenly calm and calculating. 'I want you to go to her as an unknown. You're a lady, you ought to be able to impress her. You'll have to think of a way to get to her home without an introduction. A woman with an imagination could do a lot in a week. She's Mrs. Thomas Doyle—she lives out Farmington Avenue," he mentioned a number which Katherine wrote down, "and no matter what you do—don't let her know that I have talked with you. You understand that? It's your chance, Miss Gibson, and if you make good, why, there'll be a real part for you later in the fall—a good part—in New York City. I'll train you myself."

He went to the door, and stood for a minute looking at his watch.

"Time for you to start dressing," he was suddenly very business-like. "I'm going to see the house manager a minute, and then get back to New York. Good night."

He was gone. For many minutes Katherine stared at the door through which he had disappeared. And then, because she was an actress, and people of the stage must play their parts no matter how great their personal emotion, she dressed hurriedly, finishing before the assistant stage manager called fifteen minutes later.

It was Thursday of her week in Hartford, and six days since she had talked with Eggers in the small dressing-room of the one-night stand town. Yet Katherine had not found her way out to the broad street on which Eggers' sister lived. She had spent untold hours planning, thinking, plotting, yet she had reached no conclusion as to how she might approach the woman who lived in the big house on Farmington Avenue. She had marked the house, but nothing else. Yes—she was beginning to think it was as Eggers had said—she lacked imagination.

AS she stood by the window of her boarding-house room, looking over the park-like street, she thought of Mrs. Thomas Doyle. It was a pretty city, she decided, and one that any woman might find a proper setting for her life. Just at present the trees and grass were fading, but in the spring and summer they must blossom with great beauty. A sudden gust of wind carried the dead leaves from the limbs of the trees before her. Katherine shuddered. She disliked the fall, she disliked death in any form. For the first time she realized that it was no longer sunny. The sky above her head was clear, but over in the East a great dark mass of cloud hung low. It was going to storm—an autumn storm that would come sweeping as a whirlwind, stripping the trees, and leaving the ruin of summer in its wake. For many minutes she stood watching the massing clouds, and then a sudden thought filled her. Her chance had come.

It was scarcely twenty minutes later when Katherine, dressed in her most becoming street dress and hat—coatless and umbrellaless, as the earlier part of the afternoon had demanded, stepped from a taxicab three blocks from Mrs. Doyle's house. The rain had not started, but the wind was playing havoc with the leaves and bushes. Katherine hurried on. The Doyle house, a big place with handsome grounds, was on the corner. The thought that Mrs. Doyle might not be at home, almost paralyzed the girl, but she kept on. A heavy raindrop hit her face. She almost ran. At the corner she hesitated a moment, looking up and down. Another rain-drop fell wet against her ungloved hand. She looked nervously about her. There was a trolley a long way off, and two or three hurrying automobiles, chickens scurrying under their mother's wings, was what they made her think of. The next gust of wind was wet. The rain had started. She turned, and ran up the walk of the house. Her heart beat like a trip-hammer as she mounted the steps and pushed the electric button.

A maid in black—how she hated the costume—answered the door.

"I wonder if I may telephone for a taxi? It's going to storm very hard, and I don't want to get wet." Katherine was a lady, and looked it. The maid did not hesitate a minute about allowing

her to enter the hall. The door was slammed closed by the wind. A woman appeared on the stairs, evidently the mistress of the house. The maid started to tell of the stranger's request, but Katherine interrupted her.

"I wonder if I might not telephone for a cab?" she assumed her best manner. "I started for a walk, and really didn't notice the storm was so close until the wind almost carried me away. I don't want to get wet if I can help it."

The woman came gracefully down the broad stairs.

"Why, yes, come right into the library." She led the way. Katherine looked quickly about the home. It was a luxurious place, mirroring on every side the personality of a woman who must have had plenty of money to spend. In the library she picked up the telephone book, and turned the pages rather idly.

"You know," she confessed, "I really didn't know how to find a taxi. I suppose that if I call the hotel, they'll tell me?"

"Why, yes." Katherine could see that she had interested the woman—then came the question expected. "You don't live in the city?"

Katherine rested the book on the table.

"No. I'm just here for the week. I'm playing at the theatre."

A quick light of interest flashed over the woman's countenance.

"Oh—with the 'Paradise'! Why, yes, I remember you—you were the maid in the last act. You had quite a big scene. I'm a sister of Martin Eggers."

Katherine's face mirrored all the surprise that she could command.

"A sister of Mr. Eggers? Isn't that a strange coincidence?"

YES," then, suddenly becoming very cordial, "Please sit down. I don't think the storm will last—it's only one of the fall whirlwinds. I'm going to tell the maid to serve us tea in the living-room. It's so much more comfy there."

It was all very easy, very simple. Katherine found herself sitting in a comfortable chair in a comfortable room, opposite a very charming hostess who poured tea from a silver pot into cups of real English china of the Indian Tree pattern.

"You know," Mrs. Doyle launched quite suddenly into the topic which Katherine knew must be close to her heart, "I'm much interested in the theatre, for I'm really thinking of going on the stage myself."

"On the stage?" Katherine looked quickly about the room.

"Oh, yes, it's comfortable here," Eunice Doyle read the meaning of her glance. "But I've thought it all over so many times. A woman of to-day does not reach maturity, self-respect, until she has had a career. I've tried to be a happy wife, but there's something within me that keeps calling for me to assert myself. I can't paint—I can't write—but I know I can act. I feel positive of it."

"Your brother could probably give you a splendid chance," was Katherine's comment.

"Yes, and there's no reason why I shouldn't take my chance when it is offered to me. The mean part of it is that Martin thinks I have no right to give up my home for a career."

"What does your husband say?" Katherine's question was very bald.

"Oh, *he's* furious. We haven't talked about it for weeks, but the last time we did he told me that if I tried to get a position, he'd consider it a sign that I didn't love him—that everything was over between us."

The woman who had come in from the storm sighed. For the second time her eyes traveled slowly about the room.

"It would be a shame to leave all this," she said softly.

"Oh—I don't know. You're like so many sentimentally inclined women. You probably never had a home and think it counts for so much. I know, all the actresses get married after they make some money, and most of them have a baby—it's good for the press-agent. You see, while my brother won't let me go what he calls 'back-stage' I'm very wise to stage life. Only my press-agent will have to say that I left off darning socks to heed the call boy," she laughed. "It must be wonderful to play every night—to have people applaud you—to earn lots of money for nice clothes, and have everything you want. That's a very good-looking hat you have on—it just matches your dress, doesn't it?"

KATHERINE did not answer at once. The rain beat sharply against the windows. This was no passing storm. It was going to be a wild night. As she sat there in the hush of the room where the shadows were deepening in the corners, she thought of other rooms she had known. Her mind, her body, went back over the years. There was a moment of heartache, of longing—for days that would never come again. And then she remembered that it was growing late, and that this was her chance. If she was going to live in rooms like this again—it would be because she earned them. And to earn them meant work—hard work. It meant earning that part that Eggers had promised her. She roused herself from her lethargy.

"This hat," she said quietly, "oh, yes—how many hats have you had new this fall, Mrs. Doyle?"

"Why—only four—" was the astonished answer.

"I had only one. This hat and dress are the best costume I own. I have a last year's suit, and a hat I trimmed myself. Then I have this dress, and a coat for which I saved all winter—a coat that cost me eighty hard-earned dollars."

The woman back of the tea cart looked puzzled. She did not understand.

"Mrs. Doyle," Katherine hurried on, "you know—while I've only known you a few minutes, you have made me think of a girl who played in 'The Heart's Highway' company a couple of seasons ago."

"Oh, were you in that? That was one of my brother's biggest successes—wasn't it?"

YES, and this girl—she was only about twenty-two or three, and very, very pretty. Lots of the people used to wonder why she was there. Some of them said that your brother was interested in her, but they changed their minds as the season went on, for they saw that the girl was living on her own wages, and they knew what that meant—next door to poverty. I don't suppose that you can realize what it means to start at the bottom of the ladder and fight for a career. It means that you have to play cheap companies—one night stands, and unless you have a family to help you pay your bills, you live in bad hotels, eat poor food, poor clothing. And you live in dread of getting sick, and stint yourself trying to save for the summer season.

"Of course, you wouldn't have to go through all this, but any woman who earns her own living has to pay a fair price—no matter who she is. The girl I speak of had been married at nineteen. The man was a successful business man and he gave her lots of money to spend. He would have liked her to have a family of children, but she didn't want that. You see, all her life she had been remembering that once when she was about sixteen, and played 'Juliet' in a high school production, and the applause, the lights, the flowers they sent her—the things the local paper said. For years she had dreamed of the hour when she would do just that—only on a great stage, with real players, and an audience that came from the ends of the earth."

Mrs. Doyle's tea was unheeded as she listened eagerly. She made no comment when Katherine paused, but sat forward in her chair, her fingers balanced lightly on the edge of the tea-cart.

"Well, two years of her married life passed. She got tired of arranging her home, of running her car, giving parties, and going out with her husband. She was peevish, and felt that she had to get out away from the small city they lived in. One day she asked her husband if he would let her go to Chicago to a dramatic school. He thought she had gone crazy—just that—crazy. Then she began to talk about a career. They quarreled. He told her that if she was a regular woman she'd be interested in bringing up a family. She cried and said that she was misunderstood. Life was—well—hell—for three months, and then one day she took a couple of hundred dollars that she had in the bank—money he had given her—and went to New York."

"And she had her career?"

"Yes, she liked it for a while—until the loneliness began to tell on her, until she wanted all the comfort and love she had been used to. She had to meet all kinds of people, to repel the advances of men who think that any woman, actress or otherwise, who earns her own living, is a play-toy. She had all the lights and the paint and the applause—but they grew to be very, very empty."

"But she was successful?"

WELL—yes. But, you know, it's one thing being an actress, and another thing being what you'd term a successful actress. For every girl who lands on Broadway in a good part, there are hundreds of clever women who play one night stands until they get so sick of it all that they'd leave the stage. They find that the years have brought them nothing—they're growing old, and youth counts so fiercely on the stage. Finally, they either marry or learn to do stenography, or go as waitresses. Why, the waitress in the boarding-house I'm living at used to be a chorus girl."

"You don't hold out a very pleasant prospect, do you?" Mrs. Doyle laughed nervously.

"Pleasant—no. Even if your brother was to give you a really good place, you'd have to work—there'd be weeks of rehearsal, weeks of standing around waiting to do as you are told. You'd be so very tired. Then there would come the opening night—and the next morning, when you looked at the papers. It's sad when the critics don't mention you, but if they say you're bad—that's awful. You feel that you can't go back to the theatre and face the people you've worked with. Then there's the road. Even if you can stay at good hotels, the road is hard—living in a theatre trunk, and a handbag. There are days when the scenery is late—you have to get off the train and hunt up a place to eat and sleep, no matter how hard it rains or snows. But the worst of it all is the loneliness. Do you know why it is that women in professions sometimes go wrong? It's because they work so hard. They get so tired and lonesome, so blue, that they finally get to the point when they don't care what happens. Oh," Katherine rose from her seat, "I suppose that you think I'm mad to talk like this, because you've seen me (*Concluded on page* 276)



From a portrait by Abbe

BILLIE BURKE

THIS winsome star has long been absent from the stage, much to the delight of movie fans all over the world, but this season Broadway is to see her again in a comedy-drama by Somerset Maugham entitled "Caesar's Wife"

WOMEN WHO ARE FUNNY OFF THE STAGE

Amusing stage types copied by comedians from persons in real life

By MAUDE EBURNE



DO we really know how funny we are? Of course, women who are funny off the stage don't know it. The starting-point of a woman who is funny is not her face, or her clothes, it is her own lack of humor. Women, as a rule, have less of it than men, and they are funnier on that account.

There are the women we make fun of, and the women who are funny because they have native wit, or mimicry, or sense of humor. On the whole, it is the women we make fun of who supply the best stage types. I say this with a deep reservation of sympathy for them, however, because there is a pathetic side to any human being without a sense of humor that is almost pitiful. Comedy is often the hidden light that illumines the grim figure of tragedy, unconsciously. It lights up the whole inner force of tragic motive in the lives of those who seem to be funny, but who are really only too serious. A woman will grow into old age with the same ideas of life she had when she was a young girl, having lost the glamour of romance. With the splendor of her youth over-shadowed, she still sees the world as it was then. She sticks to principles and neglects accumulating interest.

For instance, a woman whom I have known a long time, a teacher of a class of boys in a private school, confirms this point. She came to see me in this play, "The Canary," and I met her later.

"How did you like it?" I asked.



WELL,—it was delightfully humorous," she began, and then stopped. I could see that there was a hidden doubt in her mind about something, so I urged her to go on.

"Of course—the girls in the show are so young and fresh and such nice looking girls, that I suppose it was all right to bring the boys," she said, "but as a rule, I think it is not the kind of play that is educational enough for my students. I took them one afternoon to the Hippodrome, and I realized then that there was not as much decorum about the young women as there is in your play. They must use different paints or something, at the Hippodrome. On the whole, no doubt, the boys enjoyed it. They are such sturdy, humorous little fellows, and they understood perfectly when you were funny, but I prefer the educational show—for them."

That word "educational" is among the many abused words of the English language. I should like to have had the boys' own definition of it. To me, she is a funny type of woman of which there are thousands—the type that is afraid of the world as it is, and wants to squeeze it into a dull, scholarly place of safety for the young, and yet it is perfectly safe as it is, and, according to diplomatic views, getting safer every day.

But, we none of us really know how funny we are.

I was listening to a conversation between an ample elderly man from out of town, and his wife, a slim, diluted-looking female, whom the years had squeezed and frozen. They were seriously discussing what show they should go and see that night. I could barely hear her undertone, delivered after a long, but solemn argument over the names of plays they had been reading in the Amusement Columns of the newspapers.

"Now, John," she whispered, "I don't want to see one of those shows where the women expose their limbs, nothing trifling—I want something edifying!"

I sympathized with John's audible sigh, in spite of the fact that she was funny.



SHE was funny to look at, as she would have been funny to talk to, I am sure. Of course, she was entirely unconscious of it. People who are funny usually are, and it would spoil the fun if they were conscious. Nature never spoils a good joke. That woman may have been lovable and she undoubtedly possessed all the most desirable traditions of her home-town. Still, she was fearful lest John, the husband of her youth and her advancing years, would revert to type and choose the wrong show—wrong to her viewpoint, for him. How he got around the dilemma, I don't know, but I wondered if she'd ever been pretty, and how she had kept John away from shows that were not "edifying." A woman never loses her fear of other women, and she must have had more than her share. She was a funny type for the stage, which is an arena where hearts are not so important as faces and make-up.

We never know how funny we are.

I didn't myself for a long time. I can look back now and realize how funny I must have been in my first longings to go on the stage. Confronted with a problem that was insurmountable, I still hungered for the theatre. At least, it seemed insurmountable, and must be so to many young girls today who are not pretty. I was not pretty, and I knew it. I was not tall and willowy and haughty in appearance. I could not look like Cleopatra, no matter what Oriental splendor I might wear. There was nothing fetching about me, no languor would linger in my eyes, no stage hero would risk his life for me, there was no hope of a bartering beauty about me. I used to gather all the most attractive photographs of the leading women on the stage, and stand them up around my mirror, while I studied their faces, and my own reflection. It was terribly discouraging to a stage-struck young woman. No twist of the hair, no trick of paints, no beauty treatment, would alter this disheartening fact.



THESE private hours of confessional with my mirror seemed very tragic at the time, but they were really funny. Knowing little about the theatre and living in a quiet, comfortable Canadian home, my surroundings were anything but theatrical. Alone with my ambitions, I suffered, and was funny without knowing it. It never seemed to me that there was anything worth while in acting but to play the beautiful lady, for which I was not predestined by Nature. I shouldn't have known to this day that some very good acting is done by unbeautiful ladies, except for a conversation I had with an actress, one of the beautiful kind.

She was appearing in one of those plays where virtue and beauty go blithely out together, into a cruel world, and are pursued by the villain. Not a new idea, but a prolific one on the stage. I had seen her, in the course of the play, endure the snares of an insolent villain, and seen her shed languishing tears on the hero's manly shoulder.

"I don't think I should care to play a part like that," I said to her.

"Well," she said, "then why think about it? Perhaps you want to play character parts, funny ones?"

The idea seemed to be entirely new, it had never occurred to me to see myself from any point of view but that of good looks for the stage.

Do we really know how funny we are?

Then I remembered that funny women in real life had always fascinated me, I was always imitating them. Long before this first conversation with a real actress happened, I remember the fascination that an old Irish woman who lived near my home, had for me. She was a disgraceful old thing in appearance, and though she was grumbling and talking most of the time, no one could understand what she said.. It gave me the keenest pleasure one day to discover that I could imitate her talk. It was the jumble of a thick brogue and a weeping voice, occasionally lifted to malediction, and enlivened with threatening gestures, which sawed the air.



SHE was a cross between King Lear, the first witch in Macbeth and Richard III, by temperament. Her language might have been Sanscrit, Chinese or Arabic, from all that one could gather in words, but we knew she was Irish from the density of it all. One day I got myself up to look like her. Having no knowledge of make-up or grease paints then, I was in despair to know how to wrinkle my face. She had the wrinkles of Methusaleh. Finally, I smeared my face with mud and sketched the wrinkles by drawing lines in it with a stick. The discolorations in my skin made it look hard and leathery. Her hair was all flying about, straggly and white, so I tousled mine and covered it with flour. Dressed in the same sort of rags as she wore, leaning heavily on a stick, I went begging at the doors of my neighbors. No one recognized me, and finally I went to the door of my own home and crooned my imitation. I remember my elder brother was visibly impressed.

"It's an outrage!" he said, "that a poor old thing like that should be compelled to beg on the streets! She ought to be taken care of, she ought to be kept in an institution," and he began looking up and down the street for a policeman. What would have happened, I don't know, if my younger brother, in a spirit of wanton mischief, hadn't opened the window above, and drenched me with a basin of water. Even then I would not give in. I hurled incomprehensible maledictions on him, with violent gestures, and I hobbled away and crept into my room, from a rear door of the house, wet to the skin. Those were the days that I was laying in



White

Bertha Kalich, who is continuing her successful tour in "The Riddle—Woman"—a study by the sculptor, Harney



Abbe

(Right)

Ed Wynn, one of the funniest of our comedians, has been lending his droll comicalities to the "Gaieties of 1919"



Underwood and Underwood

James Watts, whose grotesque impersonations of opera singers and Russian dancers adds much to the fun of the "Greenwich Village Follies," is an Australian who played in all the continental cities before coming to this country



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Eduardo Ferrari-Fontana, the grand opera tenor and his bride were too engrossed in the one periodical of the stage to know that the photographer had snapped them

BITS OF INTEREST IN THE PLAY WORLD

a store of recollections to draw upon later. This I have done with most of my stage characters.

The character of "Coddles" in "A Pair of Sixes" was an imitation of a funny woman I knew in real life. She was a type belonging to the unsophisticated female one finds doing all the drudgery of a household. Her virgin soul ruthlessly kept intact by the masquerade of a dreadful face which Nature had given her, she was also timid to an abnormal degree. When anyone asked her a question, she was seized with a panic. She would tremble, stammer, and when the question was repeated, she would swallow hard and utter a sort of guttural gasp that meant nothing. She worked incessantly and hard, and intelligently, but she had to keep her mind on her work. The slightest question seemed to challenge her reserve and she became like a lcon, floppy and rather foolish. She was funny because she had no sense of humor herself. No one ever laughed at her, but they laughed as soon as she was out of sight. And yet, no one felt sorry for her because she was so capable and independent. Women who are funny off the stage, are usually very serious, useful, fine souls. They are simply funny because they get so little fun out of life themselves.

Another woman I remember, a dear, straight-laced, determined Scotch housekeeper among my neighbors, when I was a girl, was a type I used on the stage, with scarcely any exaggeration. I made up from a photograph of her in front of me, because she was such a completely funny bit of austere, yet innocent humor. Behind her fine old caricature of a face, was the most romantic soul. She was as timid as a convent girl all her life. She was the housekeeper for a very rich, harmless old man, but never, under any circumstances, would she allow herself to be alone in the same room with him, at any time. For no other reason than an exaggerated sense of propriety, and a fear that people might talk. No one who ever saw her, could talk about her, except in the most lovable and endearing terms of respect.

But she was very serious and very proper. All her life she looked out upon the world from the topmost tower-room of her ancestral character, and it was a solemn old world from that vantage of inheritance. Seeing a medal worn by her brother once, she asked me where Jamie had got his "breastpin." Born into the world long since breastpins were worn, she would as soon have appeared in her nightcap, as without her breastpin. Her accent was a Scotch that came direct from Sir Walter Scott's novels, and her ideas of life were about as adventurous and decorous. She must have slipped from short skirts into the flowing garments of a sedate housekeeper, without an interval, and her notions of right and wrong were as classic as the white cameo face she wore in her breastpin.

Why was she funny?

Because we are at that age in the world when our ancestors have lost their influence, when we are impatient with old standards and old ideas. They seem to have had no sense of humor, most of them, and those who had were regarded as a shiftless lot. And yet, how intensely funny we would be to them, if they could see us today —without our breastpins.

We never really know how funny we are, though, and very few managers can tell. It took me a long time before managers looked on me with any impression of humor. I never seemed to be the funny type they expected to walk into their offices already to go on with the part. If the part called for a woman with a red nose, they waited for a woman with a red nose to come in and see them, and as women who are grotesque in appearance do not usually go on the stage at all, I had a hard time convincing them that I might do. But—illusions are the despair of women's lives. It took me thirteen years to convince the manager that I was a woman of illusions. It took me a much shorter time to find out that the beautiful Annabelle who looked far too young for the persecutions heaped upon her by the villain in the play, was very often over forty off the stage, and looked it.

Some day an obliging playwright will come along and write a play for me in which the leading character will be deaf, and therefore, funny. The usual idea portrayed by actors of a deaf person on the stage is to be yelled at. Now deaf people have a peculiar trick of inhaling when they are listening which helps them to catch a faint sound, and they never appear not to hear. No deaf person ever asks you to repeat your question. Whether he hears it or not, he answers it.

There are women on the other hand who look at life with a shrewdness that undermines every hypocrisy in others, for we are essentially hypocrites, in our vanities, in our griefs, in our jealousies. Such women see the funny side of "Hamlet" as enjoyably as they see the comedy of Charlie Chaplin. They are alert, optimistic sun-birds, who fly right into the face of the sun. When shadow comes upon them, they are alert in the comfort they can give to others because of the smiles they have stored up. They pass them around because they are dynamos of humor, generating laughs. Women of this sort can be plain, they can be poor, they can be rich, or they can be cast in secret dramas in their own lives, but they are the women who make life worth living, off the stage, because they are really funny.

The sense of humor is inherited. It cannot be acquired, and it can never be destroyed.

It is their surviving force, the only weapon they have against the difficult adventures of their lives. Mischievous humor is really a false humor. It has no value excepting to draw the empty laugh, which is never very hearty, and is often tinged with malice. Real humor springs from the heart. That is why the Irish and the Scotch people possess so much of it. Their national sincerity is its source. I think that people who have a sense of humor, are usually very sane, very just, and very independent.

But no one really knows how funny they are, after all.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

AUGUSTIN DUNCAN, whose portrayal of John Ferguson in the play of that name is the greatest personal triumph of the year, is a brother of the famous dancer, Isadora Duncan?

Gregory Kelly, who played Willie Baxter, the lovesick hero in "Seventeen," is married to Ruth Gordon, the baby-talk girl of the piece?

Mary Ryan, of "Little Teacher" fame, was a member of the Dearborn Stock Company for five years, playing one hundred and thirty-seven parts? In private life she is Mrs. Sam Forrest, wife of the well-known stage director.

May Irwin is an expert fisherwoman, and finds keen excitement in the sport?

Grace Valentine once understudied Irene Fenwick in "The Song of Songs?" Now she is a featured player.

Charlie Chaplin began his career on the stage at the age of seven, doing a clog dance in a London theatre in a play called "Rags to Riches?"

Joseph Urban, who designs the beautiful setting for the "Follies," began as an architect in Vienna?

Alice Brady has a hobby for clothes?

Lou Tellegen, who is supporting his wife, Geraldine Farrar, in the movies, was Bernhardt's leading man for four years?

Tamaki Miura, the diminutive Japanese prima donna, has sung the rôle of Madama Butterfly before King George and Queen Mary?

Sir Henry Irving died in comparative poverty?

Christine Norman, who has been playing with Jane Cowl, was a pupil of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts?

Another "Follies" girl who hopes to achieve fame in the legitimate drama is Lilyan Tashman? This stately beauty is to support Ina Claire in Belasco's production of "The Gold Diggers."

Nan Halperin, a vaudeville favorite, is to star under A. H. Woods' management in "The Girl in the Stage Box?"

Harry Clark of "A Lonely Romeo" and Marie Flynn of "The Velvet Lady" were married recently?

Mary Garden was born in Scotland and raised in Chicago?

Robinson Newbold, the comedian of "The Royal Vagabond," made his professional début with Viola Allen in "The Eternal City?"

Mary Miles Minter achieved considerable success on the legitimate stage as the child in "The Littlest Rebel," a drama of the Civil War, in which William and Dustin Farnum both appeared? Now all three are stars of the screen.

Ethel Barrymore has three children—Sam, Ethel, 11, and John Drew?

Mrs. Janis is Elsie's inveterate companion?

David Warfield began his theatrical associations as a water boy at the old Bush Street Theatre?

Fay Bainter played child parts for years at the Burbank Theatre in Los Angeles?

Lenore Ulric has been a Hawaiian in "The Bird of Paradise;" an Indian in "The Heart of Wetona"; a half-breed in "Tiger Rose," and now she is to play a Chinese rôle in her next play?

George Broadhurst, as well-known a playwright as he is a manager, was once a bookkeeper on the Chicago Board of Trade?



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(Below)

INA CLAIRE

Having been a "Follies" star herself, Miss Claire will feel perfectly at home in her new rôle—that of a member of the chorus in Avery Hopwood's comedy-drama "The Golddiggers"



© Moffett

(Above)

MARJORIE RAMBEAU

Admirers of this clever emotional actress will have an opportunity to see her on Broadway this season in a new play called "The Unknown Woman"

STARS THAT SHINE BRIGHTLY IN NEW PLAYS

THE CHARMING NEW YORK RESIDENCE OF GERALDINE FARRAR TELLEGEN

Interiors by Hampton Shops



The deep ivory walls in the hall shade into these tones in the marble staircase, while the doors are hung in deep ivory silk. French curtains continue the background in effect. Here the furniture of carved walnut is covered in fine old tapestry. The yellow marble Pompeian columns give a note of dignity



The boudoir end of Mrs. Tellegen's bedroom shows several interesting features. The walls and the furniture are in antique ivory tones, the draperies and the upholstery of the day-bed are in rose brocade of Louis Seize design, while the beautiful Shirvan rug is in delicate shades of cream, rose and old blue. The fire-screen has a gold frame of the Directoire period, with a center of fine old Aubusson tapestry. The crystal chandelier and appliques are reproductions of interesting old pieces

Photos Mattie Edwards Hewitt



In the Tellegens' dining-room gold and blue are used, but here the gold-decorated, yellow-lacquer furniture and deep cream walls give a lighter feeling



(Below)

In the large drawing-room are old portraits by XVIIIth Century painters of the French Court, with chairs of the day of Louis Seize, covered in fine old Aubusson tapestries. The table and commodes are interesting examples of Marquetry in mahogany and tulipwood, with ormulu mounting. An interesting piano case was designed especially to harmonize with the room and is covered with a beautiful piece of old French brocade in shades of rose and green, which harmonize with the deep rose and soft green of the Shirvan rug



The color scheme of blue and gold is again developed in the little reception room by using gold fabric on the walls, gold and blue Chinese brocade for the draperies and a fine Persian rug in these same tones. The exquisite curtains of hand-embroidered batiste and lace are cream tinted to match the woodwork. The lacquer chairs and the lighting fixtures also repeat the blue and gold

The cabinet in the dining room is a reproduction of an unusually interesting antique

REHEARSING A PLAY

The ideas of a successful stage director command respect. Granville Barker in last month's article told how a play should be cast. In this concluding paper he denounces drill-sergeant methods at rehearsal and lays stress on the importance of harmony

By GRANVILLE BARKER

HOW should the producer conduct rehearsals to get the best results? Should a company come upon the stage, fresh to their parts, eyes glued to books, marking movements, positions, fitting themselves to an arbitrary mechanism for all the world like figures in a clock-work toy—whatever method is right this surely is ineptitude itself—and the experienced actor, selecting the admirably rounded pegs of his technique (aggrieved a little if the holes in his part are not as uniformly round), the emotional actress prospecting in this wilderness for purple spots of emotion, asking, "What shall I feel like doing here?" while the minor "parts" wait vaguely about and wonder where in every sense of the phrase they do come in!

What wonder that the producer after watching this for a little, with production nearing, grows tyrannical, insists—"*This* you think, *this* you feel, *that* you do!" Some sort of unity he must obtain, and quickly, for to put a play into action upon a stage is to pour it into its mould; after two or three weeks' unchecked rehearsing it will have set unchangeably but for details, without such a mauling being given it as will leave bad marks.

But bring your company to the stage absorbed in the play, in tune with each other, and the results are very different. To begin with, their most instinctive movements will now have meaning. The producer need have decided beforehand only upon the barest skeleton of action and if he can have left all but—say—the backbone of that to grow in his mind and be suggested to theirs during the committee discussions it will be the less arbitrary, the less of a drill, the more a collaboration with the actors themselves. And he can start very soon to play his own present part in the combination, that of ideal audience.

THE very opposite of the drill sergeant in method as in aim. To say that one strives for perfection in art and wishes never to attain it is no paradox, it is only to assert the intimate relation of art to life. To sit while the action of a play grows, goes its own way, not insisting on this or that—for in art, as in life, how many good roads to a given point there are—caring only that the roads are good, testing sympathetically, step by step, that the way *is* its own; that is in a real sense to "produce."

If the mutual study has been lively, fruitful, has generated, as it should have, the motive power, then the actors need only follow their inclination while the producer works, for a little, patiently, by elimination: "No, that does not quite express it. Try again." His simple rule at this stage will be that, although in the last instance he may veto, say definitely what is not to be done, he may never dictate what is to be.

It will be seen that this implies no finality, no rigid rule of effort, and it is meant not to. Finality in acting is death. A book must be finished with, or a picture, but the moment an actor ceases to vary his part he should stop playing it; he *has*, in fact, stopped playing it; repetition is not acting. The producer's problem then is how to shape the play stably but not statically, to give it what will be a living form.

We are indebted, again, to Stanislawsky for a rule-of-thumb solution. "Establish," he says, "a certain number of fixed points, rendezvous for the players, physical or mental, where they may be sure of meeting. Let there be enough of these to ensure that the action never drifts awry. You will need more in scenes of crisis and



Robert Edmond Jones' setting for Granville Barker's production, "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife"

quick movement than in those of exposition and discussion, but always keep them as few as you can for they tend to multiply unawares. Between these points actors must encourage themselves to wander, they must resist habit."

BUT upon this solution one thing depends and another follows. The actors must so far have mastered the technique of their art as to have it unselfconsciously at command. If a man has to think even for the fraction of a second how to express an emotion or an idea he cannot stop to do so during a performance, his attention must be free then to concentrate solely on the idea itself, a doubled effort will be fatal to all appearance of spontaneity. If he *is* so handicapped, then to make his work seem spontaneous he must, paradoxically, fix beforehand every movement, every gesture.

One needs, therefore, accomplished actors. And it follows that a constant close repetition of performances will force upon actors, however accomplished, a repetition of effects. For two reasons they cannot stand up against mere iteration. If the part is a trying one the emotional strain will be too great. No man can act Hamlet eight times a week, he can at best repeat it. And with a minor part all one can do is so soon done that to do it over and over without change one must in defence of sanity come to do it automatically. It would drive one mad to think out a new way of shaving oneself every morning, or to a convenient suicide with a final cut. But a repertory theatre (though this is yet a further argument) is the only theatre worthy of the name.

Repetition will even tell adversely upon the quality of the rehearsals. It must be open to the producer to suspend them, or to return to committee. If the study has not done its work, if the company is stiff, at a loss, or at odds, he will be wise to do so in any case.

THIS is by no means a plan guaranteed to work smoothly. The reward of discussion is not always agreement at first or at last, and you cannot have your actors both free and bound. Differences must be even encouraged, to a point. If they are irreconcilable someone must retire; it will usually not be the producer. But he will be wanting in the first attributes of his post if with all this scope of method and time he cannot at a pinch so interpret the actor to himself that they both agree at least with the third party to the dispute, the play. For, though loyalty of co-operation is vital, only a minimum of agreement is necessary. Plays being in themselves contests of character—may benefit by a tactful, regulated diversity of opinion.

All this does not seem very revolutionary. It is not, it is not meant to be. It contains no patent devices, but art does not deal with patents, only with a patient individual adaptation of means to end. The production of a play is one of the simplest of things if one but remembers that the glory of the art of the theatre is that more than any other it works in a human medium, and, therefore, in an incalculable one. A play is, indeed, a microcosm of society. The laws of its being are moral laws, the guiding one that only in the fullest expression of each individual will the whole be expressed and only by mutual thinking in terms of the whole will each one of us find his place and fulfill it.

One has but to think of the play in terms of life, to extract from it, to illustrate by its means all its content of those things that by light or shade give life its value. Never try for this effect or that, those things will come; but when the meaning of the whole seems clear, when it has achieved, in fact, a life of its own—admit the public and take as little notice of them as possible. The tribunal of their understanding and enjoyment will be no commercial one either. Quite rightly they will care nothing for cost in money or effort, the right way or wrong way of preparing. They will value the result in tunes of its vitality—all said and done, art's only gift to them.



Maurice Goldberg

AN ALLEGORICAL DANCING STUDY—LIFE AND DEATH

The veiled figure at the foot of the scarred oak hovers about the youthful dancers

JIMMYING MY WAY INTO THE THEATRE

Author of "The Crimson Alibi" gives some valuable pointers as to how successful plays are written

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

SOME men are born playwrights, some achieve play-writing and some have it thrust upon them. Me, I'm at the very bottom of the last named class.

I've met lots of the born ones! They wear long hair and horn-rimmed spectacles and know all there isn't to know about the drama. They remain born all right, but they don't seem to score a very signal success as playwrights: for which let us all be truly thankful.

As to those who achieve playwriting—well, I've met just one in my time. He is of medium height and girth and he wears glasses and eats three times a day and sleeps once; isn't the least bit upstage and doesn't rave about the poor, unknowing public which doesn't appreciate a good thing in the dramatic line. He—why he's the chap who thrust playwriting upon me. His name is George Broadhurst and he dramatized my novel "The Crimson Alibi" and produced it at the Broadhurst Theatre July seventeenth where—as is proved by the royalty checks that reach me weekly at my shakedown in Birmingham, Alabama—capacity crowds are parting with good, hard money for the fun of finding out who killed Joshua Quincy.

Anyway, I was talking about George thrusting me into the playwriting game. Of course, I don't call him George when I'm with him. I call him "Yes sir, Mr. Broadhurst!"

YOU see, I never meant to be a playwright. Not on your life I didn't. I had every intention of working for a living at my trade of writing short-stories and novels which fool all of the public some of the time and some of the public none of the time. It wasn't that I didn't want to join the magic circle. . .and, well now when the one hundred percent of my friends who are writing The Great American Drammer come to me and ask me how it's done, I tell 'em that it isn't.

That's the secret; it just isn't done. It does you. If the critics don't like it, it does you good and plenty. And so again to "The Crimson Alibi."

I wrote the novel and Bob Davis of *Munsey's*—a friend eternal to struggling and needy letterateurs—bought it first. Then Dodd, Mead and Company printed the book and then Mr. Broadhurst purchased a copy of it. And, believe me, I'm glad he did. Glad a-plenty.

He wired me a contract. I wired it back at him. And the first thing you know I was seated in the fourth row aisle of the Broadhurst Theatre watching the audience puzzle its collective head over the mystery. Listen! that show never fooled me for a minute. I knew all the time who committed the crime.

But this hasn't anything to do with the success of "The Crimson Alibi." It is, I believe, a primer lesson in playwriting and how she are did.



OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

Author of "The Crimson Alibi"

A theatrical producer is, ordinarily, a sane man, but, when the chap behind the box-office window begins to smile and the house treasurer smokes gold-banded cigars while counting up the shekels, he begins to look around for more of the same. So, after "The Crimson Alibi" had pulled in a few capacity audiences, Mr. Broadhurst sought me out. That is, he sent word for me to seek him out. I did it—pronto!

"How about another play?" he inquired.

"I haven't one," I retorted quickly—just like that. "Never did have."

"The Crimson Alibi—"

"*You* wrote that play," said I, "I'm only guilty of the book."

"But I want a play by you," he reiterated.

"Fine," said I. Then I grabbed my new cap and boarded one of those occasional Broadway surface cars—it moves occasionally.

And what do you think? I read that play to him the other day and he didn't murder me. In fact, he says it's a good play and he's going to produce it on Broadway before the melting of the winter snows have choked the gutters and blocked the traffic.

And—as the little song says—that isn't all. Another big producer sent for me and offered me still another contract. I was up in my lines by that time. And *that* play, too, is going to be produced in New York this winter.

ONE dramatization running to big business at the Broadhurst Theatre, two plays of my own making going on Broadway before Spring . . . and I never did anything in my whole twenty-eight years of life except try to write readable fiction. Why did they have to pick on me? Why didn't they take one of the born playwrights?

Managerial vagary, I reckon. Now when my friends ask me to give them the rules and regulations for writing a successful play, I tell 'em "Don't! Don't write it. Wait until the managers send for you and flash an advance royalty check in your face. Then, when you have been revived with some subcellar special stock (sure! that isn't any secret!) tell them firmly that you won't touch a fingernail to typewriter key without a hundred and ten percent of the weekly gross and permission to kiss the ingenue."

Anyway: if that system isn't a good one—it will work as well as any other I've ever run across. And it's a heap the easiest.

And when I think back on that opening night of "The Crimson Alibi" at the Broadhurst Theatre—

Why it's easy!

Perhaps.

PREPOSTEROUS PARTS

Little Eva for Marie Dressler.
Hedda Gabler for Mary Pickford.
Falstaff for Forbes-Robertson.
The Man Without a Country for George M. Cohan.
Hamlet for Thomas Wise.
Ophelia for Eva Tanguay.
Peter Grimm for Sam Bernard.
Brunhilde for Mitzi.
Le Misanthrope for Leo Ditrichstein.
Melisande for Trixie Friganza.
The Good Little Devil for Theda Bara.
Thais for Maude Adams.
Peter Pan for Geraldine Farrar.
Portia for Mollie King.
Cleopatra for Mrs. Fiske.
Katherine the Shrew for Edith Wynne Mathison.
Peg o' My Heart for Maxine Elliot.
The Pink Lady for Bertha Kalich.
Ole Bill for John Drew.
Tyltyl for Al Jolson.
Othello for O. P. Heggie.
Nora for Lillian Russell.

E. M. F.



Campbell

PEGGY WOOD

In "Buddies," a comedy with music which has met with unusual favor out of town, this sympathetic player has duplicated her success in "Maytime." "Buddies" can also boast of Donald Brian and Wallace Eddinger in the cast



Levins

SUE MacMANAMY

Who merits much praise for her portrayal of the faithless sweetheart of the young officer supposed to be killed in France in "The Five Million," a comedy recently at the Lyric



Monroe

JUANA WARD

Whose beauty adds to the general attractiveness of "Listen Lester"

IN PRESENT AND FUTURE BROADWAY SUCCESSES

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE CURTAIN

Stage director thinks that human actors might be dispensed with

By GEORGE C. JENKS



"THERE are only two really effective curtains—a very quick or a very slow one," declared the Old Stage-manager dogmatically.

He had just brought the curtain down with a bang on a "surprise" situation in a crook play, wherein the dashing hero—who looked so noble in his perfectly-fitting evening clothes—had paralyzed a drawing-roomful of people with the sudden confession that *he* had stolen the missing diamond-ruby necklace, and had produced the priceless article, all a-glitter, from his inside pocket, to prove it. On the instant, while the characters on the stage and the audience out front gasped their astonishment in unison, and before there could be a touch of reaction, down came the curtain.

"That's got 'em!" went on the Old Stage-manager. "They're all up in the air—where we want them to be. And don't overlook the fact that several volts of the shock was thrown into them by my quick curtain. I had my finger on the button, and the curtain man's orders were to shoot her down as fast as she would work at the first tink of the bell. The idea is to give it to them hard and quick, and make 'em dizzy; then shut it all off and leave 'em guessing."

The audience, after a momentary silence, was now applauding furiously. The Old Stage-manager grinned. "Yes, I know. They'd like a second curtain. Well, they don't get it. I'm not going to take the pep out of my tableau by letting them look at it twice. A melodramatic climax like this can't afford to be warmed over. There's nothing more insipid than a second serving of a dish which must be sizzling hot to be good."



BUT the audience was noisily insistent, so he compromised by allowing the principals in the scene to "take a bow" as individuals, quite outside the action of the play. By this time the dramatic significance of the quick curtain had passed, and the smiling ladies and gentlemen who graciously acknowledged the ovation were no longer characters in a gripping stage story, but stood forth merely as professional players, in somewhat of a hurry to get to their dressing-rooms for the next act.

To every stage manager the tempo of the curtain is of importance. Indeed, not long ago one of the most prominent play-producers and stage-directors in New York declared that, given an audience of ordinary American intelligence and imagination, and he would undertake to present to them a play they would understand with nothing more than a drop-curtain and a few light combinations. He was sure that, by lifting and lowering the curtain at varying speeds, and with an electrician who understood his business to give him promptly certain lights, shadows and color nuances, he would tell a connected and comprehensible story. He could dispense entirely with human actors.

Whether this would be possible or not, certainly the mood of any skillfully directed play is preserved at the end of the act by the manner in which the curtain falls. Even in bedroom-farce and girly musical reviews, the descent of the curtain is regulated—quick, medium or slow—as the producer decides will be in harmony with the action immediately preceding.

Naturally it is the pathetic or poetic play which usually calls for slow curtains. The best scenes in such an offering would be divested of much of their impressive pathos or idyllic beauty if the "drop" came galloping down as for a melodramatic slam-bang climax.



A "CAMILLE" death scene, the parting of a pair of lovers in a moonlit Arcadia, or an old white-haired man brooding alone in the red glow from an open fireplace—any of these must have a curtain descending so slowly that the picture appears almost to dissolve into nothingness, rather than to be sharply cut off from view by a material fabric of painted canvas or heavy draperies. A slow curtain, artistically controlled, may seem actually to sob—if one has the right kind of imagination.

Curtain histrionics go further than this, however. They are not confined merely to the adroit disclosure and hiding of stage tableaux. Consider the uninflammable outside curtain ordained by the Fire Department. What could be more dramatic than the sudden, smooth and noiseless rising of the asbestos with the first notes of the overture? It is the first thrill one gets at the theatre. The ghostly movement of the safety curtain rolling up in front of the "drop," as the music director raises his baton to swing his men into the opening crash of harmony, releases on the instant the proper atmosphere of mystery and detachment from the work-a-day world outside and brings the audience *en rapport* with the illusion of the stage even before the play begins.

The curtain often has a direct bearing on the size of actors' salaries, particularly in vaudeville. When, at the end of a dramatic sketch, the curtain is hectically raised and lowered five, six, seven times, there is a distinct commercial purpose in the manoeuvre. The "act" will demand a salary high in proportion to the number of curtains it has achieved, assuming for business purposes, that it was the audience which demanded the many liftings of the curtain at the climax, being so carried away by the merit of the performance that it simply would *not* be satisfied until it had viewed the closing scene more than half a dozen times.



USUALLY this is what vaudeville people themselves style "bunk," for the curtain only just touches the floor each time when it is drawn up again. But, with the orchestra playing frantically fortissimo and the curtain in convulsions, who shall say that the "act" is not the tremendous, unparalleled success the advertisements claim for it next day? *"Seven curtains!"* What stronger proof could there be?

Of course, considering how important a part is played by the curtain in theatrical entertainment, illusion and finance, there could not fail to be many traditions and superstitions connected with what old actors often called the "rag." For instance, it is unlucky to peep through the hole in the curtain to count the people coming into the auditorium, and still worse is it to stand at the side and look out. Very rarely will a seasoned actor do this. To discourage the latter-named breach of curtain etiquette, in some theatres the wire rope which runs down the side of the curtain to sustain the weight at the bottom is charged with electricity. In peeping out it is the natural tendency of the peeper to grasp this wire with one or both hands. One experience is enough, as a rule. When the inquisitive one has been knocked backward by a fairly vigorous electric shock, he is not inclined to go back for a second.

Another thing one must not do—unless he happens to be a stage manager, star or author—is to stand with one's back to the curtain, surveying the stage, in an entr'acte. That spot in the middle of the curtain, is as sacred as the quarter-deck or bridge on an ocean liner. Only a high officer may plant himself there. Also, it is not advisable to stand under the curtain when it is drawn up. It may come down in a hurry. This is more likely to happen in the daytime. Many an old actor can tell of a headache from this cause at a rehearsal, when he disregarded, or did not hear the gruff warning from a stage hand to "Look out there, bo!" The curtain is not without a sense of humor, too. One of the oldest professional jests is to send a green hand to the box-office to ask the treasurer or house-manager for "the key of the curtain."



MANY old playgoers insist that the significance of the curtain—as the dividing line between this prosaic, every-day world, and the region of fancy which lends atmosphere to every play—is largely lost through the modern theatre-custom of assaulting the vision with a garish painted act-drop at which one is compelled to stare as the beginning of the evening's entertainment.

Too often the subject chosen by the artist on the curtain is violently at variance with that of the play to be presented, and instead of the auditor being projected at its rise smoothly and dramatically into the *milieu* of the stage story, there is the recollection of that incongruous curtain picture to be dispelled first of all. In older days, in what we now call the Victorian period, the only curtain used at the beginning and end of the performance was the dignified green baize.

Going into a theatre before the lights were full up, one beheld, framed in by the proscenium, a vast square of black space, seemingly in endless perspective. There was mystery—thrillingly delightful mystery—to begin with.

Whatever kind of curtain is used, however, let it be remembered that, when it is down, it is symbolical of the theatre's ownership. The stage manager does not speak of it as "the curtain." It is "Mr. Frohman's curtain," or "Mr. Shubert's" or "Mr. Belasco's curtain."



From a charcoal sketch by Hamilton King

LILLIAN KEMBLE COOPER

THIS English beauty of the famous Kemble family, is a daughter of the late Frank Kemble Cooper who supported Henry Irving for years, and a sister of Violet Cooper, leading lady for William Gillette in "Dear Brutus." Her first venture in musical comedy will be in the prima donna rôle of "Hitchy-Koo 1919." Previously she was seen in "Peg o' My Heart" and "The Unchastened Woman." She also played the leading rôle in "Lady Eileen"

ANOTHER SURPRISE FOR BROADWAY

Allan Dinehart, ex-vaudeville artist, makes emphatic hit in a labor problem play

By ADA PATTERSON

BROADWAY, the street of many surprises, has tendered another surprise. The public has cordially accepted it.

But this last surprise was a two hundred per cent. one. Not only was the street amazed but the cause of it was lost in amazement. Which statements are called forth by the loudly acclaimed arrival of Allan Dinehart in what was not intended to be but what became, the leading rôle in the labor problem play, "The Challenge." Accidents happen in the best regulated companies. Holbrook Blinn was the star. He impersonated a rich man, to the manner born, who sincerely desired to use his wealth and influence for the benefit of mankind. An excellent actor, he played the rôle with superb authority and undoubted conviction. But a slim, pale youth with long features and pensive expression, who showed us the workings of a radical's soul, won and held the sympathy of the audience and caused the critics to proclaim next morning that a new and powerful actor had taken his place in the high power multitudinous glow of Broadway.

THE young actor who forswore his ambitions and renounced his love of a girl to follow what he deemed a sacred cause was Allan Dinehart. I have said that his instant success was a two hundred per cent. surprise. One hundred of that was the surprise felt by Broadway, the other by the young actor himself.

"I always thought I was a comedian," he said while the daze of the sudden and unqualified recognition still enveloped him.

"You are," I rejoined, "a comedian plus."

Those who saw Martin Browne's play of character, "A Very Good Young Man," last season, cannot but recall a curiously droll character in that unusual assemblage of types. It was a singing waiter. While waiting he sang. He danced up to an astounded patron and, warbling, deposited a perilously tilted dish upon the table. Singing, he paid court to a girl in the café. He seemed to have lost the art of ordinarily ordered speech, but gained that of translating the terms of everyday life into song. He was irresistibly, fascinatingly comic.

Yet one year later we see him playing a young radical leader of the people in the spirit of one who has been anointed for a holy work. We see him a blind soldier, grateful for his sight and aflame with the zeal of one who would help his fellow-man. He is a modern crusader.

"There are times when I feel that he is the Christ spirit walking the earth," said Mr. Dinehart. "I am glad that I do. If I didn't I wouldn't be able to make the audience feel it. Restless persons would lose patience with his ideals and call him a young fool."

IN two respects the first new luminary to rise in the firmament of the season of 1919-20 suggested Maude Adams. First in his modesty, which is of the same kind and degree as hers. Second in his inability to analyze and catalogue his methods.

"One cannot sincerely analyze acting," he said. They were echoes of the words I had heard from Maude Adams after she played Juliet. "Acting is the most elusive of the arts." Her words to a syllable!

"Technicians of the drama come up here and talk to me," the tall, pale youth went on, "and they ask me why I do this or that. I don't know. They say: 'Why did you look up at that moment?' I answer that I don't know except that I felt like looking up."

There's a deep sense of reverence in him. That was well to the foreground in the dressing-room glimpse I had of him in the sumptuous Selwyn Theatre that Jane Cowl opened last season and the Actors' Equity Association closed



Lewis-Smith

ALLAN DINEHART

The young radical in "The Challenge"

in the days of the Great Strike. He told me that he had spent eight years in a Jesuit school. His family had intended that he should become a priest. He himself was willing to adopt the robe and surplice.

"It was a fine thing for a boy between seven and fifteen to be surrounded by good men and women," said he. "The school was at Lake City in Minnesota. The nuns used to come over to visit us from the convent in St. Paul."

He visualized for me the large square building, the cemetery at the side of the monastery, the circle of a cinder path that curved about the city of graves.

"We were not allowed to go into the cemetery but we used the cinder path for a bicycle track."

But at fifteen he veered from the priesthood to the army, from the offertory to the reveille, from vespers to taps. He entered the Shattuck Military Academy at Fairbault, Minn. From that he passed into Daniel Bandmann's Shakespearean repertoire company. He served well the hard mistress, stock company training. Once he yielded to despondency and abandoned the stage. Mindful of his old yearnings while he was an acolyte in Minnesota, he became the private secretary for a priest of high rank who was writing a volume of church history.

But heredity, the strongest force in our lives, drew him from the arms of environment. His father, the first Allan Dinehart, was manager of the old Casino. That was before the next of the Allan Dineharts was able to toddle, yet in the little lad the law of hereditary gravity had its way. The young man went back to the stage because he couldn't keep off it.

This time he chose vaudeville. He believed it offered greater freedom of expression. He became famous in that side-world of the theatre for the uniqueness of the sketches he presented and the comedy he injected into them by his acting.

PRESENTLY came reconnoitering, one of those managers who looks to vaudeville as a perennial source of supply. "We have to tone 'em down a bit, but they know how to grip an audience," was the reason given by one of these arbiters of actorial fates. If the managers ever revise the doxology the new version will begin with "Praise vaudeville from which good actors come."

Discovered in his sketch, "The Meanest Man in the World," Allan Dinehart was persuaded to join the cast of "A Very Good Young Man." Reluctantly did he yield to persuasion, for the vaudevillians are a contented folk and thrifty, and the land of the legitimate teems with the unexpected, often the unpleasant unexpected. He played the singing waiter to whom I have alluded. He was transferred to "The Gipsy Trail" in which he played the unsuccessful suitor, a wistful young millionaire, lucky in his possessions but unlucky in love. This season behold him as the spiritual young hero of "The Challenge."

The name that stands for the finest performance of the new season is his own. It has come to him from Holland by way of Mohawk County, New York. There one of the prettiest who bore the name, the blue-eyed daughter of a gardener, wedded Henry Astor. Because of the marriage he became the Lost Astor. His family forgot him, save to dole to him the proceeds of a goodly trust fund. Last year the aged hero of romance died on his upstate farm and the former Jennie Dinehart became the wealthiest widow in the county.

THERE is an Allan Dinehart III. I have his proud young father's word that he is the finest youngster in Floral Park, Long Island. At seventeen months he has begun to manifest dramatic inclinations. His father says he won't stand in the boy's way, provided he follows the standard of truth and practices sincerity on the stage.

"If he doesn't he'd better be anything else than an actor," is the parental ultimatum.



Abbe

FAIRBANKS TWINS

Who have danced and pranced their way through many Follies, and now display their customary zest in the "Follies of 1919"



Bellis

MA BELLE

Pirouetting her way into popularity in "Oh, What a Girl," the musical piece at the Shubert



Abbe

(*Right*)

UNA FLEMING

This graceful daughter of Terpsichore was so pleasing in "The Velvet Lady" that Broadway is to see her again shortly in a new play

IN THE WHIRL OF THE DANCE WORLD

"THE HONEST-TO-GOODNESS TRUTH ABOUT ME"

What is in an actress' heart while mimicking emotions on the stage

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE

SHE sat in her dressing-room in the theatre. The air was redolent with the odor of face powder, perfume and grease paint. There was a sound of clapping of many hands in the distance; the audience was still calling her for she was the favorite, the Big Hit of all the many favorites and Big Hits on the stage in the season just drawing to a close, as she had been for previous seasons.

She dismissed her maid. "You can go," she said. "I can get into my street clothes by myself. Take those bouquets with you; also those boxes of candy if your kiddies want them; I don't want to take anything home with me to-night that reminds me of my stage career."

When the door had closed on the maid, she turned to me. "So you want a story? All right, I'll give you one if you don't mention my name. I will tell you, for the first time in my life, the honest-to-goodness truth about me.

"The honest-to-goodness truth about me!" she laughed. "No one will believe it. Why even my manager, if you took the story to him with my name signed to it, would say it was not so; that I had filled you up with that dope out of pure devilment, or mischief, or just because I am bored to death. But I am telling you," and she turned from the task of cold-creaming the grease paint off her face, "the truth! I am telling it for the first time since I became a stage favorite because I am sick of deception. I am telling you something no one knows but my husband.

OH, you didn't know I had one, did you? No one knows it. They think, from San Francisco to New York, for I have played in all the big cities in the past six years, that I am unmarried, and the stories press agents have put out about me have made me smile. I have been accused of love affairs with every manager I ever had. I have given out yards of interviews of being wedded to my art; every few weeks the story starts around that I am seen much in the company these days with this or that millionaire, and some space writers have even set a wedding day. And all this time I have a husband hidden away in the mountains of Tennessee, and three children! And the oldest is eleven, and the youngest four."

She laughed. I believed her. She was a great actress, I knew, so great an actress that perhaps she might even play a part in talking to one who had humbly come to her for a story, but she was not playing a part now. A woman doesn't play a part when in the mood in which I had happened to find her.

"Why am I telling the truth now? Because I am homesick! I have saved enough money to keep me in luxury all my days, and educate my children. I am happy with them and with my husband. We have never had a disagreement. I know what living really is when down in Tennessee in that near-inaccessible home in the mountains.

"'There is a litter of new puppies,' my husband writes me, and my oldest, a girl, has named them for the characters in which I have played in recent years. That doesn't interest the world, but I have such a vivid picture of Tom going down to the barn, with the three children hanging on to him, and poor Suzette, lifting pain-wearied eyes to them and trying to wag a tail in her pride of her offspring, that I feel as if I must just chuck all this and go down and join the group.

"Alan, my second, drew a picture of his pony that made me shed real tears in a scene I played a few minutes ago. I wasn't crying because of my wrongs on the stage; I was crying because of the wrong that was done me in making two of me. For there are two of me, God knows, and one of the two longs to be down there going on horseback rides with Alan, and the other one is afraid that if I give up my career the lure of the stage will call me and make me unhappy.

I WONDER if every woman whose life is cast in public places like mine suffers with this dual identity. I go to dinners and parties with prominent men and women, and I give dinners and parties; it is part of the game. I am complimented wherever I turn, and the compliments taste good to me. I would be a hypocrite if I denied it.

"I love the applause. It is the breath of my life. I return to the stage, again and again, and when I am bowing before that adoring audience I am the happiest woman on earth. Then I come in here. It is all over. I am no longer a famous actress. I am just a very lonely homesick woman. Just a mother longing to engage in such homely tasks as wiping a dirty face, or bandaging a bruised finger.

"I decide to call in the manager, and tell him about my husband and three children. Perhaps also about the pony and the puppies. I ask the maid to go for him. Before she has reached the door I call her back.

"He would not understand. He would be shocked. He would tell me that I would lose my drawing power as an actress if I told the world about that husband and three children in the mountains of Tennessee. I, who have had so much publicity because I have refused so many offers of marriage! I, around whom there has always been the glamour of innumerable stories of disappointed love! Why, he would tell me if I sprang that husband and children onto the public, it would lose interest in me and I might as well die and be buried at once.

SO I decide not to tell him. I can't endure the thought that the public would forget me. Perhaps the time might come, I think, when even new puppies might pall on me; when Tom's talk of a sick horse and a calf that must be weaned would bore me. And the children! I have heard mothers who are with their children all the time say there is no task on earth so nerve-racking, or so wearing. They look it, poor things. If there is a celestial joy in having children around one all the time, it doesn't shine in their countenances. Perhaps, I, too, might wish to get away occasionally, might long to get back to the stage with that wonderful fascination of the interested faces on the other side.

"So the two of me wrangle, and tear me to pieces, and wear me out. And I see a fresh imprint of the crow's foot on my chin, and I call my maid, and we begin a fight to remove it, and she tells me 'Madame thinks too much about her work,' and Madame isn't thinking about her work at all. Madame is just wondering how the fight between these two of her will end. She is just standing to one side watching the two of her fight, all day, and all night. Always a fight: Is it best for her to stay on the stage where nothing really matters for long, or best for her to go to her Tennessee home, and play her part as a wife and a mother?

"Tom says my place is with him. I think that is selfish of him. But if he said my place was on the stage I'd think he didn't care for me, and was happier because we are living apart. Don't you see that in this way he also becomes a part of the indecision that is wearing me out. Oh, I know I don't look it. I am too jealous of my appearance to let this worry appear in my face.

"But, say, if you ever have a chance to talk to a beginner, tell her to take one of two roads. Either give up the stage, or give up marrying. There is no combining the two. Perhaps if I had told in the beginning about Tom and the babies it might be easier, but I hid them out of sight, and now they have to remain in hiding till I turn my back on all this and join them.

THIS is the honest-to-goodness truth about me. No one will believe it if you give my name, so don't give it. Why, we are so afraid of the truth getting out that my husband never dares to call me 'wife' in any letter he ever wrote me. But some day—I don't know when—some day, I will get the greatest publicity I ever had by telling the world what I have told you in confidence to-day.

"Good-bye! Say, wasn't that a funny idea naming the puppies after characters I have taken? We have an old sheep down there who is named for my manager."

I had opened the door to leave when—

"Come back," she called; "close the door, and please lock it."

I turned the key and returned to my seat. She put her hand down her bodice and pulled out a key that had been suspended around her neck by a tiny gold chain. Unlocking a drawer in her dresser, she put her hand to its remotest depths, and drew out a small pasteboard box.

"Look," she said, disclosing pictures of children, a man with a child in each arm, with the children dancing gaily in front; there was a tiny bird's nest with a robin's egg in it.

Suddenly she put her head down on the dresser in front of her and burst into tears. Her shoulders shook with sobs.

"If there were only one of us," she wailed. "If I could be only the actress, that might be happiness; or if I could be only the wife and mother, that would be heaven itself."

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

WHAT IS BEING DONE BY AMATEURS EVERYWHERE



The Stage of the Chicago Arts Club—really nothing more than a raised platform at the end of a large room, which when not in use as an auditorium may be used for other purposes. This clever and practical arrangement of space shows what may be accomplished when ideals plus ideas are put to work together



© Florence M. Hendershot

(Above)

Set for the performance of "The Game of Chess," the stage at the Chicago Arts Club gets the greatest artistic effect and realism on a minimum amount of expenditure with a maximum amount of ingenuity. Instead of backdrops and the usual type of scenery, they have gotten their results by a manipulation of screens which allow a great latitude in arrangement

(Below)

A tense moment in "The Flickering Flame," a present-day Russian tragedy and one of three one-act plays recently presented by Duzer Du Fraternity at the Little Theatre of De Pauw University. With Miss Beulah Bondy as Sonya the Russian Mother, Miss Bernadene Szold as Olenka, and David E. Lilienthal as the soldier



THE ARTS CLUB OF CHICAGO

HOW THE DRAMA COMMITTEE PRODUCED AN INTERESTING SERIES OF PLAYS, STARTING WITH LITTLE ELSE THAN A SET OF SCREENS, A BLUE CURTAIN AND ENTHUSIASM!

CHICAGO will have it. It is bound to come. Some day—some one of a hundred sporadic groups of players will achieve its municipal theatre. Every year seeds are sown, every year some group reaps them—and fades away—but the soil is being nourished for the perennial which must come. And when it does it must endure as hardily as those others for which Chicago is known, its Symphony Orchestra and Art Institute.

The ARTS CLUB of Chicago, at 610 South Michigan Avenue, cleared a space for the dramatic seed this last season and reaped an unexpected success; with a membership including the most progressive citizens, art patrons, artists, musicians, writers, players; with exhibitions of conservative painting to the most modern radicalism; with Sunday evening salons under the chairmanship of Mrs. Erich Gerstenberg and musical programs arranged by such eminent men as Frederick Stock, director of the Symphony Orchestra, and John Alden Carpenter, one of America's foremost composers; with its long galleries and high ceilings and color combinations due to the fascinating originality of Mrs. John Alden Carpenter's choice, yellows, blacks, greys, blues, salmon, jade and fawn—the ARTS CLUB was the logical foster-mother for another debutante theatre.

MISS Alice Gerstenberg, novelist and playwright, was appointed chairman of the Drama Committee which is composed of Mrs. Arthur Aldis, who has been experimenting for years in her own little playhouse in Lake Forest; Mrs. Lyman A. Walton, but recently president of the Drama League of Chicago; Mrs. John Alden Carpenter, president of the Club; Miss Katherine Dudley, painter; Arthur Heun, architect; Theodore B. Hinckley, editor of the *Drama Quarterly* magazine and identified with the Chicago University; and Frederic M. Grant, one of Chicago's youngest painters, and winner of prizes.

The Drama Committee started simply, with a portable stage—a set of screens designed by Theodore B. Hinckley—some second-hand bunch lights which had travelled from the Little Theatre to the Players' Workshop, from there to the Playshop and on as a legacy from predecessors to the dauntless ARTS CLUB. A blue curtain—and enthusiasm.



The dainty white and gold setting for "Barbara" is the reverse side of the screen in "The Game of Chess." The angle of screens is the direct opposite of the placing in "The Game of Chess," one showing the convex and the other the concave

THE first production of three one-act plays lightly chosen to win the confidence of the audience away from memories of sepulchral performances usually identified with the "uplift" in the drama, established the Drama Committee at once as an Organization conscious of the fact that Shakespeare wrote for his public and Michael Angelo painted for his, and that there is a pathway for the drama between the valleys of commercialism and the mountain peaks of abstract intellectuality. The Drama Committee has been careful to please its audiences—it frankly admits watching its audiences to see in what direction favor blows. It will from time to time, do as it pleases, regardless, but it prefers to coax rather than command, feeling that by so doing it is creating a subtle feeling of harmony on both sides of the curtain, the two elements progressing together like a well-matched team.

TO encourage the audience into friendly participation and responsiveness, Miss Gerstenberg asked the artist membership to autograph the programs with a dash of paint or a line or two of crayon. The result was astounding! The artists responded enthusiastically, lavishing the programs with paint and pencil. Probably no theatre, great or small, in the world has ever given to its audience programs decorated by the most successful artists in the city. There were programs with exquisite miniatures by Anna Lynch; fascinating fantasies by Frederic M. Grant; cartoons by John T. McCutcheon; colorful parrots by Gerald A. Frank; flowers by Magda Heuermann; entrancing landscapes by Marie Blanke,; portraits by Harriet Blackstone and Cecil Clarke Davis, and other beautiful scenes by Charles A. Herbert, Carl Werntz, Enoch Vognild, Joseph P. Birren, Beatrice Levy, Edna Sterchi, Flora S. Schoenfeld, Mrs. Heran Field, Theresa Ann Garrett, Anita Willets Burnham, Dorothy Virginia Anderson, Anna Stacey, Mary Brener, E. T. Holsman, William Meade Prince, Ethel Coe, A. Sterbe, Mary Aldis, Lucy Hartrath, Nancy Cox-McCormack.

The stage settings were charmingly done by Mrs. John Alden Carpenter, Katherine Dudley and Theodore B. Hinckley. The players were coached by Lionel Belmore who fell into the spirit of the venture and donated his services while he was playing in the "Masquerader."

THE Drama Committee drew its players from among the most talented amateurs in the city—some of whom have had enough experience to be called professionals—and the whole level of acting was unusually good.

The players were: Lina Owsley Bartlett, Mary Hastings Bradley, Karen Stevenson, Lucy Linn, Helen Walton, Anina Nitze, Rue Carpenter, Grace Hickox, Nancy Cox-McCormack, Paul Bartlett, William Zeigler Nourse, George Wolff, Arthur Bissell, Francis R. Abbott, Theodore B. Hinckley, Vandervoort Sloan, Percy N. Boynton, John D. Black, Clarence Hough, Henry O. Milliken, Leroy T. Goble, Charles T. Atkinson, Macpherson Holt, John Koehl, Harold Moulton, Murry Nelson, Thatcher Nelson, Eugene Stinson.

The most ambitious production was that of the two one-act plays by Jacinto Benevente, "No Smoking" and "His Widow's Husband," given in April but the most important production was the last one of the season, given in May, an "In Memoriam" program of three one-act plays by the late Kenneth Sawyer Goodman, who had died in service.

Mr. Goodman was a young Chicago playwright of achievement and much more promise and in presenting three of his one-act plays, the Drama Committee felt it held a unique position in the city to be able to give the ARTS CLUB's tribute to a native writer.

Mr. Wallace Rice delivered a brief and beautiful appreciation of the career, poetic and dramatic, of his late friend and collaborator, and pointed out how his earliest work in verse showed a marked tendency to dramatic narrative, as in "The Liar" which was in itself the seed of a complete play, modern, original, and subtle, as follows:

"She has the subtle art of telling lies
By being truthful in the sort of way
One disbelieves. She told me yesterday
Nothing but truth. Good God how I despise
This double lying in the heart of youth
This thoughtful reckoning to win the score—
Despise her and myself—myself the more
For being doubly duped—with truth!"

The first of the plays was one originally produced by Iden Payne, "The Game of Chess," in which Mr. Charles T. Atkinson, one of the best of Chicago's amateur actors, distinguished himself as the Russian Governor-general Alexis Alexandrovitch, with Mr. Henry Oothout Milliken playing an inspired Boris Ivanovitch Shamraysff, the anarchist and would-be assassin. Mr. Arthur Bissell took the part of Constantine admirably, and Mr. Macpherson Holt was a most impressive footman. The finesse and tragic significance of Russian life under the old regime gave the play (*Concluded on Page 272*).

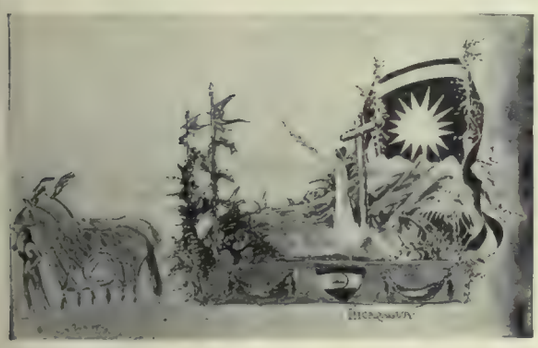


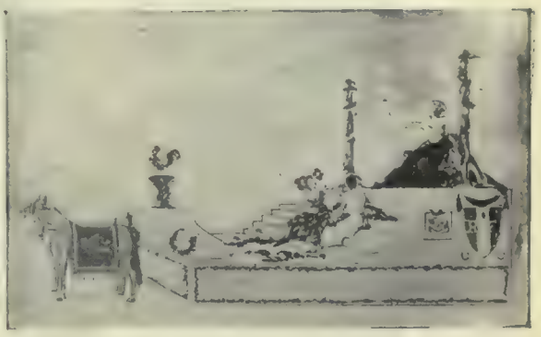
Remarkable scene in Washington's Community Pageant, when the white clad figure of "Peace" appeared on the steps of the Capitol, releasing the dove of peace, with one hundred peace heralds grouped on either side in robes of delicate rose

WASHINGTON'S COMMUNITY PAGEANT

A SPLENDID SPECTACLE, REPRESENTATIVE OF A NATION-WIDE MOVEMENT

By MARGARET CANDLER





FANCY if you can, the Washington that in the summer of 1918 was tense with war strain coming forth this year for a midsummer gala day, with busy women war workers, old Washington residents, and all the foreign embassies taking part! Picture a big Community Pageant and parade, the greatest ever held in the country—a Community Pageant with a national and an international significance; for every State in the union was represented, and so was every friendly nation in the world, while in the reviewing stand were all of diplomatic and political, and much of social Washington!

Such was the International Festival of Peace held on the Fourth of July. Never since the days of ancient Greece had the dignified and lovely architecture of a dignified and lovely city been utilized for so picturesque and wonder-inspiring a purpose. Never since the days of the medieval trade guilds and miracle plays have the various elements and interests of the community been so united in the production of a series of spectacles.

HOW the people were brought together for the occasion, how the dancing, the dramatic talent, the music, and even the hand-dyed costumes were products of local talent must be told by going back to September of last year and to the beginning of the Washington School of Recreation, for the story of the pageant must also be a story of the growth of community drama in that city. The school was started by War Camp Community Service at the instigation of the Department of Labor, primarily as a leisure-time activity for war and government workers, but for anyone beside who cared to come. The pageant might be termed the school's commencement. It was written and produced by Mrs. Moore Forrest, the school's director, with the aid of her assistants and pupils, and with the co-operation of Vice-President Marshall, Secretary Lane, and others, and of members of every embassy in Washington.

THE school, which started with one assistant to Mrs. Forrest, now has five staff directors and eight directors who work with groups throughout the city. These are all people like Mrs. Forrest herself, with good dramatic background and all contribute their services gratis through a belief in the future of the Community Drama and its artistic and sociological possibilities in the community. Which is how it happened that a great series of pageants could be staged simultaneously in front of eight of Washington's most beautiful buildings as was the first section of the Festival, "The Call to World Service."

PROMPTLY at five o'clock on the east front of the Red Cross building, the "Bugle Calls of Peace" blew, silencing the waiting throngs. "The Call to World Service" began. Simultaneously on the south side of the White House sounded the "Call of Labor"; in front of the D. A. R. building, the "Call of Liberty"; at the Pan-American Building, the "Call of Commerce, Business, and the Professions"; on the White Lot, the "Call of the Children"; on the south front of the State, War and Navy Building, the "Call of Art"; on the agricultural grounds, the "Call to Labor"; and at the National Museum, the "Offering of Peace."

THE "Call of Art," directed by Mrs. Glenna Smith Tinnin, director in charge of rhythmic dancing, pictured by the Rhythmic Players' Club (a group of one hundred young women) had as its theme, "The Beauty of the World in Which Lies the Ultimate Redemption of Mankind." "On the highest level of the steps *Drama*, representing all art in one, was seated; the presiding genius of the whole picture. The symbolic figures of Tragedy and Comedy were her attendants. Below her, on either side, were groups representing the Graphic Arts—to her right, *Architecture*, to her left, *Painting*. In the center of the picture, in classic frieze design, a group of choral singers and lyric players symbolized *Music*. Below *Music* a statue group represented *Sculpture*, (*Concluded on page* 274)



From a portrait by Edward Thayer Monroe

MARY MILES MINTER

CHARMING, sympathetic, and appealing, this youthful star of the Realart Films will be seen shortly as the wistful heroine "Anne of Green Gables," from the well-known book of the same name

IS THE CHARLIE CHAPLIN VOGUE PASSING?

The Most Case-Hardened Chaplin Fan Can Hardly Deny That This Popular Slap-Stick Comedian's Appeal Is Extremely Unintellectual and Caters Only to the Lowest Human Instincts

IS Chaplin a great artist in his peculiar line, or is he merely a phenomenally successful comedian? Much water has flowed under the bridges since the earliest Keystone releases, featuring the then unknown fun-maker, burst upon a delighted public; and the rapid rise into amazing prominence of the grotesque little man with big feet had about it all the earmarks of wonder. From 1913 to 1919 is but a space of years to the ordinary man. To Chaplin it meant literally fame and fortune. It meant emerging from a mediocre obscurity to the full flame of universal notoriety. It meant the Chaplin Vogue.

A COUPLE of years ago it would have been deemed treasonable to cast the smallest of critical stones at Chaplin. He was the biggest thing in laughs in the whole of America. Undeniably, he was IT. The children in their millions acclaimed him, and if you've got them for your public, you're safe. With a practical astuteness which is characteristic, Chaplin recognized this; he played for and at the kiddies. And the result went into round figures. . . .

BUT today is not a couple of years ago—and a review of Chaplin's last release, "Sunnyside," fills the analytical mind with grim foreboding. It wasn't a success, to put it bluntly. And, honestly, when you consider all the Chaplin films in the order of their manufacture, can you truthfully call them great art? Even if you allow that "A Dog's Life" was funny—which many people deny—and even if you affirm that "Shoulder Arms" was not an uncouth reflection on army life but a clever satire, you must admit that these two films were, in essence, but a rehash of the earlier "Carmen," just as "Carmen" was a recooking of "Behind the Screen," and so on and so on.

IN other words, I contend that the extraordinary Chaplin vogue is based upon the simple law of repetition—that each film contains precisely the same elements—that the appeal of every Chaplin picture is to the lowest human instincts—and that, in the natural course of events, the Chaplin vogue in five years will be a thing of remote antiquity.

THIS may seem to many, a statement of the wildest. It isn't. It's a perfectly fair and logical conclusion, reached after years devoted to studying the Chaplin phenomenon. I don't mean that it has taken me years to come to these conclusions; that would be underrating my own intelligence; but I do mean that, in ample justice to Mr. Chaplin, I have deliberately withheld the writing of this article during a period long enough for Mr. Chaplin to prove the stuff he's made of. And, to my thinking, his last six pictures not only prove my case—they shout it.

AND now, having cleared the deck with apologetics, let's do the hamstringing process. Every Chaplin picture, without exception, is constructed upon the psychological principle that pain is diverting—that you'll laugh at the concept of someone else suffering injury. And you *do*. When one of the bewhiskered artistes in a Chaplin exhibition picks up a pitchfork and delicately impales another member of the cast through the seat of his trousers—the packed mass in front of the screen chortles and screams and shrieks—and the exchange manager wires the returns to the head office. Upon this basis the whole Chaplin claim to fame rests. It is the undying principle behind all burlesque; it is the oldest form of comedy and it traces its way through civilization from the Greek era to the day of Harold Lloyd. Historically speaking, slap-stick is as old as tragedy.

BUT slap-stick in the hands of a clever, brainy comedian is endurable; handled by a man who is uninventive, unoriginal frankly unamusing, it becomes unspeakably tedious. The Chaplin era has produced a dozen imitators, some of them horribly boresome, some of them openly objectionable, a few of them decidedly clever. And they are clever simply because they don't insult their public by offering them the same old situations, the same old bits of "business," the same old contortions. Now, if I assert that Chaplin hasn't progressed artistically since his first success, I consider I'm putting it kindly.

THE most case-hardened Chaplin admirer can hardly deny that the appeal contained in the Chaplin film is an extremely unintellectual one—that it's an appeal, as I said above, to the lowest human instincts. Now this may not matter in the least to Mr. Chaplin or to his multitude of managers; it may not concern the vast public a jot, but to those serious-minded people who see something in the movies besides slap-stick, this will immediately suggest itself. That the indubitable artistic and mechanical improvement of the motion picture has been in spite of the Chaplin school of slap-stick film and not because of it. I'm not one of the highbrow cranks; and I'm normal enough to admit the need of plenty of comedy and to want it myself. But I want that comedy to be good, and when I say that, I'm the mouthpiece of thousands of other men who feel just the same way about it.

AND now I want to answer the question I asked at the top of this article: Is Chaplin a great artist or—isn't he? Well, what's the little thing that makes one actor an Edwin Booth and another actor a nonentity? What's the difference between a John Barrymore and an unknown ham? The answer is *brains*. Barrymore mixes his colors with brains, consequently he's a great comedian. Chaplin, happening by the drift of circumstance, to make a lucky strike in a low comedy characterization, has repeated that particular rôle in every public appearance. And that's one reason why he isn't a great artist.

I CAN'T imagine Mr. Barrymore "getting a laugh" by mishandling a custard pie, or by certain indelicacies with his trousers, nor can I imagine Mr. Chaplin giving us an original comedy conception. I don't hold any brief for either of them; but I know whose films will be preserved in years to come. And I strenuously object to incompetent persons styling Charles Chaplin a great artist, when he's nothing of the sort. Let us be unsentimental and reasonable. The funny walk, the acute gestures, the petite moustache, the grotesque shoes, the sporadic vulgarities—they've all given us a deal of unaffected pleasure in the past; they were quite all right in the days when people went into a movie to kill time—but can't we look for something better and funnier in the future?

HARCOURT FARMER.





Evans

DOROTHY DALTON

A Paramount-Artcraft star whose statuesque beauty has made her popular in the films. Her latest picture is "L'Apache"

FLASHES *from the* CAMERA

Gossip of the Studios. News of the Film Stars. Who's Who in the Movies. The Latest in Pictures.

IN "Everybody's Sweetheart," Elsie Janis' first Selznick production, a complete circus was engaged to get the proper realism, and everything from tanbark and lemonade to clowns and acrobats were on hand for the benefit of the camera. Miss Janis, herself, takes an active part in the circus scene, and through her daring, some of the most thrilling scenes ever recorded on film were successfully taken.

* * *

THE first picture made in Europe by an American director with an American star is "Twelve-Ten." The director was Herbert Brenon and Marie Doro was the star. It is in six reels with the scenes taken in England and Paris, France, and is a September release.

* * *

MONROE SALISBURY, the Universal star, once met Leopold Godowsky at a reception and astounded the famous pianist by telling him that a piano had once been the means of saving his life.

"How was that?" asked the musician.

"When I was a small boy," said Salisbury, "we lived in a Mississippi River town. There was a flood that carried away our house. My father floated off down-stream on a door and I accompanied him on the piano."

* * *

FL. GRANT WATSON'S novel, "Where Bonds Are Loosed" has been picturized. The tropical scenes of this picture were made on an island belonging to the Dry Tortugas group which lie off the coast of Florida. It will be released by the World Film this winter.

* * *

IT'S a great life if you don't weaken," say the stars at the Famous Players-Lasky studios. And one of the ways of not weakening is to exercise. Wherefore, Marguerite Clark likes to catch a baseball with Friend Husband; Billie Burke likes to ride horseback; Ethel Clayton swims; Dorothy Dalton canoes, and Dorothy Gish fishes. Miss Gish insists this is splendid exercise—"for the fish."

* * *

CARL LAEMMLE, president of the Big U, insists that his directors be familiar with the Bible. He said the other day:

"I don't want any of my directors to be like one I heard about.

"During the filming of a Biblical play this director studied the 'set' in which the Last Supper was to be depicted.

"'Who are those twelve men sitting around the table?' he asked.

"'Those are the apostles,' his assistant answered. To which the director replied:

"'Only twelve men for this scene—why, this is one of the biggest points in the production—get two hundred people at that table. What kind of a cheap concern do you think we are?'"

* * *

ARTCO PRODUCTIONS announces the purchase of "The Capitol," by Augustus Thomas, as the starring vehicle for Lea Baird.

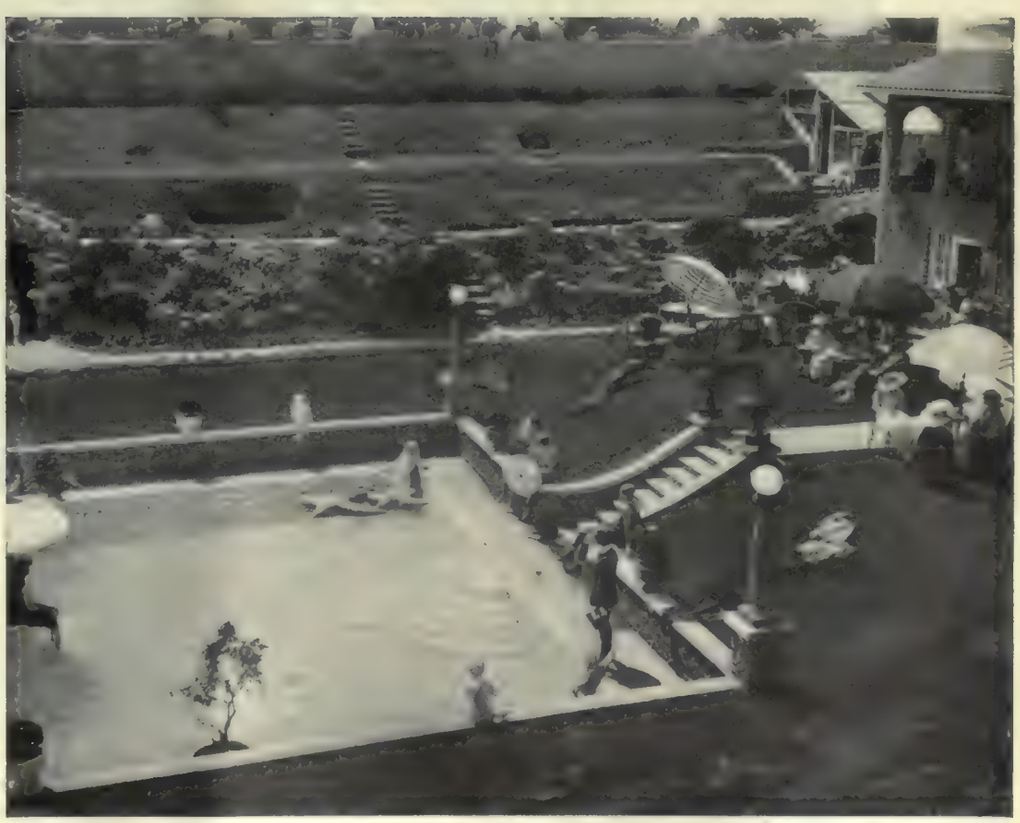
ALL NATURE'S A STAGE FOR THE PHOTOPLAY



Earle Williams in the picturization of Eugene Walter's play, "The Wolf," a Vitagraph release



"Come Watch With Me the Passing Night," a Paramount post-nature picture



A panoramic view of the swimming pool and surroundings on the magnificent estate used by Viola Dana and her company in the screen version of "Please Get Married" (Metro)—a pretty location in sunkissed California



ORA CAREW

To play an important part in the Universal picture "Loot," based on the detective story by Arthur Somers Roche



"Peg O' My Heart" in the movies with Wanda Hawley and Thomas Meighan (Paramount-Artcraft)



Moffett

EDITH DAY

Late prima donna of "Going Up" who has been engaged to play the leading rôle in "No Children Allowed"



HELEN KELLER

Everyone knows the story of this remarkable woman who, born deaf, dumb and blind, overcame these terrible handicaps and is to-day one of the great spiritual figures of the country. Miss Keller made her first appearance on the screen in "Deliverance," an unusual photoplay based on her life

UPTON SINCLAIR'S radical novels are to be put on the screen by a Los Angeles Company, with Walter McNamara directing.

* * *

ALICE JOYCE'S next picture is "The Winchester Woman," based on a novelette which created a real sensation in a prominent magazine. It tells a thrilling tale filled to the last minute with intrigue, mystery, suspense. Percy Marmont will support Miss Joyce.

* * *

IN Charles Ray's latest picture he plays the part of a stuttering boy. He has done so much stuttering in the scenes that the habit has "got him." He stutters when talking to his associates, and says it will take a couple of weeks' hard practice to get his tongue functioning to a normal way again after the completion of the picture.

* * *

METRO announces the purchase of the highly successful stage play, "Old Lady 31," which will be produced with an all-star cast. "Old Lady 31," a quaint comedy of plain folk by Rachel Crothers, enjoyed a record-breaking run at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, New York.

* * *

THOMAS H. INCE has a habit of straying into the local theatres and from an inconspicuous seat, usually in the last row, quietly observes the progress of the play with a view to discovering possible screen talent in the company. It was in this way that he selected Gladys George while she was supporting DeWolf Hopper in "The Better 'Ole." Miss George is now making her first appearance on the screen in support of Charles Ray.

* * *

THOMAS JEFFERSON, son of the late Joseph Jefferson, has the rôle of James Hodkins, the loyal old bookkeeper in Bert Lytell's latest production, "Lombardi, Ltd." Mr. Jefferson's first screen appearance was in a Selig picture, "The Hoosier Romance." Then followed "Hands Up," for Pathé; his Metro appearance, "Sis Hopkins," with Mabel Normand; "Up Against It," for Fox, and "Tarzan of the Apes," a National production.

* * *

A CAST composed of celebrities has been chosen for the film production of "The Madonna of the Slums," the tenth of the Stage Women's War Relief Series of twelve pictures. Madame Galli-Curci, one of the world's most famous singers, Holbrook Blinn, Jeanne Eagels and Helen MacKellar, the latter three of nation-wide fame as stage players, are to be seen in this production, which was written by Jessie Bonstelle.

* * *

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG says she will make only eight more pictures and then join the leisure class.

* * *

ADMIRAL RODMAN and his staff made a visit to the Ince studio in Culver City, one of the interesting events of the fleet's arrival on the Pacific coast. Later he participated in the ceremony of unfurling the Ince aviation field flag at Venice.



From a portrait by Edward Thayer Monroe

PEGGY HYLAND

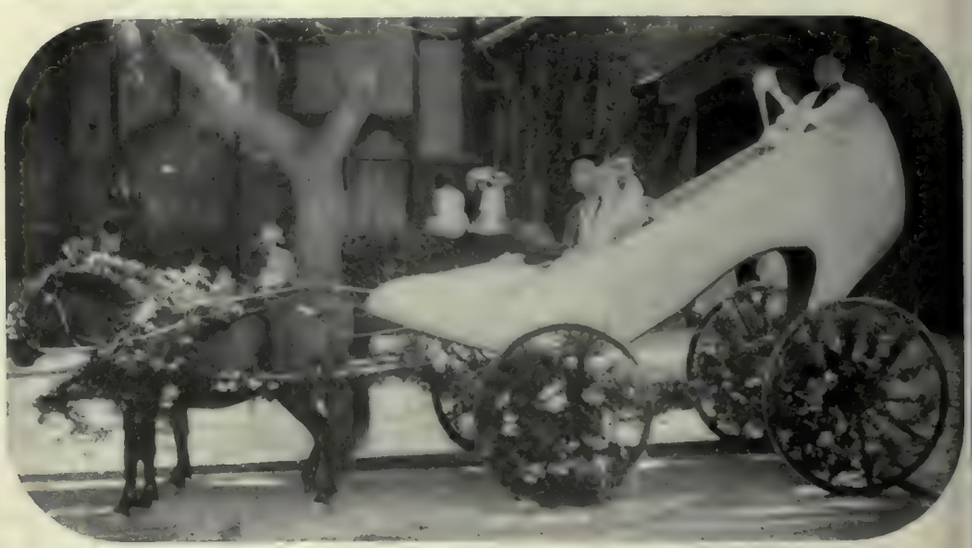
THIS young English girl, now under the Fox banner, has achieved success lately in "Cowardice Court," and "Bonnie Annie Laurie." In "The Web of Chance," her next starring vehicle, she will have another opportunity to play a dainty ingenue rôle



Virginia Pearson and J. H. Gilmore (standing) in "Impossible Catherine," a photoplay full of action in which Miss Pearson portrays a rebellious wife who is finally tamed by a real American husband

(Right)

The dream scene in "The Lottery Man" with Wallace Reid—a Paramount-Artcraft picture



(Below Center)

Scene in George Loane Tucker's production "The Miracle Man," a Paramount-Artcraft release that has met with considerable favor



Miriam Cooper is appealing and sympathetic as Longfellow's famous heroine "Evangeline," a Fox picture





Theda Bara gives up "vamping, to become "Kathleen Mavourneen" with short frocks instead of clinging robes

LEADING PHOTOPLAYS OF THE MONTH

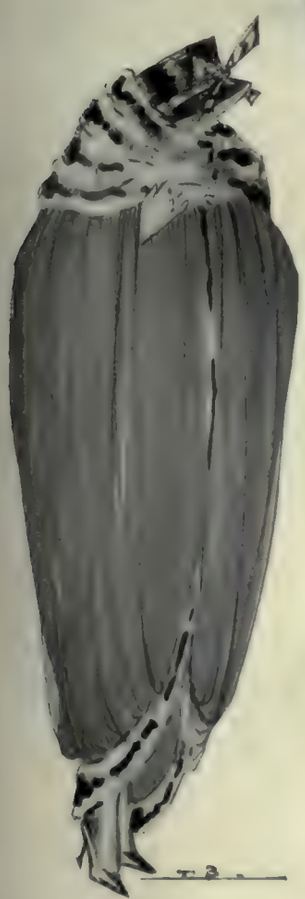
The Programme of Fashion

By PAULINE MORGAN



Miss Constance Binney is seen on the Avenue, wearing a youthful frock of Crystal Cloth, one of the season's new fabrics

It is indeed a satisfaction to be one of the first to appear in a new cape wrap, made from the very newest fabric, called Crystal Cloth, which is a silk tricolette of lustrous quality. A muff collar, and shaped ankle band of chinchilla achieves ultra style, and delightful comfort



Miss Binney must be original! So she wears a fetching little "tam" made of emerald green Crystal Cloth, made by the Randa Hat Co. And who wouldn't look girlish in the smart little frock of dove-gray tricolette, combined with point-d'esprit net and emerald green girdle?



MISS BINNEY has turned her attention to the greatest of feminine indoor sports—the purchase of a new wardrobe! Though nearly every moment of her time is devoted to the making of her screen début in "Barnabetta," (from the play "Erstwhile Susan") a Realart picture to be released September first, Miss Binney states that no matter what happens she must stimulate her art with the delightful impetus of wearing smart frocks.

The above charming model is reindeer in color, with a fetching trimming of mocha taffeta points. A perky sash of the same color originates at the sides of the long-waisted bodice, and finishes in a youthful bow at the back.

POUR LE DINER





Gowns from Boué Soeurs

Hill's Studio



Kittie Gordon, international beauty of the stage and screen, poses in ravishing frocks from Boué Soeurs. Miss Gordon will return immediately to the speaking drama in a new comedy with music, called "Love for Sale." The comedy is expressly written for her by Will B. Johnstone, author of last season's musical success, "Take It From Me," and the music is by Harry Archer



Of course, it couldn't be French without combining black and white—so this clever designer has used black plush as a bodice and upper skirt, combined with white Chantilly lace over an underskirt of white chiffon. Femininity—laciness—youthfulness are all gathered together and fashioned into a perfect frock

A typical French frock is appropriately called "Five O'Clock"—and is an interesting suggestion for the tea or dinner hour. Just imagine peacock green satin and nutra—the latter forming the underskirt! The line of the bust is exceedingly becoming and distinguished with jeweled ornament and swinging fringe. The petite sleeve, and the newest of new French shoes from Bobs, provides every requisite for a chic French effect

This golden-yellow chiffon gown is embroidered in yellow wooden beads in snail design. The effect is as lacy as though delicately worked by hand in silk. Tulle ruching forms the fashionable side drapery, forming a delicious silhouette. Plaques of turquoise fringed with beads form an oriental girdle effect, which is repeated becomingly on the arm

POUR LE SOIR

SIDE DRAPERY OF FLUTED LACE OR NET, AND A NOVEL WOOD BEAD EMBROIDERY ARE NEW FEATURES OF FRENCH GOWNS



Hill's Studio

Tiny hand-pleated ruffles of coral net makes the chic apron front of this charming gown. The wide train and loose blouse bodice is coral net spangled with pearls and beads. In order to mark it as unquestionable French, a wreath of blue and silver flowers swings from one side of the simulated waistline. Miss Gordon is indeed lovely in this, her own French gown



Miss Gordon insists on showing two views of this thrilling evening gown, as the front and back have such decided features. So formal and yet so simple! Rainbow spangled material drapes closely around the figure in strangely effervescent colors —pearl and opal predominating. Turquoise blue velvet ribbon forms the corsage, and long slim train



The loose back panel swings from the shoulder with extremely decolette back. A waistline is suggested in a manner characteristic of the designer. The touch of turquoise velvet glimpsing in the panel train is as lovely as blue sky with floating white clouds

EVERYTHING is embroidered in Paris, worsted materials along with chiffon and satin. If you have any old bits of Chinese embroidery on a boudoir robe, they may be successfully applicated on an evening gown. Such a gown with fringes of crystal beads and iridescent sequins may well be the envy of any discriminating woman.

THE race is on! *Whether* French shoes with stubby, comfortable little toes—sometimes low and sometimes high heels, with intricate leather design at ankle or instep—*or* —long-pointed pumps, accenting the slimness of the smart American foot!





Original in line and soft in effect is this becoming turban tam of ivory-white suede. Peggy Hoyt calls it her beret for 1919 and its success is assured, for Peggy Hoyt is noted for softly draped and becoming toques which insure even the loveliest women additional charm





Ina Claire in hats from Peggy Hoyt. Photographs by Alfred Cheney Johnston



A relief from the usual drab and uninteresting motor costume is this one designed for Ina Claire and appropriately called "Motor Maid" by Peggy Hoyt. Practicability and chicness are combined in a remarkable degree. The voluminous motor coat is of honey-colored duvetyn, the adorable little hat of honey-colored mouise with a facing of black ciré satin



Properly suited and hatted to play the part of a smart young college girl, is a small rolling sailor of cobalt blue kid skin, with silver cord embroidered in an intricate design. After the fashion of "Tommy Atkins" is this little suit of navy blue gabardine with quaintly shaped buttons

DAVID BELASCO will present Miss Ina Claire to an adoring Broadway in October, elevating her to stardom in a comedy quite cleverly named the "Gold Diggers"



WHEN HATS ROLL AWAY FROM THE FACE, A CUNNING FRINGE OF BANGS ADDS DECIDED PIQUANCY AND CHARM TO THE SUBTLETY OF CONTOUR.



Like a modern Portia is Miss Claire in this marvelous coat of Venetian red duvetyn. The turban, happily chosen, is made of singlass in the same warm shade, doubly interesting by reason of the multitudinous pleating



With Alladin's wonderful lamp, one's first wish would surely be for Miss Claire's coat and hat of natural caracul. Both the coat and hat were specially designed for her by Peggy Hoyt. Exceedingly youthful both in cut and color, it is a real sartorial gem. The final note of richness is attained by the jeweled pins which look for all the world like lovely old mosaic



Peggy Hoyt has achieved all of the poetry and grace of a swallow in flight, in the artistic manner in which she has placed these really remarkable paradise fins on a small black velvet turban. A hat such as this is, indeed, the acme of artistry in millinery

(In Oval)

Around a crown of brilliant black ciré ribbon there is draped a becoming brim of mirrored black velvet. The brim is caught up in front with a deftly tied bow, giving it the saucy and frivolous effect especially suited to Ina Claire's piquant beauty

LE THEATRE ET LA MODE A PARIS

By HOWARD GREER

Howard Greer, special Paris correspondent for THEATRE MAGAZINE, *will send us each month a letter sparkling with intimate gossip and fascinating reflections of Paris fashions*



The Countess de Sonio brought this bag of woven silk, with pipings of barbaric brilliance, from the sunny climes of Morocco



It is simply "de tout un peu." Long sleeves and short ones; wide belts and shoe-string girdles, high backs and none at all, big hats and little ones



Swooping cock-feathers on a black satin toque, and a high-collared, blue serge frock, laced with white braid, made Yvonne Printemps one of the most imposing figures at Deauville

I WAS taking tea several days ago with the fashion editress of one of America's leading magazines, and a woman who follows the mode for our largest newspaper syndicate. We sat in the courtyard of a small but very fashionable hotel, a few paces off the Place Vendome. Knotted, fantastic branches and great masses of wisteria blossoms shaded us from the afternoon sun. A very smart girl-of-the-moment came in from the street, crossed the courtyard on her stubby-toed, square-heeled shoes, and disappeared in the salon. Fortunately her legs were shapely and graceful, for the frock of flowered satin barely covered her knees. The frock rested perilously upon her rounded shoulders, and a knotted silk cord proclaimed the waist-line. There was scarcely breathing space between her exit and the entrance of another charming girl. It was quite a well-arranged parade of mannequins at an opening. But the second frock, while quite as charming and arresting as the former, held to different lines. It fell rather tightly about the ankles, began just below the chin, and carried a wide sash that looped in the back, and dropped into deep bands of beaded fringe. "Now, then," exclaimed the fashion editress, snapping a bit of dry toast between her fingers, "*what* is the mode?"

"I tell you there is none," said the syndicate writer, "or else they're all in evidence at one and the same time. People are simply wearing anything and everything." And so it seems, but it doesn't take a second glance to tell you that an American woman has landed within the last seventy-two hours. Her long-topped slippers are as inevitable as they are unusual, in Paris, and she—yes, she looks decidedly like a "lady." Now and then rather perturbing rumors come floating over the pond that New York has taken unto itself the power of the throne—at least for home consumption—but can it last? When two powers take up the struggle of leadership, one must eventually weaken. And tradition is a valuable ally. Now that the war's all over and peace is signed, and passports less difficult to obtain, the American buyers have begun swarming into Paris. Will they meet with rebuke when they carry back "le dernier cri" or will Milady again lend an ear to the voice from over the seas, which has whispered its soft notes since time immemorial. Were it possible for the couturiers of both countries to work from the same inspirations, an armistice might be called and satisfactory agreements made, but unhappily there are eight days' sea travel intervening, and in that brief time Marie Antoinette's frivolous flounces may have given way to the simplicity of Josephine.



"The Swan Song of the Belt"—this fall suit might be called—for there is little more than a line dividing the rather snug bodice from the full skirted jacket. The uneven line of the hem is a feature of the coming season

I VISITED the palatial house of Callot recently with a Swiss woman, a customer of long standing. It's like being socially introduced, otherwise one might stand at the portals with a handful of gold bonds and a signed order from the President of the Republic, but the uniformed guard would hold up his hand to a stranger. We sank into the depths of an enormous divan scattered with oriental cushions, and the lady-from-Switzerland turned a platinum and diamond twisted lorgnette upon the procession of slender, undulating mannequins. Just as two heavy velvet curtains had closed over a vision of gold tissue and emeralds that had trailed languidly across the floor, an American woman—I knew she was American before she spoke, came into the room ready to burst into tears.

"People are laughing at me," she sobbed. "I must look horribly queer in these American clothes. For heaven's sake, give me something *French*—and I don't care *how* wicked it is!"

She was really much more charming than the voluptuous creature with no back, no sleeves, and no stockings, who came sliding into the salon, managing a yard or so of rose brocade most dexterously—but she was in Paris,



A chic, but very simple afternoon frock worn by Spinelly at Armenonville, recently. Orange and white silk braid coil up into dazzling circles against the simple lines of champagne-colored silk

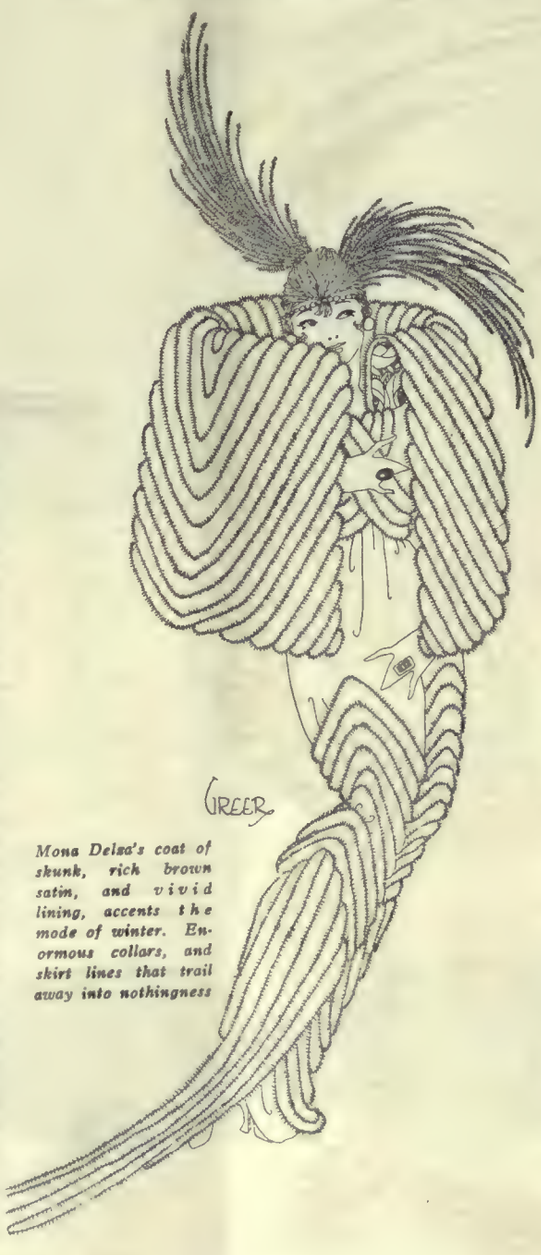


One doesn't need to do much with a dress, when the design of the material is so prominent. There is an extraordinary vogue for simple frocks of these brilliant materials. This one belongs to Marie Doro, and came from Callot Soeurs

perhaps—who knows?—they will be forerunners of the mood into which the French couturiers will soon fling themselves.

Shortly after her ladyship's arrival, I made a short *"tour de promenade"* with her, from the Place Vendome to the Opera. She was highly amused with the squat heels, flapping bows over the instep, brief skirts, high waistlines, bare arms, but at the same time she was an object of comment, strolling through the Rue de la Paix. A full coat of graceful line concealed a blue serge and black satin frock of amazing smartness, which gave only a glimpse of Russian boots that were as white as snow, and as faultlessly made. A small toque fashioned after the cap of the Italian aviator crowned the brilliant Titian hair, and there was something decidedly and admirably American in the way she managed her stick of ivory and ebony.

But let us get back to that which *is* smart in Paris. Tea of a Sunday in any of the restaurants in the Bois finds scores of fashionable women, and an occasional pre-war Rolls-Royce. And at dinner time there is a suggestion of winter in the furs again pressed into service. There was a marked absence of them during the summer, masses of aigrettes and paradise went better with the frothy laces and light chiffons. But no furs yesterday does not of necessity mean no furs tomorrow. On the other hand, it looks as though there might be oceans of it. The big cape that was inspired by army uniforms is giving way to an all-enveloping collar of fur, which begins at the tip of the ear, assumes the shape of a barrel, and stops abruptly near the waist line, to show the curve of the figure beneath velvet or satin, with perhaps another touch of fur at the hem. Apparently there is a passion for combining furs; mole with ermine; chinchilla with seal; sable with unborn lamb, in stripes that are horizontal or perpendicular, and in uneven spotty patches! The big-collared coat of Mona Delza, seen the other night at Dorziat's production, interprets the mode to perfection. The ankle line gives but little room for progress, while the tiny train of sable follows after in a timid, bouncing fashion.



Mona Delza's coat of skunk, rich brown satin, and vivid lining, accents the mode of winter. Enormous collars, and skirt lines that trail away into nothingness



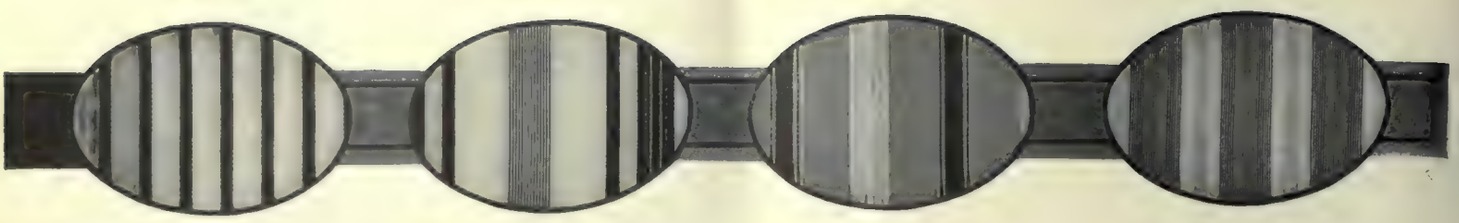
Waistlines can become just so narrow, and then they must disappear altogether, or find a happy alternative in very wide sashes. Rose Amy, of the Casino, finds a favorite frock of this type, in rust-colored satin and black fringe

nd quite naturally no self-respecting daughter f Columbia can allow herself to be the laugh-g-stock at Pre Catelan, or in the tea-garden the Ritz! In a month or so, transformed, she ill return to America, clad, as Lady Duff-ordon remarks, in a style that becomes ghteen quite as badly as it does eighty-eight, nd what will happen to the lady when she ap-ears for the first time after her absence on ifth Avenue? For so the rumors go—New ork will have gone blithely on, imposing a nteel smartness in feminine attire, and there ay be another frantic call upon the dress-aker, while the Paris frocks are handed over the maids for fancy dress costumes at the nual servants' ball.

ADY DUFF-GORDON, by the way, has just returned to Paris. During the war her models were created in America, here she reigned the Queen of Fashion. She to be revered and respected for her taste r surely it is that of a gentlewoman who de-gns for another of the same type. Her fancy kes flight in delightful and inimitable color mbinations, and her eccentricities—for all eat artists must have eccentricities—have not t reached the point where a frock for the *une fille* is shown to the *grande dame* of dig-ty. To her cultivated taste, the mode of the oment is nothing sort of an atrocity. All Paris ems chaotic and mad. Even London, the me of Lucille establishments, has given way the caprices from over the channel. With ue American independence (for her sojourn America has brushed away even the Eng-h accent), she is plunging into a winter col-tion, unaffected by the Parisian inclination. rst of all, they will be masterpieces of color-rmony, and next they will be lady-like, and

At the theatres one finds a tiring assortment of revivals. The costumes, too, seem to have been brought down from the cupboard of 1914 and pressed into use for the sake of economy. The few revues are but a sad mirror of fashion, one has but to turn to the boxes or stalls for a truer reflection. At the Casino it's a question as to which is the worst—play, costume or scenery. A hitherto unheard of person, quite unworthy of her recent boost to stardom—but that's the penalty, or the reward of being upon intimate terms with the producer!—makes three appearances during the evening, and does her best with three hapless numbers, while the other members of the company seem to have been chosen as a sombre frame to a faded chrome. The Apollo has been converted into a Salle de Danse, with Harry Pilcer's name in high letters, over the entrance. The Gaby Deslys-Pilcer alliance seems momentarily broken, for Gaby is in Marseilles, doing films, and we hear that she is to visit America, *sans* Harry, this autumn. It is perhaps a fortunate step, for Pilcer finds an appreciative audience in the French, and is very successful in London, while America turns its gaze full upon Gaby.

Quite the *chicest* place in Paris is the Moroccan Garden opened recently by Paul Poiret. The expanse of courtyard, bounded upon one side by the terrace of his house and on the other by the high French (*Concluded on page* 264)



Men, as well as women, are demanding garments made of silk, especially for their shirts. Above are a few of the different patterns that may be found among the "Superspun" silks—the finest possible silk for shirtings—including Edwin's "beautiful blue-and-brown" (third from the left), that restored him to favor

WHERE THERE ARE SMART WOMEN THERE SHOULD BE SMART MEN

By ANGELINA

EDWIN is "back"! Perhaps you've noticed I haven't said anything about him lately. That's because we had a "battle" a short time after he returned from the other side. All due to Edwin's being too importunate, and taking things too much for granted. Just because I found him an entertaining companion and liked going about with him, he imagined.... Well, you know the silly ideas men get in their heads.

"It isn't that I'm not fond of you, Edwin," I said, and I meant it, "because I am. I really like you better than any other man I know. Only I'm really too busy to marry anybody just now, and that's all there is to it."

Whereupon Edwin gloomed, and decided for a strike and a general walk-out. We blew hot and we blew cold over the telephone. I remained firm, and finally refused to parley any longer. When Mr. Edwin called up, I was "out." And as such the deadlock persisted for weeks and weeks.

BUT I *was* pleased to see him come into the Ritz at tea-time the other afternoon. Even despite the fact that my pleasure was halved by his being with another girl—a much too pretty and dangerous-looking person for him to be around with.

Have I said that Edwin is awfully good-looking? Or rather, it isn't that he's really so good-looking, but he carries himself so well, and he *does* know how to dress. He was particularly smart that afternoon, for some reason, and you could feel that all of the women in the room were wishing they had him for an escort. Then and there I suffered a change of heart. Hereafter, I decided, Edwin must walk into the Ritz with no one except me. I'm not bad-looking in my way, either.

* * *

That evening at *tête-à-tête* dinner Edwin said .... I've skipped something? How did I bring it off? By having a new and becoming hat, and a new escort, and by turning my back and not knowing Edwin was in the room and.... Pooh! Imagine my being so fatuous as to explain. As if you didn't know how it could be done when one wants to. As I was saying, at dinner that evening, Edwin said:

"What finally induced you to capitulate, Angelina dear?"

I considered for a space.

"It certainly wasn't your soul. Perhaps it was your suit. No, I think it was your shirt. Yes, now I'm perfectly sure. It was your beautiful silk shirt."

"You're making fun," said Edwin. "You don't even know what I had on."

"Oh, don't I?" I responded. "You had on a brown suit, and a brown bow necktie, and the loveliest 'chick' silk shirt with stripes of brown, and the most delicious shade of blue. And the brown just matched your hair and your summer tan, and the blue matched your eyes, and.... Yes, no question, that perfect shirt was the final straw."

"I didn't know you were so observing of men's clothes," said Edwin.

"But yes. Most American women are, if you only knew it. We prefer well-dressed men just as much as you do well-dressed women. And we notice details. I'll tell you something else about yourself. This is the first time I've seen you wear a silk shirt."

RIGHT you are! I've never cared much about them till this summer. Now I'm fairly making a hobby of them."

"Why?" I asked. "I mean what caused the change of heart?"

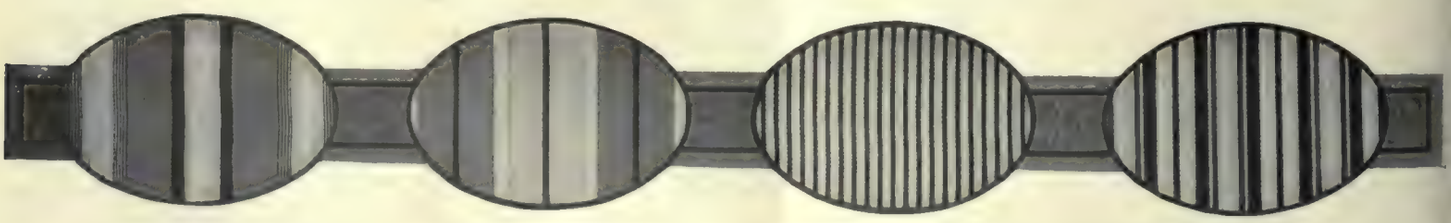
"Why, Mademoiselle *Pourquoi?*" repeated Edwin. (Edwin says that "Why" is my middle name.) "For many reasons. Because in the first place they're so wonderfully comfortable to wear. I've learned, they give and have an elasticity that other shirts don't. For another reason, because you can get such corking colors in silk shirtings nowadays, shades, blends you couldn't obtain in linen or cotton materials. For another reason still, because it suggests a certain luxuriousness and fastidiousness—'it's being done', as you might say. Men are beginning to like silk things to wear as well as women. I know we're all going broke buying silk shirts."

"But not just *any* silk, Edwin," I inquired, always alert to the practical side.

OH, no indeed," answered Edwin quickly. "They must be of Empire Loomcraft silk if they are to be *right*. That used to be called Empire Wash Crepe—you've probably seen the name—but the new name represents it much better, puts it in the high class where it belongs. 'We are seven' in the Loomcraft family" (Edwin ticked them off glibly—I could see he had thoroughly mastered his hobby) "Superspun, Mellowspun, Shapspun, Commodore Crepe, Guildcrepe, Kingcloth, Chateau. When you find one of those names woven in the selvage—as they are in all the Empire silks—you know you are getting a guarantee, just as women do in their materials. A guarantee not only of a beautiful material—*that* any idiot can see with half an eye—but of a wonderful wearing quality, a wonderful washing quality."

Edwin paused a minute, then he looked up with a distinct twinkle. "I didn't tell you, Angelina, old dear," he said, "one of the very strongest reasons for having silk shirts. Even though they are rather expensive to stock at first, one more than makes up for it in the end by saving on the laundry. You see our *wives* can so easily wash them out at home along with their silk lingérie."

I will say for Edwin that he doesn't lack in persistency.



While the photographs in the ovals are bravely doing their best, they can give only a hint as to what the lovely colors of the "Superspun" silk may be. Use your imagination to fill them in with soft shades of plum, of unusual blues, of browns, or combinations thereof. Or, better yet, stop in at some smart haberdasher's or big shop, and see the silks themselves, making sure at the same time to see the name "Superspun" woven in the selvage



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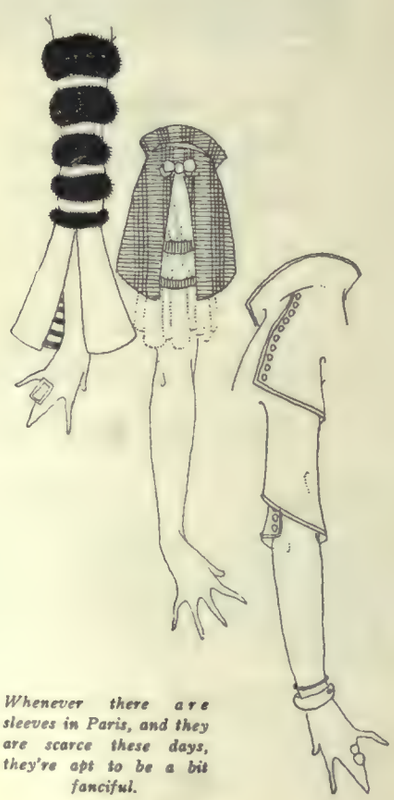


A glimpse into the fairyland of Martine's, reveals such luxurious cushions as these. The lady has her cushion all to herself, while ermine tails do just about as they please upon a surface of purple satin, edged with skunk

windows of his establishment, has been filled with flower beds and bright-colored tables and chairs, while the fountain in the centre of the garden reflects the colored lights from the terrace and the crystal moons that are hung in the trees. An American jazz orchestra, clad in tight red satin jackets, of a Moroccan cut, sings out syncopated melodies from the shade of gold and purple awnings. There are heaps and heaps of gay cushions thrown upon the steps that lead up to the Terrace, where the dancing takes place, and the tables are set with lacquered bowls and delicately-tinted crystal. Occasionally Mme. Poiret herself appears upon her balcony and joins in the dancing, for the place was opened primarily as an amusement for her. Tall and slender, with black hair pulled tightly over her temples, an enormous turban surmounting it, full skirts and tight bodice of shimmering metal cloth, and long, pointed, flat-heeled slippers to accentuate her East Indian resemblance, she is very much like the pale beauties that step into Edmund Dulac's fairy pictures.

ISADORA DUNCAN is another Parisian refugee who has returned to old haunts, and last week took place the opening of her dancing school at the Pavillon de Bellevue, Mendon. The admission price of one hundred francs failed to keep people away, and encouraged Duncan's repetition of her Mendelssohn Spring Song interpretation. There were many friends from the pre-war days in attendance, and a smart and fashionable crowd drawn from the nobility, diplomatic and upper strata of artistic circles.

AT any and all of the places named, there have been feminine loveliness and tasteful frocks, and the sketches accompanying, have been taken at random from the events which went to make up this article. A majority of the "monde" remains at sea-side resorts and it is to be hoped that the lack of interest in theatrical productions foreshadows a host of brilliant winter spectacles. As yet there is no extension over the eleven-thirty closing law, but if one must dance there are any number of "blind tigers" conducted as private affairs. The reaction from four years of war industry is gradually passing and Paris will soon be reincarnated, much as the beautiful butterfly emerges from a gloomy cocoon imprisonment.



Whenever there are sleeves in Paris, and they are scarce these days, they're apt to be a bit fanciful.



Miss Kathryn Perry, a striking example of Mr. Ziegfeld's unerring selection, is posed here in the Vanity Fair Plus-4-Inch Vest.

Vanity Fair

Silk Underwear

This little Vanity Fair Silk Vest has stirred the undie-world! Four whole inches longer than the ordinary vest—shoulder straps that are positively non-skid. No. 14822.



Vanity Fair Step-In Envelope Chemise No. 44012

FASHION—Paris if you choose—changes our skirt length at will, but ever since Vanity Fair introduced its longer—four inches longer, too—silk undervest, no one has been able to persuade a woman to try anything else!

This Plus-4-Inch vest means freedom from the uprising, uncomfortable vest that *would* roll up under the corset, and gives instead a clean-cut silken line right to the stocking! Then the shoulder straps! Placed at an angle, they can't slip off the shoulders, but stay firmly just where they belong.

Every other article of Vanity Fair-silk underwear is just as different in its own way as the vest. There's the Sure-Lap union, that is cut to stay closed; the Pettibocker, as demurely prim as a petticoat, as boyishly daring as a knicker; the Step-In envelope chemise, that can't come undone 'cause it has no snaps nor buttons to unfasten; and the Double-Back knicker that has two thicknesses of glove silk all the way down the back, where the corset rubs.

Add to a wonderfully heavy glove silk the tailored simplicity and superb lines of Vanity Fair, and the feminine heart has naught to sigh for in underthings and can devote itself to the clothes that "meet the eye." All the better shops carry Vanity Fair Silk Underwear.

Vanity Fair Silk Mills, Reading, Pa.
Makers of Vanity Fair Silk Underwear and Silk Gloves



Luggage Can't Be Too *Good* For the *Experienced* Traveler

TO the person who travels very little, any kind of luggage may appear to be good enough—

But you who use luggage a great deal can be depended upon to demand the *best*. Because experience has taught you the *comfort* that is secured by the *right* luggage—not to mention the pride in knowing one's luggage is rich in quality as well as practical in service.

* * * *

For complete comfort and unusual beauty Belber has produced the woman's fitted traveling case shown here.

Luggage of such character is rarely to be seen in the average luggage shop. When the Belber dealer shows you this—you will agree that the dainty design, the luxurious fittings and the general completeness of this case combine as a tribute to the good taste of its possessor.

No. 582. Ladies' case made of black cobra grain cowhide. Moire silk lining, shirred pockets in body of case. *The trimmings are gold plated.* Fitted with sixteen Lady Jane white ivory toilet articles. $175

Other styles from $30 to $350.

And whatever your luggage requirements, remember that *Belber* is the word for *quality luggage*—established through almost a generation of satisfactory use.

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The Largest Manufacturers of Wardrobe Trunks, Trunks, Bags and Suitcases in the World

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Sales Offices:
New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, San Francisco
Factories:
New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Woodbury, N. J., Oshkosh, Wis.



A striking evening gown of two-toned jade brocade, simply draped in front to follow the lines of the figure, the back suggesting a court train. Flowing Grecian chiffon sleeves, rhinestone shoulder-bands, and a large black velvet peony complete the richness of the gown

THE WHY—OF A SMARTLY GOWNED WOMAN—

IS IT FABRIC, COLOR, OR DESIGN OF THE GOWN?

NEXT to the joy of gazing upon a flower, and inhaling its subtle perfume, the touch of soft fabric, rich in color and draping possibilities, appeals to the sensuous temperament of woman as a means to express personality through the material medium of clothes! Our beautiful stage women are aware of this fundamental in ordering a wardrobe, but what is a truth to one, is not truth to another until they have proved it so.

In entering the atelier of a smart couturier recently, I overheard the following dialogue between Jane Cowl and the designer:

MISS COWL:—Do let me see the newest fabrics before I decide on the style of gown—yes, I will want a new avenue frock, and an evening gown of that two-toned brocade.

DESIGNER:—But won't you see my new models first—I will have one of the mannequins show them?

MISS COWL:—(Looking over a gorgeous array of fabrics) Oh, no, I always select my fabric first. Ah, here is just what I want for daytime wear, it is so rich in color and so luscious in feel—and it needs scarcely any trimming—just a little fur, or a rope of fringed Oriental beads!

DESIGNER:—Well, you have selected an expensive fabric, but one that will never wear out, and will always excite admiration and attention—that is "du-vel," Miss Cowl, one of the silk duvetyns that is incomparable as a winter fabric. How will you have it made?

MISS COWL:—Before I decide that, I must know my color, and here it is—just what I want—this divine shade of moon-glo blue, and I will trim it with kolinsky. Now let me see a smart model so I may select my fashion—and I want that two-toned rose brocade for my new evening gown. What is it called? I always like to order my gown by the name of the fabric. What! you don't know the name, but it's just one of the famous J. A. Migel's silks—well, that's enough for me, and I don't want the material cut; just drape it around me, gather it into a side panier, and make the shoulder straps of pearls. Where it gathers up at the sides, please show an underskirt of ivory and silver lace. And oh! what is that wonderful fabric over there?

DESIGNER:—That is the surprise of the hour, Miss Cowl, a new 1920 sports-silk, to be used for week-end frocks, but that is the first piece off the looms; wait until next month and I will show you a fabric unequalled in any country, etc., etc.

From this short sketch, one may gather some idea of how a beautifully gowned woman obtains ultra-style.



GALLERY OF PORTRAITS

Leonore Ulric, the latest Belasco Star in Mink Dolman from A. Jaeckel & Co. 384 Fifth Avenue, New York City.





The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

PARIS has said short, short sleeves. Incidentally she has said short short skirts. We don't seem to be paying much attention to the latter pronouncement, but signs certainly seem to point to an adoption of the short sleeve for day frocks. The thing should really be reversed. Because whereas, as everyone knows, we are much stronger on legs and ankles and feet than the French woman; she surpasses us in the matter of arms and hands.

There is a greater average of plump, well-rounded arms and finely-turned wrists among the French than there is among the American women. American women have a curious way of having elbows, sharp little points sticking out, even if the arm is otherwise admirable. The French woman's elbow is rounded. Neither has she that noticeable bone at the wrist that we are apt to develop.

BUT there is always balm in Gilead these days, where beauty is concerned, whether of the face or of the figure. We may not be able to compete with French contours. But an arm and hand that has a smooth, white skin, nails that are red and fragrant as rose leaves, or pink and polished, can successfully hold their own against all comers. And these it is possible for every woman to have, whether she intends to wear the short sleeve for daytime, or only in the evening. We *know, because:—*

We went to certain actresses whom we had already seen wearing the short sleeve and whose arms and hands looked charming in it, and we asked certain frightfully impertinent questions. And for all our presumption we were treated most wonderfully and gathered any amount of important information.

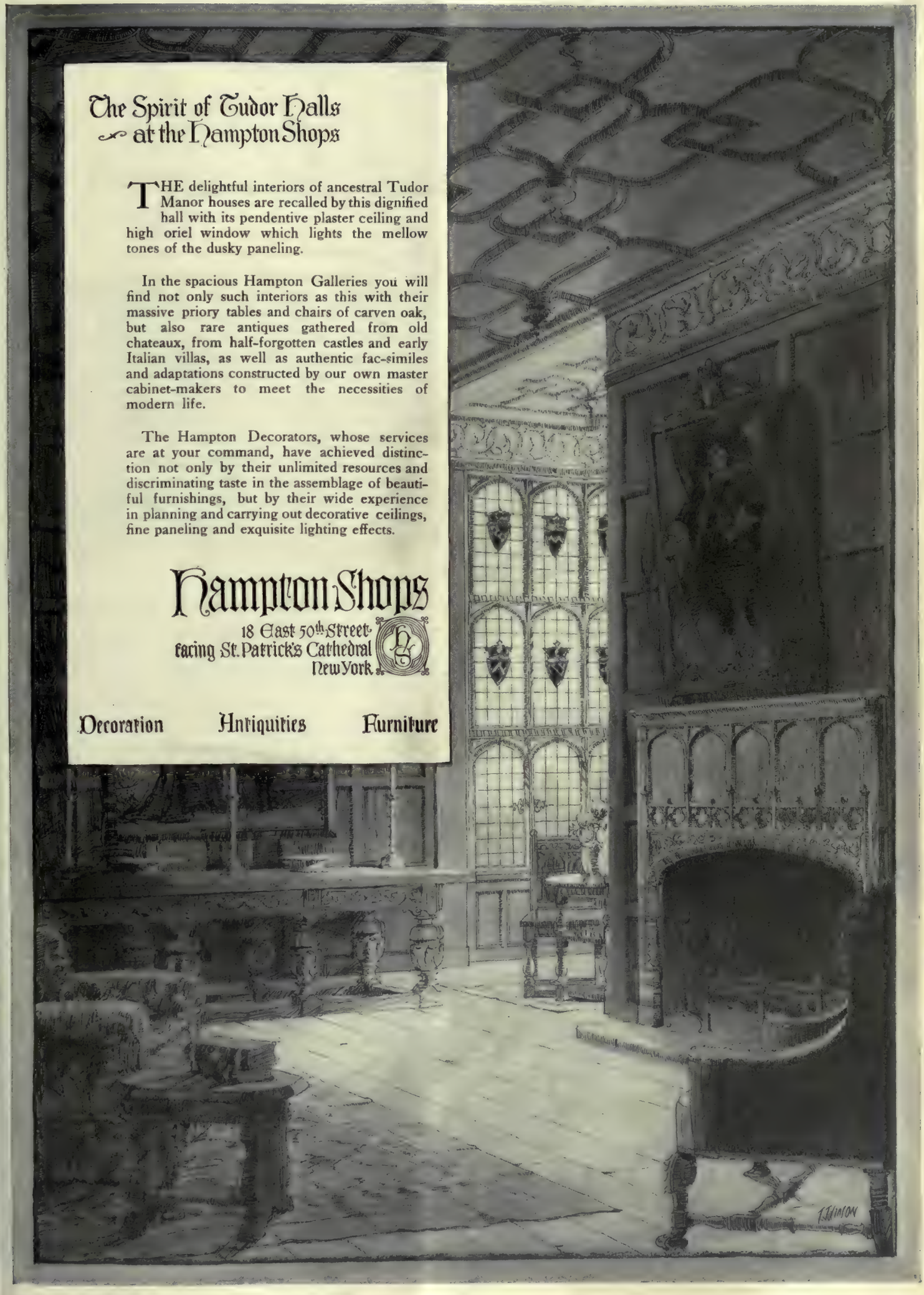
WE learned from one how she keeps the skin of her arms so soft and satiny. From another we were made acquainted with a "Whitener" that positively will not rub off on clothes. From a certain actress who affects a deep red shade for her nails—to match her mouth, she says—what to use to obtain the same effect. From one who prefers to have *her* nails pink and polished like shells—the natural polish of a shell being the ideal for a nail to aim at, *she* claims—the powder that should be employed. Also the best and simplest way to remove cuticle and bleach nail rims. From several, their favorite Depilatory and Deodorant—an actress, you know, has to be fastidiously particular about these things—and their reasons for choosing them.

Most interesting bits were given us concerning a Reducing Soap and a Reducing Jelly, that will diminish that disfiguring size of the arms about the top and around the shoulders; and of a Freckle Lotion that removes that annoying summer crop of freckles, or tan.

We inquired likewise for the favorite Beauty Counters of our various gracious informants, and were readily furnished that information as well. The actress is really the most generous creature in imparting her beauty knowledge.

Afterwards, having repaired to these same Beauty Counters we found that in most cases they were able to supply the preparations of which we had been told, and that the favorites of the actress happened to be also the favorites of the great majority of women. So we made out a list of them for our Vanity Box readers, preparations which, if sedulously used will give you unimpeachable arms and hands for the winter campaign.

(Write the Vanity Box, care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, *6 East 39th St., New York City, and let us send you this list.)*



The Spirit of Tudor Halls at the Hampton Shops

THE delightful interiors of ancestral Tudor Manor houses are recalled by this dignified hall with its pendentive plaster ceiling and high oriel window which lights the mellow tones of the dusky paneling.

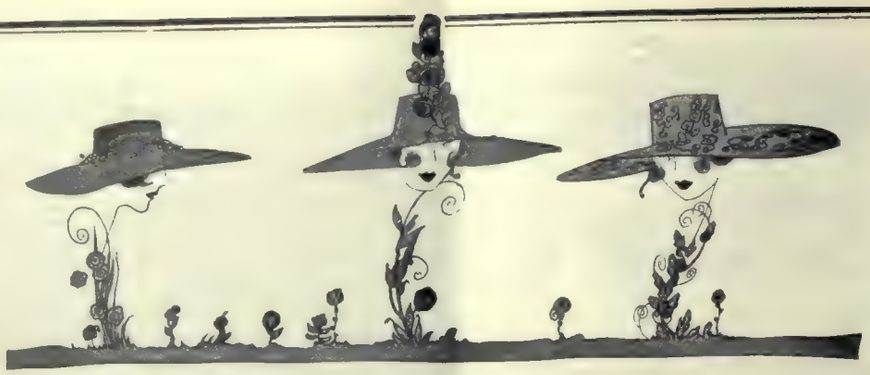
In the spacious Hampton Galleries you will find not only such interiors as this with their massive priory tables and chairs of carven oak, but also rare antiques gathered from old chateaux, from half-forgotten castles and early Italian villas, as well as authentic fac-similes and adaptations constructed by our own master cabinet-makers to meet the necessities of modern life.

The Hampton Decorators, whose services are at your command, have achieved distinction not only by their unlimited resources and discriminating taste in the assemblage of beautiful furnishings, but by their wide experience in planning and carrying out decorative ceilings, fine paneling and exquisite lighting effects.

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New York

Decoration Antiquities Furniture



Peggy Hoyt Hats

Fur Wraps & Coatees 16 East 55 New York Distinctive Sport apparel

QUESTIONS WE HAVE BEEN ASKED BY AMATEURS

A FEW OF THE MANY INQUIRIES WHICH COME TO OUR AMATEUR THEATRICALS DEPARTMENT—A SERVICE THAT IS FREE TO ALL OUR READERS.

WILL you suggest books on Greek Dancing and Greek Costume?

"Antique Greek Dress," by M. Emanuel, published by John Lane, New York. "Dancing, Ancient and Modern," by E. L. Urlin, published by Appleton, New York. "Notes Upon Dancing, Historic and Practical," by C. Blasis, published in London. "Ancient Greek Female Costumes," by J. M. Smith, also published in London. "Chapters on Greek Dress," by M. M. Evans, published by Macmillan, New York.

* * *

PLEASE suggest plays of not over an hour to be given as part of a vaudeville performance next year at our High School. A play where Chinese, Japanese or Persian costumes might be worn and something really worth while doing.

"The Song of Lady Lotus' Eyes," a Japanese Idyl by Benjamin Allen Purrington, and "A Dear Little Wife," a Japanese Comedy by Gerald Dunn would be excellent. Also in the April Theatre the full text of Dr. Thomas Wood Stevens' delightful little prologue is given and would be distinctly worth while and very easily put on. It can be given with practically no scenery at all, and very simple costumes.

* * *

I AM seeking several twenty-minute dramatic sketches with which to begin amateur theatricals. Will you advise me the names, and publishers of such sketches?

Samuel French, playbroker, publishes a list of Barrie's "Half Hours," a series of his short one-act plays which would be most appropriate for your purpose.

* * *

OUR senior class plans to put on "Fanny and the Servant Problem," by Jerome K. Jerome. Do you know whether the play has been produced professionally?

The play was originally produced some years ago at the Wallack Theatre, New York, with Fanny Ward in the leading rôle, under the name of "The New Lady Bantock." The play was reviewed at the time, in the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

HOW can we get up a minstrel show for a soldier audience? Pease give us some hints or tell us where we may obtain books on the subject.

"How to Get Up A Minstrel Show," by Press Eldredge, published by Samuel French, would be very helpful, also "The Complete Minstrel Guide," by William Courtright and Dumont's Minstrel Joke Book—both of the latter published by the Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago.

* * *

KINDLY send me information where I can obtain any of the light comedy one-act playlets such as "Fancy Free," used in 1916 by the Princess Players or anything similar, particularly "Suppressed Desires." I would also like to obtain a very modern one-act operetta, with principals limited to five or fewer.

You may obtain copies of the one-act playet "Fancy Free" from Samuel French at 25c a copy, the royalty being $5.00 per performance. "Suppressed Desires," I understand, is out of print. And here are a number of little playlets all of which may be obtained from French at the same rates as "Fancy Free":—"The Bracelet," by Sutro; "Dear Little Wife"; "The Playgoers," by Pinero; "The Maker of Dreams." If you get in touch with Tams Music Library, or Whitmark Publishing Company, both of New York, I am sure they can give you expert advice concerning an operetta such as you suggest.

CAN you give me pictures from recent Irish plays and any reviews concerning them in recent issues of the THEATRE MAGAZINE?

"The Making of an Irish Player," in the April, 1913, issue; "The Playboy of the Western World," in the January, 1913, issue; "The Irish Player," in the November, 1911, issue. These are all illustrated and give an excellent idea of costumes, etc.

* * *

IN the February issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE *you published a list of books of interest to amateurs—will you please tell me the name of the publishers?*

Henry Holt & Company, 19 W. 44th St., New York, publishes a very interesting list of books concerning the Drama, the Stage, and Plays.

* * *

WILL you kindly inform me where I can buy a translated copy of Maeterlinck's play, "The Betrothal"?

Copies may be obtained at Brentano's, Fifth Ave. and 27th St., N. Y., at $1.75 each.

* * *

WE want to use for our college dramatics some high-class, worth-while plays, but we are continually struggling against forbidden material because of royalties. I have in mind "Merely Mary Ann," which, I am told, cannot be produced for less than $50.00 each performance, also "Lonesome Like," "'Op o' Me Thumb," "Rosalie," and "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." Can any or all of these be used in the college to read in recital or played?

"Merely Mary Ann" may be obtained from Sanger & Jordan, playbrokers, N. Y., at $25.00 the performance. "Lonesome Like, "'Op o' Me Thumb," and "Spreading the News," may be had for $5.00 the performance from Samuel French, also "Rosalie," on which there is no royalty for amateur performance. You may not read a play on which there is a royalty before an audience without special arrangement with the playbrokers who control it. The Barrie plays are $50 a performance.

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AN INTERESTING SERIES OF ARTICLES BY CLARENCE STRATTON

IN developing and upbuilding a city or town something more is necessary than the mere establishment of industries and business—the furnishing of churches, schools and homes for the people. That "something" is the development of what might be termed a civic *esprit de corps*—a strong community spirit.

The War Camp Community Service Board, quick to realize the important part the Drama and the Theatre has played during the war, in developing the community spirit, has started a post-war, nation-wide movement, to establish permanent community houses throughout the country, as war memorials, where community plays and pageants may be given.

A new interest in the Drama and the Play has been awakened; amateur activities during the coming year will be many and varied.

AND we are going to give you an interesting and authoritative series of articles, by Clarence Stratton, whose work in the amateur field, and with the Drama League of America, we need not dwell upon. Mr. Stratton speaks from practical experience—his articles will give you in detail the ways and means to produce an amateur play, with the least expense and a maximum of artistic results. These articles will be ullfy illustrated, and the first—"Amateur Productions in Your Town" will be published in the November issue. They will appear in the following order:

AMATEUR PRODUCTIONS IN YOUR TOWN
CHOOSING THE PLAY
REHEARSING—Time, method and results to secure
ARTISTIC SETTING—How to design and make them
STAGE EQUIPMENT—Getting the necessary for little money
LIGHTING—Practical advice

Amateurs need and want help and the Amateur Theatricals Department proposes to give it unsparingly.

THE AMATEUR EDITOR.



THE ARTS CLUB OF CHICAGO

(*Continued from page 246*)

vivid contemporary interest in the light of the recent revolution, undreamt of when the play was written and first given.

The lightest of light comedies, "Barbara," followed, with pretty Helen Walton in the title rôle as the well-bred young woman newly embarked upon her professional career as a burglar. Eccles, the altogether admirable man-servant of the apartment which Barbara had feloniously entered, was Harold Moulton, who read his lines with amusing readiness, and John Koehl as Mr. Archibald Philbert, owner of the apartment, rounded out the little cast to the delight of the audience. After the fall of the curtain, Mrs. Hanna Butler sang three songs, Beach's "Ah, Love But a Day;" Wilson's "Pastorale," and Dvorak's "Songs My Mother Taught Me," the songs fitting the temper of the three plays in the most interesting manner.

The last of the plays was that modern morality, "Dust of the Road," differing as widely in intention and spirit from the other two as they from one another—as if the choice in selection were to demonstrate the author's versatility and command of dramatic resource in distinct fields and these widely sundered. Miss Grace Hickox played the part of Prudence Steele, maiden sister to old Peter Steele, assumed by Mr. Murry Nelson, with Mr. Thacher Nelson as the uncle, and Mr. Eugene Stinson as the tramp, a vivid character compounded in almost equal parts of Judas Iscariot and Ahasuerus the Wandering Jew. The stage setting, an old farmhouse not many years after the Civil War, was arranged by Mrs. John Alden Carpenter, and the play as a whole made a profound impression in every detail.

Mr. Lionel Belmore, one of Kenneth Goodman's numerous professional friends, was good enough to conduct the rehearsals, and brought the acting far above the ordinary amateur level. The properties were in the hands of Miss Grace Mills, while Miss Alice Gerstenberg had charge of the production.



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92 Bedford Street, BOSTON, MASS.

WASHINGTON'S COMMUNITY PAGEANT

(Continued from page 247)

while on the plaza level the plastic *Art* broke into *Dance*. In the foreground right and left, were the applied or utilitarian arts, pictured by the primitive people of the Orient and Occident. On the high parapets, right and left, stood Trumpeters, sounding the call of the Arts to all people."

THE parade of the second division of the Festival, "The World at Peace," with floats and honor guards, had for its Grand Marshal, General Robert L. Bullard; and for Acting Marshal, Captain Roy R. Glen, of the British Embassy, assisted by members of the other embassies—M. Bardac, of France; Sr. Don Gonzalo de Ojeda, of Spain; Mr. Katsuji Debuchi, of Japan; Mr. Constantin Brun, of Denmark; Lieut. Phillipe Barbier, of Belgium; and so down the list of thirty-eight nations or countries.

The last of this brilliant procession, starting at the Treasury, moved past the front of the Capitol to the music of military bands and the applause of the vast multitudes. The crowds, surging forward against the ropes on all sides, were held back only by the rows of khaki-clad war veterans. Then the twenty-eight community choruses massed in the middle tier of the historic steps arose and sang, led by Hollis Edison Davenny. "America, the Beautiful;" "Ring Out Sweet Bells of Peace" and "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and songs, breathing the love of the homeland, rang out on the evening air.

BY the time the singers had passed down through the double aisles of ribbons and withdrawn, late twilight was thickening into dusk. Promptly at nine o'clock a hundred trumpet-bearing Heralds, clad in rose pink came forth, making way for peace to advance and loosen her dove. She was followed by groups of dancing girls, symbolizing the joy that follows Peace on earth. Gradually the lights were turned on and, as the dancers withdrew, America descended the steps to lend a helping hand to the small nations just emerging from darkness and depression and to lead them up to Liberty. Capital and Labor met in the bright light of Intelligence and Unselfishness. As the lights grew more and more brilliant, the vividness of the costumes worn by the participants increased. The dawn-blue of the draperies worn by the rhythmic dancers at twilight, was replaced by masses of lovely solid color.

The States, each bearing its flag, formed an unbroken circle around the figure of Columbia. The circle broke to admit Columbia's sons in uniform. The Marshals of Peace arrived and threw over the uniforms the robes of the Professions and of the Artisan. The men knelt to Columbia and pledged their continued service as civilians.

The concluding spectacle was the "Spirit of Love."

NOT even the St. Louis pageant equalled this in the immensity of its conception. But apparently Washington can produce with local resource a great and splendid festival like this for the celebration of each of her holidays. Last Christmas, the pageant of the nativity, and the revival of old English festivities were held on the Capitol steps on two successive nights when the whole surrounding landscape was white with ice and snow. "And, of course, the Peace Pageant was but the beginning of a big national celebration!" Secretary Lane has enthusiastically declared.

BUT between big gala days and festivals, the players are rendering a splendid community service. During an average month, according to reports made by Mrs. Forrest to War Camp Community Service headquarters, more than 130 groups meet for training and rehearsals, most of them working on small plays. Six large dramatic classes are held weekly, and as fast as the players are sufficiently advanced, they are cast in one-act plays.

THE students in the school, the participants in Washington's amazing dramatic productions, are chiefly war workers and government employees. They come from every State in the union. And when I say the Festival had a big national aspect, I mean more than that the flag of every State was carried up the Capital steps by a beautifully-robed woman.

I mean that these workers will sooner or later be going back home to Idaho or Nevada or Tennessee. And each of them, by virtue of the training received will return a potential producer, director, or playwriter, with a working knowledge of the essentials of New Theatre technique. He or she will go back to show the home town its own potentialities, and hasten the day when "America shall find the ultimate expression of her democracy in the drama." War Camp Community Service has this in mind when it backs up this colossal work. And this movement now stands at the open door of a vast national undertaking—a permanent Community Service, which will organize all the recreational facilities of every community for enriching the leisure time of everybody in the communities. And leaders fitted for this work verily are few. And, too, with soundly-trained directors and at the present rate of activities carried on in the school, it would not be extravagant to expect groups of New Theatre people gradually to radiate from the school out over the country in repertory of a much more than amateur sort.



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PARIS LONDON

A WOMAN OF NO IMAGINATION

(*Continued from page* 228)

do my last act bit in 'Paradise' but I'm not insane, you're the one that's mad if you think that any career, stage or any career, can take the place of this. It might satisfy for a time, but—" her voice dropped very low, she was acting now, "there'll come a time when you'd be glad to be back here, when you'll swallow your pride and write and ask him if you can come back. Maybe it will be too late—maybe someone else will have taken your place. *That's* tragedy. Baby fingers that grip, the kitchen stove, a man's meals, a pretty dress, an occasional outing—a quiet evening spent with him—before the log fire—that's a career for any woman. And if you don't believe me go to any woman in your brother's company—ask any successful actress if she wouldn't rather have a home than her name in lights—she'll tell you. It isn't for press agent stuff that they marry when they have the chance and bring children into the world, it's because they've learned—they've learned."

SHE stopped. From the hallway a clock chimed. It was growing late.

"I must go," she said suddenly, "if you don't mind I'll call a taxi." She went to the library and called the hotel. They promised a cab at once. She lingered before she went back to the living-room. Eunice Doyle still sat back of her tea cart. It was almost dark. Neither of them spoke. A grim smile played over Katherine's features. She wished that Martin Eggers might see her audience.

The maid announced that the taxi was at the side door.

"Goodbye—it's been very kind of you to let me stay here. Thank you very much."

Eunice Doyle tried to stop her, tried to call her back. The front door slammed. Eunice ran to it, but it was too late. The woman had gone back to the whirlwind.

IT was just before eight on Saturday night when Martin Eggers climbed the single flight of stairs to Katherine Gibson's room at the theatre. She was dressed for the first act, even her make-up was complete. She opened the door at his knock, greeting him with a smile.

"Well, you won," he nodded his head in approval. "I went out there tonight, and asked Eunice what she intended to do about her career, and she gave me the calling down of my life. I don't know what you said, or how you said it. But you won. She isn't going to have her career, and next month you'll start rehearsing for a new Broadway production."

KATHERINE smiled. Her eyes sparkled with the satisfaction that only a triumphant woman can know.

"Yes, you've a right to look like that. I was wrong—you concocted a good yarn—or else you used a club," he laughed. "Tell me what pretty, imaginative story you told her." He drew forward a chair, and produced the inevitable cigar.

"I didn't imagine anything," Katherine said slowly, "I told her the story of my own life. And before I went to the theatre I thought all over—several times, and I wired home—home to my husband, to ask him if I could come back—if he still wanted me—now that I am finished with my career."

"You wired—"

"Yes," she interrupted him, "and he answered me right off—he told me that—that he'd come to Chicago to meet me. "I don't want the part," the room rang with the emotional sincerity of her words. "I'm starting home to my own kitchen—to-night—home!"

And in that moment, when the man of him was truly happy for her newfound joy, Martin Eggers realized that Katherine Gibson, even lacking imagination, might have been a great actress.

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

"Sempre Libera" is the climax of the great aria "Ah! fors' e lui." It is a magnificent example of vocal display in which the full range of Galli-Curci's voice is exhibited with thrilling effect and is equally valuable as an instance of her subtle gift for characterizations, as portrayed on a new Victrola Record. The bright and joyous melody is interspersed with rapid-scale passages that cascade like showers of sparks; the whole being controlled by a most delicate sense of rhythm, the high notes being poised and balanced with superb grace.

Merle Alcock is one of the younger contraltos who has already established a splendid reputation. She has most feelingly rendered on a new Victor Record one of Stephen C. Foster's less known songs—"Gentle Annie," also one of Tom Hood's love lyrics—"'Tis All That I Can Say." "Gentle Annie" is smoothly and impressively sung, the richness of the singer's low tones being most apparent at the end of each stanza. The beautiful love lyric of Tom Hood fully reveals the powers of Merle Alcock as an artist.

"Our Yesterdays" as sung by Elsie Baker on a Victor Record just issued is a touching little song of reminiscence. "Ma Little Sunflow'r, Goodnight," sung on the reverse of the record by Olive Kline, is a beautiful little song of motherhood.

No writer has ever sensed the subtle thoughts of childhood better than Eugene Field. The two well-known selections—"Wynken, Blynken and Nod" and "The Sugar Plum Tree" are told by Sally Hamlin—a real child, for children on a new Victor Record.—*Adv.*



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OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN DEAD

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, one of America's most prominent theatrical and operatic managers, died at the Lenox Hill Hospital, New York, on August 1 last, after a paralytic seizure, following diabetes.



OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN

Oscar Hammerstein was born in Berlin in 1847, and first came to America in 1865, a penniless immigrant. He commenced his career in the new world as a cigar maker, and the man's genius asserted itself even in this humble capacity, for it was while employed at the bench, rolling cigars, that he devised valuable tobacco machinery improvements, the patents of which brought him wealth as well as social advancement. For a time he edited the *U. S. Tobacco Journal,* but he was of too artistic a temperament to remain satisfied with commerce. His real vocation was that of the theatre. His first venture was as manager of the old Windsor Theatre, New York. Next he joined Adolf Nuendorff in the management of the Germania Theatre. A pioneer in New York's uptown movement, in 1889 he built the Harlem Opera House in West 125th St. This was the beginning of his career as a theatre builder. Followed in succession, the Columbus, the Harlem Music Hall (now Hurtig and Seamon's), Koster and Bial's, the Olympic, the Republic (later the Belasco), the Manhattan Opera House, the Philadelphia Opera House, the London Opera House and the Lexington Avenue Opera House.

Although he loved the theatre, Hammerstein's particular hobby was music. He was the first in this country to give a performance of Mascagni's famous "Cavalleria Rusticana," and while presenting acrobats and trained dogs at Koster and Bial's, he found time to compose an opera of his own called "The Koh-i-noor," written in twenty-four hours. Other operas by him were: "Santa Maria," "War Bubbles," "Sweet Marie," "Mrs. Radleigh Bradleigh Ball," etc.

In 1906 he startled New York's operatic world by challenging the supremacy of the exclusive Metropolitan Opera House. He built the Manhattan Opera House on West 34th Street and presented there such modern operas as "Thais," "Louise," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," "Pelléas et Melisande," "Tales of Hoffmann," etc.—works that had hitherto been excluded from the strictly classical repertoire of the Metropolitan, and introducing to our public such fine vocal artists as Mary Garden, Tetrazzini, Bonci, Zenatello, Dalmores, Renaud, none of which singers the Metropolitan had afforded the opportunity of a hearing.

Encouraged by his success in New York, Hammerstein built the splendid opera house in Philadelphia, and keen rivalry with the Metropolitan followed with heavy losses to both. until finally Hammerstein was induced to capitulate and withdrew from the operatic field. He was bound not to give opera in New York for ten years, and this limit was about up when he died.

Mr. Hammerstein was a picturesque figure in the theatrical life of New York. Everybody knew him and everybody liked him. As a writer says, "He was a droll genius, with a penchant for epigrams, who always wore a high silk hat of ancient vintage and carried a black cigar. To those whose privilege it was to know him intimately he was a brilliant companion whose ordinary conversation sparkled as brightly as the wit of the most famous after-dinner speaker.

The high hat passed with the opera days; the cigar, the epigram and a delicious accent were always with him. On Summer nights he could generally be found sitting in the last box on the Victoria Roof, and in the daytime he was usually puttering around in his den within the building. This was a little room tucked in under the balcony and guarded over by the ushers who always patrolled the corridor. If you were of the elect, when your name had been borne in you were ushered into the sanctum.

"He rarely talked of the past: the living present and pregnant future interested him more. In his epistle to the Philadelphians in which he delivered his ultimatum about the continuance of the opera season, he said: "Do you want opera in Philadelphia? If so speak within thirty days, and when you do speak, say something Otherwise I'm a busy man."

In 1911 when he went to London and built the opera house in Kingsway, a reporter asked him what he expected to open with.

"With debts." was his laconic reply

Amateur Producers and Players

The Editor of the Amateur Theatricals Department will be glad to receive for possible publication in the Amateur Department of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, photographs and articles concerning plays and pageants given by high schools, clubs or dramatic societies throughout the country. *Address*

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 224)

COMEDY. "UP FROM NOWHERE." Play in four acts by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. Produced September 8 with this cast:

George Washington Silver,	Norman Trevor
George	Frederick Howard
Georgianna	Olive Murray
Martha	Leotta Miller
Etta	Margalo Gillmore
Linski	George Casselberry
Sato	Sato
Captain Hercules Penny,	Cecil Yapp
Mrs. William Grenoble Somerset,	Grace Reals
Frederic Valentine	Clarence Bellair
Edith	Ann Andrews

OF course, it is well recognized that in the world of letters Booth Tarkington occupies a distinguished position. As a student of human nature he is regarded as an expert. It has always, therefore, seemed to me most extraordinary that when writing for the stage he should turn out characters and dialogue that fairly reek of the footlights. And I'm not excepting "The Man from Home," in spite of its tremendous success. The same equally applies to Harry Leon Wilson, the creator of "Ruggles of Red Gap."

These two gentlemen, combining their talents, have written "Up From Nowhere," described as "a new American play in four acts," which John D. Williams is presenting at the Comedy. Its principal character is George Washington Silver, born in Houston Street, mother and father unknown, who, after an adventurous career at sea, turns up as a captain of industry, with a family of four, who rule him to their hearts' content.

This peculiar metropolitan character is entrusted to Mr. Norman Trevor, an Englishman with all the very positive externals of that particular nation. It was not a very happy bit of casting that allotted this role to Mr. Trevor, but as really the nationality of the part cuts little ice, his cheerful enthusiasm, agreeable charm and manly figure made him otherwise entirely acceptable.

Thinking that his ridiculous son is going to be married for his money, Papa takes a hand only to find himself very much more in love with the young lady than is his hopeful, while after the customary misunderstanding, the young woman finds that she loves and prefers the older generation.

Miss Ann Andrews was the exponent of this rôle. Young, pretty and most becomingly dressed, she made the part as convincingly real and human as the authors would allow.

An old sea captain, Hercules Penny, a dependent on Silver's generosity and one of those privileged characters that manifest themselves in so many households, was played with exquisite skill and deft humor by Cecil Yapp. Mr. Yapp is a very good actor. He almost invariably makes good. In the rôle of the gentle old sea-dog he literally triumphed.

With the exception of Margalo Gillmore as the youngest of Silver's family—she was most refreshingly girl-like—the remainder of the cast ranged from acceptable to hopeless.

CORT. "A REGULAR FELLER." Comedy in four acts, by Mark Swan. Produced September 9 with this cast:

Dan Brackett	Ernest Glendinning
Charlie Winter	Everett Butterfield
"Butch" Hawkins	Dudley Clements
Cyrus Pond	James Bradbury
Everett Davis	Albert Bushee
Joseph Brackett	Edwin Holt
Milton Cross	Charles Abbott
Leslie Purvis	Roy Gordon
Vinton	George Cukor
Bessie Winter	Miriam Sears
Jocelyn Cross	Margaret Greene
Emelia Vandergrift,	Charlotte Granville
Mandy	Kittie O'Connor

I DON'T drive my own motor, and perhaps that's the reason a considerable portion of the humor of "A Regular Feller," which Charles Emerson Cook is presenting at the Cort Theatre, left me cold. I must honestly admit, however, that the night I saw Mark Swan's new comedy, a very considerable portion of my fellow auditors howled with delight at the very mention of carburetor, spark-plug, inner tube, tires and other automobile technicalities.

One character I did find amusing—Cyrus Pond, an old-time "hoss" lover, who becomes a convert to the new idea of locomotion. James Bradbury's personality in itself is a rare comic asset, and as the said comedian has had a long experience and knows every trick of the rube technique from A to Z, it is not surprising that of this amiable yap he made a very real and amusing character.

The sentimental side of Mr. Swan's work I found very tiresome. I failed to thrill as I followed Dan Brackett's heroic efforts to sell an unpuncturable tire, which his friend, Charlie Winter, had invented. Dan had been cast off by his father because he loved to tinker about a garage, but Dan defeated everyone in the campaign he managed, and of course won the hand of Charlie's sister, while Charlie got for a wife the daughter of the President of the Crosstire Company.

Ernest Glendinning was Dan. From beginning to end he acted with unflagging zeal, fine verbal fluency and nice sincerity. He was all that could be expected or desired. Edwin Holt was the hard-hearted father, who later had to confess his son was a better business man than he was.



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QUERIES ANSWERED

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no address furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored

J. C.—Q. In what issues of your magazine did comment or pictures appear of "The Royal Vagabond"? Where can I secure these copies?

A. There is a review of "The Royal Vagabond" in the April, 1919, issue. This number also contains a full page sketch of Dorothy Dickson, in the piece, and two scenes. The May, 1919, copy contains pictures of Robinson Newbold and Mary Eaton, both members of the cast of "The Royal Vagabond." The price of each copy is 35c, and they will be sent to you on receipt of your remittance.

E. N. M., Grassy Sound, N. Y.—Q. Kindly give me a brief sketch of the lives of P. G. Wodehouse, Jerome D. Kern, and Carl Randall—all three contributors to the success of "Oh, Lady, Lady."

A. In our December, 1917, issue there is an article entitled "A Team of Playwrights Extraordinary," which gives an account of the lives of P. G. Wodehouse and his collaborator, Guy Bolton. The article also mentions Jerome D. Kern. The price of this copy is 40c. We have never published anything about Carl Randall's career in the THEATRE MAGAZINE, but we may do so in the near future.

K. C., Minneapolis, Minn.—Q. Have you published anything about Fritz Leiber's interpretation of Hamlet?

A. Our February, 1919, issue (price 35c) contains a review of Mr. Leiber's "Hamlet," and a portrait of him in the rôle.

E. T., McRae, Ga.—Q. Please give me sketches of the lives of Ellen Terry, Sarah Bernhardt, Henry Irving and Edwin Booth?

A. We cannot undertake to give you sketches of the players' lives you mention. We would refer you to "The Story of My Life," by Ellen Terry, published by Doubleday, Page and Co., Garden City, N. Y.; "Who's Who in the Theatre," for Sarah Bernhardt's career; "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving," by Bram Stoker, published by Macmillan Co., New York, and "The Life and Art of Edwin Booth," by William Winter, also published by Macmillan.

A. V. M., Springfield, Mass.—A. If you will send a letter to Frank Morgan in care of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, we will be glad to forward it for you.

B. K., Pittsburgh.—Q. Where can I obtain a good picture of Pauline Frederick? Has she appeared in any other play but "Innocence" on the legitimate stage?

A. Sarony, Fifth Ave., New York City. 2. Pauline Frederick made her first appearance on the stage in 1902 and remained there until she joined the film stars. There is an article in our June, 1913, issue (price 45c) entitled "From the Chorus to Legitimate Dramatic Star," by Pauline Frederick, which gives a full account of her career. The article is illustrated with two excellent pictures.

C. L. McC., Washington, D. C.—Q. Have you published a recent picture of Lenore Ulric?

A. There is a full page picture of Miss Ulric in our August, 1918, issue, price 35c.

G. J. F., South Bend, Ind.—Q. Please give me a list of plays in which May Irwin has starred, by season if possible; also Robert Edeson?

A. May Irwin began her starring career in 1893 under Rich and Harris, appearing at the Bijou Theatre in the following plays: "A Country Sport," 1893; "The Widow Jones," 1895; "Courted in Court," 1896; "The Swell Miss Fitzswell," 1897; "Kate Kip, Buyer," 1898; "Sister Mary," 1899; "Madge Smith, Attorney," 1900; "Mrs. Black is Back," 1904. At the Bijou Theatre November 5, 1906, she appeared in the title rôle of "Mrs. Wilson," and played "Mrs. Peckham's Carouse." 1907; "The Mollusc," 1908; "Mrs. Jim," 1910 (this play was later named "Getting a Polish"); "She Knows Better Now," 1911; "A Widow by Proxy," 1913; "33 Washington Square," 1915. For an article on Miss Irwin's career see our November, 1915, issue (price 45c.) "Twenty Years a Star." 2. Robert Edeson commenced his career as a star at the Savoy Theatre in March, 1902, in "Soldiers of Fortune." Since that date he has appeared in "The Rector's Garden," "Ransom's Folly," and "Strongheart." In 1907 he went to London to play "Strongheart," returning to this country to appear in "Classmates" the same year. Other plays are "The Sinner," 1908; "The Call of the North," 1908; "The Offenders," 1908; "The Noble Spaniard," 1909; "The Outcast," 1909; "A Man's a Man," 1910; "Where the Trail Divides," 1910; "The Cave Man," 1911; "The Indiscretion of Truth," 1912; "Fine Feathers," 1914. He was seen last in "A Good Bad Woman."

F. W., Jersey City.—Q. Please tell me something about the career of Eugene Walter, the playwright?

A. Eugene Walter, author of "The Easiest Way," "Fine Feathers," "Paid in Full," etc., was born Nov. 27, 1876. He was formerly a reporter on a Cleveland newspaper and later served on the staff of the *New York Sun*. His theatrical experience was gained as advance agent with various theatrical companies. His plays, in addition to those already mentioned include: "The Undertow" (1907); "The Wolf" (1908); "Just a Wife" (1910); "Boots and Saddles" (1910); "Homeward Bound" (1910); "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" (1911); "The Challenge" (1919).

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A HAT PIN PLAY RECORD

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The hat pin is the basis of the system. When you come home from the theatre instead of throwing your seat coupon into the waste basket write on the back of it in ink or with a sharp pointed pencil: (1) the name of the play, or if vaudeville, say so; (2) the name of the star or principal actor, actress or actors; and (3) your impressions, or any remarks you may wish to record. Of course the writing must be small and the remarks brief. The other side of the stub will give the name of the theatre, the location of your seat and the date. Thus all the valuable data is condensed on a postage stamp. Then through the lower right hand corner stick the hat pin—only a small sized one will be necessary for a year or so. A bit of cork stuck over the point will save you pricks and scratches as well as keep the point sharp. The whole thing might be kept in one of these small cardboard boxes such as are used as containers for chocolate-covered peppermints in small quantities.

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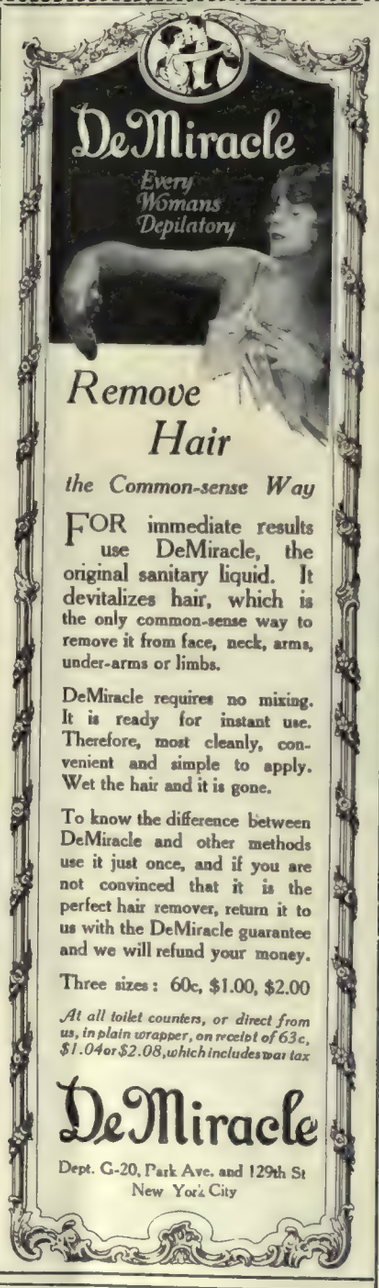
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THE Philharmonic Society of New York will inaugurate its seventy-eighth season this fall with Josef Stransky, conductor of the orchestra, entering upon his ninth season in that position. Although it is still exceedingly difficult to procure European novelties, Mr. Stransky is fortunate enough to have secured several, details concerning which will be announced later. As in former years, Mr. Stransky's programmes will offer many American compositions, several of which will be novelties.

The Philharmonic season will include twelve Thursday evenings, sixteen Friday afternoons, four Saturday evenings and twelve Sunday afternoons in Carnegie Hall, as well as the usual series of five Sunday concerts at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. In addition to these performances in Greater New York, the orchestra will also make three short tours to over thirty cities throughout the country. The list of assisting artists for the New York concerts has been chosen as usual from the names of the prominent instrumentalists and vocalists available, and will be announced in full at an early date.

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Hulda Lashanska sings "Depuis le Jour," from "Louise;" Victor Herbert's "Kiss Me Again," and "Bonnie Sweet Bessie, the Maid O' Dundee." Toscha Seidel, famous violinist, plays Sarasate's "Gypsy Airs," Wieniawski's Romance from Concerto No. 2, Opus 22, and that dazzling Gypsy tavern dance, "Hejre Kati, Scenes from the Csarda."

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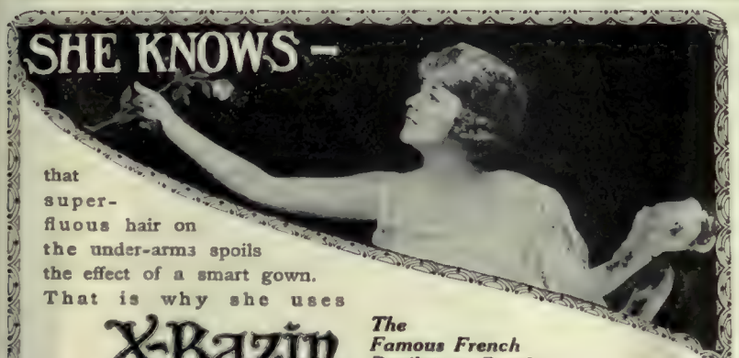
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TO OUR READERS

¶ This issue of the **THEATRE MAGAZINE**, which under normal conditions, should have reached subscribers and been on sale at the news-stands not later than October 25th, makes its appearance today, three weeks late.

¶ It is not necessary for us to explain the reason of this delay. You are familiar with the unprecedented industrial situation that prevails all over the United States. The printers and the publishers — and we may add the public — are victims of conditions they are powerless to remedy or control.

¶ But as far as the **THEATRE MAGAZINE** is concerned, the present pressmens' strike, which never had the endorsement of the union printers nor the official approval of the American Federation of Labor, has not succeeded in delaying us seriously. Thanks to other arrangements we have been able to make, the **THEATRE MAGAZINE** appears today, its pages more beautiful and attractive than ever.

¶ This month the **THEATRE MAGAZINE** is presented in a new garb. Printed by the rotagravure process, almost the entire editorial section, including its usual exquisite pictures, is in beautiful sepia. If this innovation proves popular, as we think it will, it will remain a feature of this magazine — strike or no strike.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXX. No. 225. NOVEMBER, 1919



From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

CARLOTTA MONTEREY

Plays the title role in the Biblical drama, "Esther," to be produced shortly by the new theatrical firm of Dodge and Poganv.

THE AUDIENCES OF YESTERDAY

Public taste demands sex and sensation instead of romance and sentiment

By DANIEL FROHMAN

WITHOUT the tang of criticism, merely in that spirit which pleasant impressions fasten upon our lives, we can review them. Instead of beginning with the tiresome accuracy of scientific boredom, let's forget dates and supplement impressions, thereby throwing off the years as if they were a cloak to indicate only a change in the seasons.

For statistical record, some are called managers, others are called actors, but their work should be a mutual endeavor to constantly improve an industry called the theatre. In the department of management to which I have been allotted, there have been many changes, but my own impressions of the theatre, which began years ago, persist in spite of them.

In the earlier seasons of the theatre, plays were written to be acted. The play was the first consideration, and the actors did their best with it. In selecting a play the manager had in mind its adaptability to the hearts of young and old, of the generation I knew. I remember particularly, with much warmth, the kind of audiences we, in the managers' department, had to please. The American theatre began as a cheerful, clean, entertaining place. Any attempt by the playwright or the manager to invade the slums of life, to produce a play which dealt with the degradations of human nature would have made those audiences indignant. They were nice people, living in a New York that was very different from the New York of to-day. They wanted nice plays, and they got them.

AT the risk of appearing to be old-fashioned, which no man in theatrical life can ever find time to become, I remember those audiences that came to the old Lyceum Theatre on Fourth Avenue, with special pride. They were the best, the prettiest, the youngest and the oldest of New York's social world.

New Yorkers were more real then than they are now. The New Yorker as I knew him then was not such an obvious leader of finance. He was much more of a home maker. To say this of him to-day would be in the main untrue, but, in those first seasons of my stock company in the little Lyceum I had to weigh the character of a play by the obligations due his family, especially to his pretty daughters who spent their never-to-be-forgotten Saturday matinées dividing their emotions between *bon-bons* and plays. There were certain definite rules by which a play for the Lyceum was protected. First of all, it had to end happily. Its entanglements of heart or villainy must not go too deeply into the psychology of love or crime, and it would have to be a play thoroughly cleansed of sex appeal. I don't know positively, of course, but it is my impression that those audiences did not consider sex a desirable theme for the play. That is, the American stage didn't think so. Of course, in England and in France where literature and art were more advanced, the theatre was more outspoken. In America, however, we were slow to mature into the frankness we have now reached. It is not so long ago that Pinero spelled questionable morals in his play "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and Daudet's "Sapho" was submitted to police censorship. Personally, I think artistic motive excuses much, but in the days when I was unconsciously living among the "stars" the plays I produced were articles that no one need be ashamed to sell. They had two prime requirements—cleanliness and happy endings.

I CAN'T help thinking that those audiences of that springtime season in the American theatre were pioneers in a dramatic taste that should have stayed with us. They liked the American idea of dialogue, character, scene, and even plot. They wanted to see the foreigner as they saw him then, a queer-looking, queer-sounding, queer-thinking individual from our American standard. Many of us remember the jumping-jack Frenchman, the excitable Italian, the fortune-hunting Englishman, the funny little German, the witty Irishman. The latter, by the way, was an ally that the playwright could always use in his plot, advantageously. The Irishman was among the most adaptable characters to the American theatre as he was to the laws of our country.

Most of the plays selected by me for the old Lyceum were plays of sentiment, romance, tenderness, humor and ultimate happiness. Above all, they were happy plays. Audiences in New York, in those days, cared little for unhappy plays. They gave the American stage the right impulse, and they got the reaction of a pleasant evening in the theatre. Later, the years rolled up cloudy nights, and gloom came upon us in plays and in the movies. Gloom, it seems to me, has become inseparable from the way people enjoy themselves in the theatre to-day. Plays are all, more or less "dont's" so far as moral purpose in them is concerned. In crime-plays we are inspired to sympathize with the criminal, in sex-plays we are invited to think about forbidden things, in musical plays we are directed to make up, in anatomical interest, for what they lack of musical interest. But, this is only said by the way, by contrast to the time when there was an American stage for Americans who were normal men and women, with good taste in youth and romantic enthusiasm that survived when they grew older.

IT so happened, though I didn't know it at the time, that my stock company had astral quality. I was harboring "stars" who did not perceive their destiny anymore than I did, at the time. In certain degrees of astral temperament they were very proficient, however. Often, when I cast a play those actors rebelliously attacked my decision, refusing to play the parts assigned to them. As to plays, in those days of optimism in the theatre, I was fortunate in becoming associated with two young men who caught the spirit of their times admirably, who understood just the exact difference between sentiment and sentimentality, just the quantity and quality that the best New York audiences wanted in a play. They were comparatively unknown then. They wrote "The Wife," "Lord Chumley," and the greatest success I had, "The Charity Ball." Their names were not less famous to the theatregoers of the eighties, than they are to their many audiences of to-day. The late H. C. DeMille left two sons whose careers prove that they inherit his genius. David Belasco has gloomed up tremendously since then. Belasco always understood his public. The Belasco-DeMille plays written for my stock company at the old Lyceum were well balanced optimistic stories of that domestic and social period when New York was an American city, which it is no more. "The Wife" in its very choice of title interprets a period in New York when men and women were socially related. "The Charity Ball" symbolizes that element in the life of New York when there was a society pride and dignity that has long been driven out by money and noise. These young playwrights were fortunate in having such an excellent stock company to write for, and such a responsive, delighted audience, too. The playwright surely enjoyed his influence over the matinée girls. What a charming, ingenious, alert, enthusiastically romantic lot they were! In themselves a flower garden of beauty to see, they filled the theatre with their own glamour of romance which they brought with them. Those matinées were the first hours of emotional adventure when the New York girl in her "teens" imagined herself a wise and world-worn woman.

THEY were happy hours for the actors, too. They couldn't help feel the impulsive charm of those eager romanticists who hung upon every word and scene with impassioned interest.

Of course, my company, I feel, was exceptional. But it was possible in those days. The road tours were limited, there were fewer theatres, the stage had not been commercialized for the country at large. It was not a trade in those days, it was still an art. I paid one of my pseudo-stars $60.00 a week, and when later due to the obvious rush of commercial prospect I raised it to $75, he was quite proud and lavish. Looking from a side window of my study, I can now see his name carved in stone over a very portentious theatre which he owns. Only the other day, one of my old Lyceum company, since risen to her astral fate in the theatre said reproachfully to me: "You only paid me $50 a week." I was obliged to answer: "Yes, but I didn't charge you as a beginner anything for direction on the stage." Perhaps, in the manager's department, there is some credit due us from the "stars" on this account. Perhaps, we managers did something for the actors. Certainly men like Lester Wallack, Augustin Daly, A. M. Palmer and Charles Frohman accomplished wonderful things for the stage in their way.

Of course, there were different kinds of audiences, with certain definite expectations in plays, that the managers themselves guaranteed. English playwrights were usually always under-

stood, on the American stage. The French writers were handicapped at first by a point of view that the American audiences could not quite adopt. Some of the early German plays, because of a certain gloomy character, for some time were classed with the Ibsen problem plays, and had some difficulty in finding interest in the American theatre. The American stage had its enemies too. A great many people regarded the theatre with suspicion, they did not approve of the theatre at all. Those were the days when artistic expression of an emotional character was considered a bit dangerous to morals. We were very much occupied in the theatre with sustaining its morals at one time. Our audiences were the chief part of our responsibility as managers. Many of us have never lost the tendency to weigh the consequences of producing a play that might offend the manners or the principles of contemporary life. We were taught this lesson by the audiences of the old Lyceum Theatre stock days.

The plays we gave then were not in advance of their own ideas, we gave them no new ideas to think about. We merely supplied their imagination with the kind of romance they believed in. It was the romance of adventure in love, picturesquely adorned, highly colored, stories of gallantry and poetic setting. One recalls "The Prisoner of Zenda," as one of those plays in point. The audiences, quite properly, regarded James K. Hackett as a hero of indisputable gallantry, in plays of that sort. I fancy that his performance in "Madame Sans Gene" will rank as one of his best. But, compared to the entertainment modern audiences require to-day, these successes of the past may seem archaic. Perhaps those audiences might also find much to disapprove of in the tastes of our modern audiences too.

There was a formula of dramatic dialogue written for those audiences of the past also, that would not be taken seriously to-day. Fancy this line, for instance. When the villain insidiously declares his admiration for his friend's wife, she replied haughtily: "Remember, sir, you are speaking to his wife!" Making love to other men's wives had not become a pastime among the audiences of the old Lyceum Theatre. They liked the theatrical effect. Those audiences did not object to theatricalism so much as they did to realism. Their thrills were modest quiverings, innocent perceptions of the unreal. And, who shall say that they were wrong. How beautifully they responded to the romantic flavor of swords and fans.

The Belasco-de Mille plays were new ideas in the sense that they brought the essence of romance nearer to the audience. They saw the hero in a coat like their own, and the heroine wore evening dresses, with the same discretion as the audiences wore them in the theatre. It was something of an experiment to give them men and women looking like themselves, openly discussing the plot and passion of their secret lives. To be sure, the plays did not have in them any very startling situations, in the sense that such things are in the theatre to-day. Love scenes were played with due regard to certain formalities that the audiences themselves would expect in their own adventures of the heart. It was possible to hold an audience spell-bound with a long love scene played over an old sun-dial in a garden, without once letting the lover even touch the hand of the girl. These were the reservations of the period. The emotional impulses of those audiences were mostly with restraint of feeling, which was what they understood and shared. The humor of those plays was never reached by slang or sharp vulgarity. It was delightful to observe how regularly the characters were accepted according to the social rating they received on the program. A senator was a man above reproach, a financier seemed to be, quite naturally, the temptation of the innocent girl, the widow was always a woman of wordly wisdom, the ingenue, a pretty, harmless, desirable young girl, the mother something holy and lovable, the father a man of unlimited means. Generally speaking, these were the key-stones of the American play as those audiences expected to find them. They were regarded as extremely modern plays, and any attempt to break the rules of these dramatic laws spelled disaster in the theatre.

Although the old Lyceum Stock Company was remarkable for its talent and the beauty of its women, I discovered that the actors were only a part of my success. Everything depended on the play. It would surprise modern audiences if I were to tell them of some of the failures which these actors made in certain plays. But the kind public remembers not failures but successes. One of our foremost stars to-day who was a member of my company was a success in only one part of the several parts he played. The audiences of those days were not easily fooled. They knew a good performer from a poor one, they were discriminating to the highest degree. They took some personal interest in the actors, of course. They were unanimously pleased with Mary Mannering in ingenue rôles, but none of them thought of her in more exacting parts. They were delighted with the emotional charm of Henry Miller in the tender manliness of certain parts in which he excelled in his youth, but they never would have imagined him then in the stronger characters he has since played. Herbert Kelcey and Georgia Cayvan satisfied them completely in the reserve of their fine technique, and their warm simplicity. Bessie Tyree in her contagious comedy, Effie Shannon delighted them with her poetic frailty, and E. H. Sothern inspired them with his delicate spontaneity in "Lord Chumley." There were many others. Yet who, among those audiences, remotely believed that most of these actors were made of the brilliant stuff that "stars" are made of?

I, for one, didn't, not because I failed to understand their professional value, but because a "star" was an unknown quality in the theatre. In those days it meant more artistically to be a star than to-day. To-day, a stock company of the same character as the one I directed at the old Lyceum Theatre would be impossible, because actors of the same caliber to-day earn independent fortunes, which no one theatre could earn for them. I don't wish to enter into the discussion of motion pictures, but everyone knows that this great industry has so commercialized the artistic elements of the theatre, that actors are no longer compelled to consider their art as a thing apart from their economic lives.

Talking with a manager the other day about what modern audiences require, I told him that one of the surprises to me was the success of the tragic story in the theatre. Take the success of "The Jest" for instance. That sort of play could not have succeeded with the audiences we have been talking about. Serious, dramatic and artistic as it is, nevertheless it is a gloomy play.

Then, consider also the success of Tolstoi's "The Redemption." Was it Tolstoi or was it Jack Barrymore and a large bit of Hopkins? Crowds flocked to the theatre to share the grief and tragedy of the story.

To assume that the success of such plays is due entirely to fine acting, would be encouraging, but I am inclined to believe that the world nevertheless is not anxious to be gloomy, and that what used to be regarded as pleasure has become merely dissipation in the theatre.

THE JOYS OF THE ROAD

(With profound apologies to Bliss Carman)

Now the joys of the road are chiefly these;
An utter lack of comfort or ease.

A wait at midnight from twelve to two,
Then jouncing and bouncing the hours through.

To bed at four and arise at eight,
And no complaints if the train is late.

The country hotels with their shabby floors
And the Regulations tacked on the doors.

With steak for breakfast and mush for tea
And lots of bad coffee for you and for me.

The dressing rooms have a musty smell
And the creatures are many that in them dwell.

The suit-case heavy and heavier grows
Till it weighs a ton at the journey's close.

Yet over it all there's a comradeship bright
A greeting at morning, a gay jest at night.

A kindly word here and a helping hand there
Make all the hardships so easy to bear.

And best of it all there's the lure of the work
The joyous duty you would not shirk.

Full co-operation of brain and heart
For the joy of the task and love of the art.

Yes, the joys of the road full the hardships outweigh
And lighten and brighten each wearisome day.

GRACE ISABEL COLBRON.

ACTORS' NATIONAL MEMORIAL DAY

Everybody in and out of the profession working hard to make the players' drive a large success

IT'S a long theatrical trail that leads from Pumpkin Corners to the beckoning lights of Broadway. It is a trail lined with the five a day, the four a day, the three a day, and the two a day; a trail dotted with the "tanks," the one nighters and the small town stock, yet on the afternoon of Friday, December 5, the most luminous of the stellar lights that shine out along the Great White Way will not be playing a more important rôle than the village recitationist of Pumpkin Corners.

Truly it may be said the Great Star will be playing a better rôle, but it will not be more important at the moment, for each in his own way will be doing his best, giving his all as a mummer, and a man can do no more, for on that day, from the theatre that is housing the greatest success of the current season to the hall of the Knights of Civic and Municipal Pride in the smallest flag stop made by the "tenters," benefit performances will take place all over the land in behalf of the Actors' Fund of America.

For thirty-eight years the Actors' Fund has been fighting and struggling from season to season to keep its head above water without going to the public hat in hand. True, it has given benefits—big benefits, but it has never asked alms, and Daniel Frohman, who has been its president for fifteen years and an officer since its organization, hopes it never will. Its expense has grown from the $14,000 a year, which was deemed adequate when Lester Wallack, Joseph Jefferson, Edwin Booth, A. M. Palmer, and other leaders of the dramatic profession assembled on the stage of Wallack's Theatre and organized the fund, until to-day it is over $80,000 per annum.

MONEY it has received, but never more than enough to pay the actual running expenses, and not always enough for that. It has given benefit after benefit, until now plans have matured for one last, great benefit organized on the same lines as the recent Liberty Loan Drives, at which it is hoped to raise $2,000,000, so that further calls upon the profession and the public will be unnecessary. If that sum can be raised at one huge benefit, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say a nation-wide series of benefits, all given on the same day at the same time the fund will be assured of an annual income of $90,000 a year which it is estimated will take care of it for a long time to come.

Hence it is, that on the afternoon of Friday, December 5, every important show in all of the big and little towns of the country will give an extra matinée performance for the benefit of the fund. The theatres and the performances will constitute the donations of the managers, the business staffs and the performers. In the thousand and one small burgs where no companies will be showing on that day, but where the people have just as much love for the theatre and the same deep-rooted sympathy for performers in distress, there will be innumerable performances by local talent, ranging all of the way from amateur dramatics, and special movie shows, to ethical culture lectures and ice cream socials. In these smaller communities the local bankers will act as chairmen of the committees receiving and transmitting the funds everywhere collected.

As the towns and cities grow in importance so will the benefits grow in importance until the Metropolis of America is reached. The big, generous heart of New York has been deeply touched by the needs of the profession and in its characteristic vigorous fashion the Greater City has gone about the work of making the event a mammoth success.

A TRADES organization, similar in all its particulars to that mighty body which played so important a part in the Liberty Loan Campaigns in Manhattan, has been formed. During the war the entire profession, neglecting their own charity, served Uncle Sam with a zeal and an energy which have made a stirring page in the story of our war activities; and the records in Washington show that the people of the theatre, in all its branches and affiliations, secured over $250,000,000 for the various war drives—Liberty Loan, Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., and others. In addition to this their services were constantly given free of charge for all sorts of war charity performances, while over 1,200 actors and actresses went overseas to keep up the morale of the boys at the front, by their performances, for which they received no pay. Every demand upon them for free performances here was met; and so the big business men of New York have underwritten the New York drive.

The Advisory Body of which William Fellowes Morgan, president of the Merchants' Association of New York, has accepted the chairmanship, has undertaken to organize thoroughly every industry in the city. W. Ward Smith, associate chairman of the main body, played an active part in the Liberty Loan Campaigns and was also responsible for the entire organization of Trades' Committees for the War Savings Stamp Drives. Each Trade Committee will take over one of the theatres in New York for Actors' Memorial Day and will undertake to underwrite at the highest figure possible the playhouse which will represent their trade in the big drive.

Contributions are not being requested but tickets for the benefit performances are being sold for premiums which the generous purchasers are fairly scrambling with each other to make. One man has said that he wanted to sit in the gallery and he wanted a gallery seat. It was sent to him and in return he mailed his check for $2,000. Another has paid $10,000 for an orchestra seat, and the rivalry is keen among the trades' organizations to turn in the greatest amount for their individual theatres.

IN the opinion of Mr. Smith, the associate chairman, one of the greatest and most complete selling machines, with the possible exception of the Liberty Loan organization, has been organized. The influence of this arm of the Actors' Fund Drive extends through more than seventy-five trades. These have been assigned to the fifty-five theatres in Greater New York participating in the celebration.

The extent of the interest of the public of New York in the event may be gauged when it is known that a number of the theatres have already been sold out and it has been necessary to assign more than one trade to a play house. The New York Committee includes such important figures in the city's life as Stanley Howe, Franklin Simon, John Sloane Coffin, Jacques Cohen, Joseph F. Cullman, Jr., Bradley Delehanty, Samuel W. Fairchild, Grosvenor Farwell, I. E. Goldwasser, Arthur H. Ham, John McCall, Leo McCall, Irwin Mills, B. S. Moss, M. L. Morgenthau, J. D. Murphy, Charles Presbrey, Louis J. Robertson, A. P. Timothey and George T. Wilson. Mr. Louis Meyer, publisher of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, is trade chairman of the Committee on Publishing and Advertising. The THEATRE MAGAZINE will be glad to receive subscriptions for this worthy object. All checks should be made payable to the Actors' Fund of America.

The National Committee includes men known throughout the country who are not only active in their own sections but are putting their shoulders to the national wheel. Included in these are: James S. Alexander, J. Ogden Armour, Jules S. Bache, George Gordon Battle, J. U. Calkins, William Sloane Coffin, Joseph F. Cullman, Jr., Harry Cutler, Henry P. Davison, Cleveland H. Dodge, William H. Edwards, Guy Emerson, E. R. Fancher, Allen B. Forbes, Walter E. Frew, Charles E. Hughes, Charles E. Lydecker, William G. McAdoo, William Fellowes Morgan, Morgan J. O'Brien, George W. Perkins, Frank L. Rain, Louis J. Robertson, Julius Rosenwald, Charles H. Sabin, Mortimer L. Schiff, Governor Benjamin Strong, William H. Taft, Martin Vogel, James N. Wallace, Felix M. Warburg, Irwin Westheimer, Albert H. Wiggin, George T. Wilson, Theodore Wold and R. L. Van Zandt.

A GREAT many persons have been under the impression that the activities of the Actors' Fund have been confined to the operation of the Actors' Home.

"The public hears only of the prominent stars and big artists who draw large salaries," said Mr. Frohman; "they hear nothing of the rank and file, numbering ten or twelve thousand of the humbler artists. A great deal of the destitution is the result of the precarious character of the profession, as steady engagements for an entire season are not always to be counted upon. A merchant can give his employees fifty-two weeks' work in a year, but the majority of managers of smaller companies, as well as many bigger organizations, are not able always to contract for an entire season's service. This is owing to the peculiar and uncertain character of the theatrical business. In many cases, when sickness and distress come, the actor has not often been able, on account of the fitful character of his profession, to save money to take care of his family. The action of the Fund is quick. If the actor or actress is disabled from service in New York or San Francisco, in Chicago or New Orleans, and in financial distress, instant help is given within a few hours, because all the theatre managers in all parts of the United States are in instant telegraphic communication with the headquarters in New York."



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LEON ROTHIER

The well known basso of the Metropolitan Opera in the role of Mephistopheles



Interesting new setting by Uritt and Wickes for Olivia's Garden in Sothern and Marlowe's production of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night"

To Julia Marlowe

(Upon her return to the stage)

WHEN knighthood was in flower,
And men wore armored suits;
When ladyes fair with nut brown hair
Danced to the sound of lutes—
We saw your form among the trees,
We heard your laugh upon the breeze—
A joyous, elfin laugh I trow
Marlowe!

When men risked life for love,
To gain a fair maid's smile;
When youths were rash and swords would clash
And valour strove with guile—
We saw you standing near a pool,
We heard you tease a love-sick fool—
We watched you with our hearts aglow
Marlowe!

EDWIN CARTY RANCK

(*Right*)

FLORENCE SHIRLEY

The fascinating little widow of "Apple Blossoms" at the Globe who captivates not only the men in the cast but the audience as well



(*Below*)

BELLE STORY

The prima donna of "Happy Days" at the Hippodrome whose singing is one of the delights of the big spectacle

(*Below*)

LUCILLE CHALFANT

Whose "big" voice is a great asset at the new Capitol Theatre which is giving moving pictures, music and a Ned Wayburn revue



Photos Abbe



CLEVER PLAYERS IN MUSICAL NOVELTIES



From a Photograph by Goldberg

MAURICE

As the Chinaman in the new Opium Dance he is doing at the Biltmore



From a Photograph by Goldberg

ALICE BRADY

Continuing to delight audiences by her interesting performance in "Forever After"



"You're just the girl for the part"

THE DUST OF THE ROAD

By ADA PATTERSON

Author of "By the Stage Door," etc.

ILLUSTRATION POSED BY MR. LOWELL SHERMAN AND MISS ALMA TELL

TOUCH up the left cheek a little more. Just a weeny bit higher. That's right. Now you're ready to go forth to conquer."

"O Mammy Lou! Do you think I've any chance on Broadway?"

Two women faced each other. One whose hair was the color of ashes, who stooped despite her efforts, who had walked somewhat stiffly and had dragged her feet a little when she climbed the three flights of stairs, looked appraisingly at the other.

The young woman opposite her bore the scrutiny with a smile, half shy, half anxious. Tall and straight, with a pine-like vigor overlaid with gracious curves that would have reminded Florenz Ziegfeld Jr., of what he rates as the universally attractive type, Raphael Kirchner's "Temptation," was Sydney Rowan. Her features were strong yet regular, her chin powerful yet piquant. Her hair, the color of a chestnut when the October sun shone highest on it, compassed her face in a glistening frame. Her color seemed to come and go, a tide that rose and fell, with every heartbeat. Yet vibrant and vital as she seemed, her face had that reflective quality as of a mirror which every true Thespian visage possesses. It flung back thought and emotion as a looking glass the sunlight and the form and features of the gazer. But her eyes made one forget all else. The comedian in "The Last Call" company had said her parents had ordered for her "extra size eyes." Robert Bentwell, who had joined the company in the spring, had called her "The Girl with the Eyes." They were unforgettable eyes, wide and deep and brown. Exuberant health, an active mind, and a warm heart lighted them to the degree of brilliancy of a highly polished jewel.

YES, girl," the old actress answered slowly, with a wee sigh that was stifled bravely at its birth. "You have the talent—"

"Of course they haven't seen me act. I've only been in town twice, at the combination houses. And New York managers don't take time to read the out of town notices."

"Still, you're a type. And the most unimaginative manager who ever counted box-office receipts knows a type when he sees it. You're young—"

"Isn't twenty-six a little old for Broadway?"

"No, dear. Not if you're slender. Anyway you've looks. Lots of 'em. And they count more on Broadway than anywhere else in the world. If Venus de Milo came to life she would get a job with the first musical manager she applied to."

"Thank you, Mammy Lou. But you've some misgivings. You're keeping something back. What is it?"

The stage veteran eyed the young actress critically.

"No, dear, no. Only—well, clothes mean so much on this highway."

The young girl looked at her in dismay. She gasped:

"But this suit cost seventy-five dollars. I have been saving for four months to get it, and another month for the bronze shoes and another for the hat with yellow breast feathers. Six months in all."

"Yes, dear. They're charming. I shouldn't expect you to wear peacock clothes. If you did they wouldn't be becoming. Bless you child, you're all right. You're all right."

"Thank you, Mammy Lou."

Sydney flung her arms about the old woman.

"If I have luck we'll get you out of the Home. You'll be playing my mammy again in a first-class company instead of a third."

They threw their arms about each other. The elder woman patted the slim, vibrating young figure, as one would soothe a race horse.

"I must go. The appointment was for eleven and it's half past ten. I must not keep His Majesty waiting. I am so glad you came to see me. Come often, Mammy. You're the only one I know in all this big East."

"Walk all the way. It will give you a fine color," adjured the woman who, because she was the character cook, members of the company in which she had played her last engagement still called "Mammy Lou."

She stood at the window of the little hall bedroom and pressed her face against the pane. It was a smiling face when Sydney looked upward. But an impalpable veil of sadness and weariness dropped upon it when the girl turned the corner. On the watching eyes which the years had dimmed and flattened, tears gathered.

"Dear God!" she murmured. "Guard and help her. Thou knowest how long the way is and—how hard!" She glanced about the little cell-like room and drew a square of embroidered silk from her edge-worn leather bag. She laid it on the high bureau from which the paint had been worn by long service. Carefully she placed it a little to the left to cover a spot which the fading paint had left bare.

SHE tore the back from an envelope and scratched a line. "Something old to wear on your first night. A little souvenir of India and her world tour from "Mammy Lou." She pinned it to the square of rich color. Then she made her way slowly downstairs. As we grow older we are more and more fearful of the stairs and Mammy Lou's rheumatism had hastened her steps to the Actors' Fund Home. The "El" train, the ferry and the surface car lay between her and the players' last shelter on a Staten Island hill. Superintendent and Mrs. Halfpenny were kind, but the guests must not be late at the luncheon table.

Swinging along with her rhythmic step, that was like a dance without music, from her Thirtieth Street theatrical lodgings to Forty-second Street, Sydney Rowan heard a faint, sweet voice.

"That you, Syd, and you were passing me without a word?"

"Jennie! You darling!" Sydney's speaking eyes glowed with heart warmth at sight of Jennie Wimrath. Jennie of the sapphire eyes set in the ivory oval of her face and the farther frame of her pale gold hair, Jennie of the pensive smile and the figure emerging from girlish lines into pouter pigeon effects.

'You look like an angel to homesick me. I thought you lived in Baltimore."

"I do, but I've brought mother over—" she stopped and choked back a lump that rose in her throat. "We live just around the corner. Come over to see her. She's such a love."

She tugged at Sydney Rowan's hand as an importunate child.

"What is the number? I'll come right around as soon as I've been to see a manager. Bye-bye. God love you!"

Forty-second Street looked as Forty-second Street always does at eleven in the morning. It was semi-deserted. Bits of paper and old envelopes lying dejectedly in the mud called for the offices of the functionary in a white duck suit that seemed to sneer at his job. Threateningly the cars clanged. Nervous women darted in front of them. Openly the motormen cursed. The Times Building rose tall and imposing.

Sydney swung into the high building on the south side. "L. B. Johnson's office," she said. The sullen elevator man struck the handle as though he were angry with it.

Sydney's boyish step took her at two paces into the square anteroom of the compact offices where players' fates were determined. The office boy, showing another of his guild how Dempsey put out Willard, down the hall, paid no attention to her. Through the open door from the waiting room she saw a trim young man in a blue suit. His face was pale and slightly effeminate. He sat scrutinizing a page in the typewriting machine. He granted Sydney a half portion smile in return for her irresistible one.

I HAD an engagement with Mr. Johnson for eleven."

"Your name?"

She gave it.

"I remember your correspondence with him. Mr. Johnson was called out to a managers' conference. He did not know how long he would be gone. He told me to ask you to come back at five."

"Certainly."

"I might say, Miss Rowan, that you're practically sure of the lead in 'Curfew Chimes.' I hear a lot of things while I'm taking dictation. There's only one other actress that has been considered. The stage manager wants her because he knows her work. He says he has directed her before. But Mr. Johnson is keen on you. He said his wife saw you play a part in the Excelsior Springs summer stock and you were a comer."

"Thank you." Phillips, the private secretary, sunned himself in Sydney's smile.

Some drops of her happiness spilled upon the pasty-faced elevator boy. He permitted a shade of amiability to cross his face. He watched her walk with her long, weightless stride the length of the hall and into the pale sunshine.

"She's one of them troopers, you bet." The elevator was resting for a moment across the aisle beside that run by his friend, Red Carter, so called because the charioteer of the upward going vehicle had thick and not well kept Titian hair. "Bet she'd get the gallery with her first line. She's friendly and, my God, what magnutism!"

JENNIE WIMRATH'S mother was thinking the same thought in different phrase as the girl bent over and held her bit of a white hand in her strong fingers.

"You're better than a doctor. You exude health and hope, my dear."

She was so little, so childlike, so pretty, that Sydney knew at once why Jennie eschewed the "Mother," forgot the "Mamma" and called her "Blossom." She turned a face, lovely with the loveliness of a fading pansy, up to her visitor. Jennie hovered behind the invalid's chair, nervously fingering the rong that supported the pillow. As Sydney turned her bright brown glance from daughter to mother she saw that the girl's sapphire eyes overran with tears.

"What a darling little home!" said Sydney.

"It's a little box of a flat. But it's always home where Jennie is. And we've been so much separated. If she can only get a New York engagement we will be so happy here. We have very good light for New York. See! The sunbeam falls upon you, my dear. It must be auspicious. You theatrical people are so superstitious. Look! There's another one from the other window. They form a cross over you. What sign is that, dear?" She reached her wee absurdity of a hand up and patted her daughter's.

Jennie shook her head. "I must be going. No, I can't stay any longer to-day, dear Mrs. Wimrath. But I will call often while I am in New York." Sydney stood looking down at her.

"I hope you will get a New York engagement too, my dear. New York is the actors' heaven and Broadway is its street of gold, they tell me. Rather irreverent, I think."

Sydney bent and kissed the brow that was smooth and child-like despite its silver curls. Jennie followed her into the hall. She closed the door carefully, saying: "It's draughty, dearest. Don't try to move while I'm out." She laid her head on Sydney's shoulder and sobbed.

"She can't live longer than six months, the doctors say. If I have to go back to the road and leave her alone she'll die sooner. If I don't get that engagement with Johnson in 'Curfew Chimes' I shall go mad."

"With L. B. Johnson?" Sydney's voice sounded thin, coming from between her nearly closed lips. "What part is it?"

"The lead. Roger Mackenzie, the stage manager, knows me. I was in a summer stock company he had at Annapolis. He is rooting for me. He has promised it to me if he can get Johnson to 'see me' in it."

Sydney's arms stiffened about Jennie's shoulders. Jennie dried her eyes and looked into the set face bending above her.

AREN'T you sorry for me, Syd?" Her voice held a child's plaintiveness. "You used to be so sympathetic. We were such good friends in 'The Web of Fate' two years ago."

"Sorry for you? Your friend? Jennie! Dear, little Jennie!"

Sydney turned abruptly and put out her hand as though feeling her way down the dim stairway. Her heels clicked. Jennie, listening, tried to coax a smile with which to face her mother. "Syd's old walk," she said. "It makes one strong just to hear it."

The heels clicked more faintly as Sydney Rowan's trim new bronze boots carried her again across the hall and into the square anteroom of the L. B. Johnson's offices at five minutes of five. It would have been impossible for Sydney to have arrived at five minutes past five. Because of the inevitable rise and fall of the curtain actors are the most punctual of folk in their relations to the stage door.

She had taken her place on the bench of waiting between a China doll person with hair of such golden tint as nature had never beheld and art only could produce, and who exuded alleged perfume that no flower that had ever bloomed on God's footstool would acknowledge, and an extraordinarily tall, thin young man with "dancer" stamped unmistakably upon him. A heavy step jarred the little room and "L. B.", a compactly-built man with round face and dark, all-inclusive eyes, catapulted through the anteroom, nodded to his effeminate-looking secretary and slammed the door of the office marked "private" after him. A buzzer sounded on the desk. The private secretary pulled at his lavender tie, tucked his stenographer's pad under his arm, and obeyed the summons. He returned, saying: "Mr. Johnson will see Miss Rowan."

Sydney swung past the door marked "Private." "L. B." measured her with his inclusive glance. The wide, brown glance, the tall, lithe figure, the graceful step that began with the flat, flexible hips, even the brown suit that had caused Mammy Lou to say to Millie Burgess in

the Home: "You can't get a gown with character for seventy-five dollars," seemed pleasing to him. He smiled, showing a mouth width of strong, but irregular teeth.

"Glad to get your application for the lead in 'Curfew Chimes,' Miss Rowan," he said. "I know something of your work. My wife spent last summer at Excelsior Springs. She said: 'You ought to have that girl, Lou.' I guess she's right."

"Thank you," murmured Sydney.

"What experience have you had?"

"Five years. I've been the lead in 'The Last Call' and 'The Web of Fate.' I was with James Nilson's repertoire company. And I have had three stock seasons at Excelsior Springs."

"Paul Gordon, the director at the Springs, is a man who knows his business. You've had good schooling. What salary would you expect in New York?"

"A living one, Mr. Johnson."

"I suppose we won't quarrel about that. This part will be a great opportunity for you. She's a girl who—"

Sydney looked past the manager, down from the twentieth story building to Forty-second Street. It looked very different at five than at eleven. The muddy streets had been dredged for the scraps of dejected paper. Busy men and women with interested faces were hurrying along the street to the diagonal one that crossed it, that bias street that was, as Mrs. Wimrath had said, "the street of gold," to the actor.

She started as she became aware that the manger was asking her a question.



I TAKE it for granted you will be able to begin rehearsals Wednesday week. Rehearsals never come too soon for an ambitious actor." He pressed the buzzer.

"You will be surrounded by some very good people. Wilton Mackay will play your father. He's the best player of grim character parts in the business. Lola Bicknell is the ingenue."

Sydney's brilliant brown eyes were veiled. She looked down at the brown gloves that encased her crossed hands, saw with apprehension that already they showed faintly white at the seams.

"Her face can be made to look very sad at times. It's a valuable mask. I'll bet her middle name's Versatility." L. B. Johnson was addressing himself. Were vision of spiritual acts visible Sydney would have seen him patting himself on the back. Were self-congratulatory speeches audible she would have heard him say: "I've a find."

The young man having pulled his lavender tie once more, and detached himself from his high chair before the typewriting machine, appeared with his pad under his arm.

"Make out a contract for Miss Rowan to play leads in the 'Curfew Chimes' company. Date it to-day. Salary $200 a week."

L. B. Johnson's secretary was leaving the room to do his master's bidding. He turned, looked back and turned three shades paler than his accustomed midnight cultivated pallor. Sydney Rowan had put forth a staying hand. The brown glove trembled as an autumn leaf quivers in a storm.

"No, Mr. Johnson." Her voice was a whisper.

Johnson's glance ceased to be inclusive. His eyes interrogated hers.

"What did you say?"

"I—have decided—not to take the part."

"Am I losing my hearing, or my reason? Girl alive! Do you know this may be the chance of your lifetime?"

Sydney nodded. She hid her wide eyes behind their blue veined lids. Tears are sometimes shed in an office but Sydney believed they were incongruous in the company of roller top desks and office chairs.

"You wrote me asking for the part."

"Yes, Mr. Johnson." To the pale stenographer and the flushed manager Sydney seemed as a traveller who was making her way along a hard road in the dark against a high wind. "But—something—has happened since then. I have changed—my mind."

"Hm! Changed your mind. When you came into this room I thought: 'There's a woman as strong and decisive as a man.' But you're only a woman after all. And a woman who doesn't know how to steer her course straight."



SYDNEY rose: "I'm sorry, Mr. Johnson," she faltered.

Johnson grunted and pressed the buzzer. "Show Mackay in and get his contract ready. He knows his own mind.'"

Sydney stopped when she reached the door. Her hand fumbled at the knob.

She looked at the manager. He stared at her. Words lost themselves formlessly in her throat. Johnson nodded curtly and she passed out. A broad-shouldered man jostled her in passing, forgot to make apologies.

"Wilton Mackay," she muttered to herself between stiffened lips, repeating "He knows his own mind."

Curiously the secretary looked at her. Sympathy succeeded curiosity. His nature was near enough to womanliness to hold a dim comprehension of its varagies.

'Maybe you're sick, Miss Rowan," he suggested. "Better go home and take a bromide. I'll tell the boss you had a turn and will be back late to-morrow."

The bell on his desk rang sharply and he and his writing pad vanished.

The next morning Sydney, white-faced and dull-eyed, from all night staring into the unanswering darkness, turned to the dramatic notes of the *Times* while she drank her coffee. The first of the paragraphs, in fine print but significant, was "Miss Jennie Wimrath was engaged yesterday for the leading rôle in L. B. Johnson's forthcoming production 'Curfew Chimes'."

At luncheon at the Lambs "L. B." nodded with condescension of the metropolitan potentate to Jim Eastwood, the manager of road companies.

"Saw your late leading woman yesterday," he said guardedly. "She told me she was going back with you for another season."

"Sydney Rowan? She told me last week that she was going to get a Broadway engagement if it took her all summer."

Johnson sniffed. "When a woman's mind turns a somersault it's generally some man interest that causes it. Stuck on any man in the 'Web' company?"



NO—" Jim Eastwood paused for consideration. "She and Robert Bentwell seemed a little friendly. But he was only in the company the last four weeks. I never saw him carry her bag. It never got beyond the just noticing stage."

"Robert Bentwell?" Johnson looked up. "That's the fellow that was in to see me this morning. Like his work?"

"He's one of the best leading men in the business."

The next morning Sydney, whiter of face and duller of eye from another night of staring into the darkness, read: "Robert Bentwell has been added to the 'Curfew Chimes' company, completing the cast for that promising production."

For two months Sydney Rowan trod the worn paths to the manager's offices and to the humming hive of the agencies. She grew wan and listless. Her jewel-like eyes became dull as dusty diamonds. Her brown suit was losing its freshness, her shining hair its luster.

"No," said John Graham to Bijou Fernandez. "The girl won't do for the part. She hasn't enough pep. She's too old."

Two months after her arrival in New York she met Jim Eastwood. Heretofore he had passed her with a cheery nod or "Anything doing yet, Miss Rowan?" To-day he stopped squarely in front of her.

"Looking seedy. Aren't you well?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"Still holding the lead in 'The Web of Fate' open for you. But we'll have to begin rehearsals on the eighth and start on the road the week after."

"I'll go. Thank you, Mr. Eastwood."

She went next day to see Mrs. Wimrath. The sick woman's faded pansy loveliness had been freshened by the news in Jennie's letter.

"The tryout is very encouraging," she said. "The notices are splendid. They expect to run for a year in New York. They will open at the Stuyvesant week after next. Do you think I might manage to go on the first night with you?"

"I am so sorry, dear, but I can't."

"Why, Sydney?"

"Because I am going on tour again with 'The Web of Fate.' We start on Sunday."

"O my dear! I am so sorry!"

"Sorry for what?"



THAT you are leaving for one thing. You've run in so often and kept me company and cheered me while Jennie was rehearsing. And—"

"Go on, dear Mrs. Wimrath."

"I did so want you to get an engagement in New York."

"So did I."

"Did you really? Jennie thought perhaps you didn't care, that you might not be ambitious. She says one can make more money on the road."

Sydney bent her dark head over Mrs. Wimrath's tiny hands that were so like withered flowers. A sound sought its way out of the prison of her throat but lost it.

Mrs. Wimrath bent her head.

"Are you laughing, Sydney?"

The dark head resting on her little hands moved slowly from one side to the other.

"No, Blossom," Sydney choked. "No. I was wishing I had a mother."

They remained thus, silent, until the twilight enfolded the small silver crowned figure, and the dark head and slender form at its feet.

Then Sydney rose and smoothed back her hair and put on her hat and gloves. She enwrapped both figure and chair in her arms.

'Goodbye, Blossom," she said thickly. "I hope you and Jennie will have a happy winter together."

The intense cold of a long winter was giving way in Minnesota to the softer moods of April when Sydney read in *The Weekly Reflector*: "Mrs. Sue Wimrath, mother of Miss Jennie Wimrath, the popular leading woman of the 'Curfew Chimes' Company died on Sunday night. Her death occurred at the apartment she shared with her devoted daughter at Central Park West, after a lingering and incurable illness. Everything had been done that was humanly possible to prolong her life."

"Everything was done that was humanly possible," repeated Sydney looking out at the last melting snow patches on the flat lands

"What did you say?" *(Continued in back)*



Apeda

ETHEL BARRYMORE AND CLAUDE KING

In Zoe Akins' new play "Declassee" at the Empire



Photos Alfred Cheney Johnston

(*Left*)

MARJORIE HAST

This charming young daughter of Walter Hast, the theatrical producer, has been appearing in Cosmo Hamilton's comedy "Scandal"



(*Right*)

RENEE ADOREE

Who was seen earlier in the season in the musical piece "Oh, what a Girl" and is now playing a role in "The Dancer," a new comedy-drama



MORNING

From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

IF I WERE GATTI

Day dream of an ardent opera fan, unsophisticated in the ways of capricious prima donnas and unskilled in the art of making grand opera pay

By DENISON FISH

IF I were Gatti, that is, the ideal Gatti of the imagination—Czar Absolute of the greatest opera house in the world—unhampered by financial considerations or temperamental singers, what sport I would have at the Metropolitan! I would do a thing for the cause of opera in the vernacular which has never been tried there before. I would make the Metropolitan famous as a cradle of French opera. I would have a very definite policy toward German opera, which would give offense neither to art nor patriotism. Finally, but not least, I would inaugurate a wider spread and further reaching scheme to encourage the creation of new masterpieces, including American ones.

The war has probably brought to our attention more clearly than ever before that, in Italy, opera is sung in Italian; in France, in French. In Germany, the vernacular only is used as far as possible in spite of the fact that with one hundred and ten opera houses, the Germans more than any other opera consumers were forced to depend upon artists of other nations to fill casts. England is now beginning to take her opera this way. Americans will never be true opera lovers until their opera becomes a thing of every day, in the tongue of every day. Of course, there will always be a few more highly educated individuals who can enjoy an opera more in the original and appreciate the superiority of the original libretto to any translation, but the proportion of these cognoscenti among opera-goers here is very small, and their happiness will have to be sacrificed eventually for the benefit of the majority.

WITH these considerations in view, I would carefully prepare a translation and production of just one of the most popular standard operas with the starriest of star casts—"Aida," "Carmen," or "Butterfly." Operas with less hold on the public or old-fashioned operas, such as "Oberon," will not do for this experiment. The production would take place early in the season and would exclude a production of the same work in the original, *i. e.*, if "Carmen" were chosen (and "Carmen" would be one of the very best for such a plan) there would be no French production in the same season. I believe that the greatest artists in the company would co-operate with such a scheme if it were seriously launched. There are, no doubt, many members of the Metropolitan Company who would find it almost beyond their powers to sing a rôle in English, but at least one good cast for one opera could be arranged, and each year a new opera in English would be added to the repertoire.

The three Russian operas which have already been given with such success would, of course, be retained in the repertoire. To these I would add two other Russian operas, one modern, one classic. For the former Stravinsky's "The Nightingale," if possible, or Rimsky-Korsakoff's "The Snow Maiden"; for the latter, Glinka's "Russian and Liudmilla" or Dargomijsky's "Roussalka."

The enlargement and improvement of the French repertoire would be my main consideration, and as a repertoire depends on singers, my first act would be to get at least three real French stars—a soprano, a tenor and a baritone. If it were possible to borrow Garden and Muratore from the Chicago Company I would do so. Failing in this, I would send to Paris for one or two singers from the Grand Opera or the Comique. By some hook or crook I would add to the present repertoire "Pelléas," "Werther" (practically unknown in this country, in spite of its few performances in New York and Boston and second to none of Massenet's works), and "Romeo and Juliette."

IN spite of its comparatively cool reception, which must be blamed partly on the critics, partly on the musical idiom, "Marouf" would be retained in the repertoire as a great masterpiece which will eventually achieve popularity. The thoroughly delightful "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue," by Paul Dukas, produced several years ago at the end of the season—a splendid vehicle for Farrar and a rôle in which Mary Garden would be most interesting—would be revived. For the children to take the place of the truly missed "Hansel and Gretel" there would be a freely cut and shortened production of Aubert's "Foret Bleu." "Le Jongleur de Notre-Dame" would be given, also "Les Contes d'Hoffman," and for a less modern French work Lalo's "Le Roi d'Ys"—comparatively unknown to Americans.

In German Opera little indeed could be done, but an earnest effort would be made to give at least one Wagner opera in English, possibly "Tristan," with Fremstadt, Maclennan and Whitehill; "Parsifal" with the same cast, or "Tannhauser" with the same cast and Farrar. Matzenauer and Homer would also both be more capable of singing Wagner in English.

My first act in the Italian repertoire would be an "Otello," with Caruso, Scotti and Alda. I did not get the idea from Mr. Campanini, however, and have been hoping for such a performance for years.

WHEN M. Caruso came to the Metropolitan, "Otello" would have been beyond his powers, but now he is a different Caruso, and his "Otello" would surely have much of interest. Without wishing to speak slightingly of Lucian Muratore, whose Romeo and Des Grieux I consider without parallel on the operatic stage today Caruso would have the advantage of singing in his own language in "Otello" and with Scotti, whose Iago ranks with his Scarpia, the Metropolitan would be able to score one on the Chicago Company here. Because I truly love "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria" I would load the scenery, costumes and scores of these operas on a scow and set them on fire in the North River, decreeing at least a five years' term of banishment. Even if I were Gatti there would be no season without the customary Puccini and Verdi performances, to which I would add a revival of the "Girl of the Golden West" with Farrar—just for fun; "Lucia di Lammermoor" with Martinelli, "Forza del Destino," "Falstaff" and Mascagni's "Iris." Zandonai's "Francesca da Rimini"—a most wonderfully beautiful and not yet thoroughly appreciated work would surely be retained, and for novelties there would be Puccini's "La Rondine" and Montemezzi's "La Nave," just announced from Italy, to keep company with the beautiful "L'Amore dei Tre Re."

I would "pull a great coup" on the newspaper world by creating a new office in the Opera House—that of Official Critic of the Opera, and by establishing an operatic weekly magazine, where said Critic could hold forth, and always have the last word. The incumbent of this position would not be chosen for his ability to play on words or to have fun at the expense of others. His name would not be made public, nor would the artists know him. He would be chosen because of his great affection for opera and opera singers, rather than great knowledge or technical understanding of anything except possibly voice and artistic temperament. His job would be to read all the criticisms of the Metropolitan performances, and not merely paste them in a book for the artists to write "liar" on, but to write a better one, himself, to be published at the end of the week in the Metropolitan weekly, of which for economy's sake he might be editor-in-chief (provided his identity could be kept secret),

BY a better criticism, I mean not only a more serious and more accurate one, but a positive, constructive, helpful criticism, never finding fault with an artist without offering a positive, definite suggestion for curing the fault.

But my joy and pride as impresario absolute would be the order department which I would establish. Of course I would institute regular yearly prize opera competitions, and besides these I would commission certain composers to write works, often on definite libretti or in conjunction with definite librettists on definite subjects. Stravinsky would be immediately commissioned to write a work on the subject of his own choosing for 1919-1920. I would commission Montemezzi and D'Annunzio to collaborate on a subject of their own choice. "The Merchant of Venice" would be commended to Zandonai for operatic treatment, for he has hinted in "Francesca" what he could do with it. M. Enrico Bossi, who composed the oratorio "Joan of Arc," sung by the Oratorio Society, would be commissioned to write an opera.

In France a strong effort would be made to scare up an opera on the subject of Joan of Arc. Maeterlinck would be commissioned to make libretti, and Dukas, Rabaud, perhaps St. Saens, Pierne, Roger-Ducasse, to work on scores. I would commission Rabaud to make an opera of Rostand's "Chantecler," Pierne to write music for Maeterlinck's "L'Oiseau Bleu" and Paul Dukas to set Rostand's "La Samaritaine."

In England I would commission Elgar to write an opera, perhaps two or three, until he



(Right)
Edward Arnold, Helen MacKellar and Robert Rendel in "The Storm" a thrilling melodrama at the 48th Street Theatre



Photos White

Robert Hudson, Minna Gombel, Laura Hope Crews and Cyril Scott in "On the Hiring Line" a comedy by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford at the Criterion

got thoroughly in the spirit of it. I would start him off with "Macbeth" or the morality play "Everyman."

Everything possible would be done to stimulate the American opera composers now extant, and to discover new ones. First of all, they would be encouraged (especially those hitherto unheard) to compose to French and Italian libretti under foreign pseudonyms, and everything would be done to help them secure premières for their works at La Scala and the Comique in Paris. Horatio Parker would be commissioned to write an operatic version of Josephine Preston Peabody's "Wolf of Gubbio." Parker or someone else would be found to make an opera of the same author's "The Piper." Miss Peabody would be requested to write other lyric dramas with a musical setting particularly in view. A "Prunella" by Victor Herbert would be called for, and an order for an operatic version of Percy MacKaye's "A Thousand Years Ago" and "Joan of Arc" would be placed. For an operatic version of the "Rose of the Rancho" it might be best to go to Puccini, as the play seems to suggest his treatment, but an opera on this play would surely be ordered and possibly one on the "Virginian."

Time fails me to tell of all I would do with the minor details, how I would revive the Spanish "Goyescas" by Granados, how I would provide every novelty and revival with a duplicate cast in the leading rôles and use them, how I would carry out Mr. Damrosch's suggestion, of years ago, of occasional semi-religious concert performances of heavy operas with elaborate orchestration in the nearest approach to darkness which the theatre laws will permit; of all the many experiments I would make in casting and recasting certain operas and through my order department of having certain composers write scores for certain artists, sometimes on subjects of the artist's own choosing; of how each new opera as "Marouf" and "Coq d'Or" were last year, would be preceded by a de luxe book containing the story, text, life of the composer, principal themes, etc., and by the making of at least three or four phonograph records of the most telling pages of each novelty; of what I would to do enliven the ballet by putting in more of the modern Russian ballets, etc., etc., for there would be no end to the schemes and plans which I would adopt to keep New York the foremost city in the opera world *si, hélas! j'etais Gatti.*



In the above article Mr. Denison Fish deals with the shortcomings of grand opera in this city. Next month the same author will have something piquant to say about the shortcomings of New York's music critics

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN" A LONDON SENSATION

HAMMERSMITH is a district of London not ordinarily patronized by the American visitor, though Hogarth's house is there and it is but a little way from Chiswick Mall where Becky Sharp went to school; but this past summer it has been a regular Mecca for Americans in London, and the casual passer-by on Hammersmith Broadway, from casual snatches of conversation overheard as he went, might have imagined himself on its great namesake in New York. The goal of this pilgrimage has been the little Lyric theatre: the object Nigel Playfair's production, with the Birmingham Repertory Company, of John Drinkwater's drama "Abraham Lincoln."

The Lyric of old used to be the home of melodramas of the "Bad Girl of the Family" school, but recently a company headed by Mr. Arnold Bennett has taken it with a view to producing plays of merit unsuited to the commercialized theatres of the West End. In this case, however, Art has paid its way, as perhaps it often would if managers would have more faith. A repertory season had been intended, but "Abraham Lincoln" has drawn such houses that it has now run for over 250 performances. London lovers of good drama have been assisted by Americans to keep it going, till now it has become the talk of town, and even Society (with a capital letter) deigns to make a nightly trek to this outpost of darkest suburbia to see the new sensation.

Mr. Drinkwater has for some time been known for his delicate poems of English country life, but this is his first bid for fame as a dramatist. "Abraham Lincoln" is a prose work, though between each scene there is a short poetic interlude spoken by "the Chronicler." The language is full of beauty such as might be expected from the author, without becoming over-poetic and unnatural; and though the chief merit of the play lies in this and the convincing portrayal of the characters of the principals, the dramatic construction is good and the interest always sustained. From a life so rich in material for great literature it must be difficult to select the few episodes which fit the compass of a stage play, but Mr. Drinkwater has chosen and rejected with nice discrimination. There are six scenes: the first at Springfield, when the Republican deputation comes to offer Lincoln the nomination for the presidency; the second in Seward's room on the tragic day when the fatal news came from Fort Sumter; the third at the White House in the second year of the war, where in conversation with two lady callers the President declares his views on war—a consummate piece of characterization; the fourth is in the Cabinet room just before the publication of the Abolition decree; the fifth at Grant's headquarters during the closing hours at Appomattox; and the final scene in the lounge of the theatre on the night of the assassination.



© *Underwood and Underwood*

John Drinkwater, the English poet-dramatist, who has come to America to superintend the forthcoming production here of his play "Abraham Lincoln." Mrs. Drinkwater, seen above, accompanies him

Mr. Drinkwater takes some liberties with history, but one feels that his presentation of Lincoln's character, and also of Seward's and Grant's and Mrs. Lincoln's, among the smaller parts, is essentially true. The study is developed in colors of the strongest admiration: but while full emphasis is laid upon its inherent dignity and virtue, the figure has been kept human and distinct from the hero type of the tract and moral story. The President, of course, holds the center of the stage almost uninterruptedly; but fortunately this production is free from the blight of the actor-manager or star player who overshadows not only all the other parts but even the play itself. Mr. W. J. Rea plays Lincoln; it is hard to characterize the President's awkward simplicity without caricaturing it, but apart from an occasional slight suggestion of posing, the reading of the part brings out the actual man in a satisfying and convincing manner. One feels the vital humanity of the President, his rugged gentleness, and his almost unique combination of the instincts of statesmanship with uncompromising principles.

The play is obviously intended not merely as an essay in historical drama, but with a moral for the present time; and as such it has been a rather daring thing during the past months to preach admiration for the enemy and reconciliation with the conquered as it has come from Lincoln's mouth. But Mr. Drinkwater is no pacifist or subscriber to the "Pity the poor Germans" school of thought. If he emphasizes the quality of mercy he does it because the enemy in this case were honorable opponents, and the contrast with our own war is purposely pointed. The noble portrayal of the meeting of Grant and Lee at Appomattox, as well as the President's reiterated references to the character of the Confederates' leaders, demonstrates the author's intention. The Civil War was a war of gentlemen with gentlemen; the European war was a war of gentlemen with brutes; and the mercy which was enlightenment in the settlement of the one would have been folly and the betrayal of a great trust in the case of the other.

Altogether it is a notable production, not only as a worthy tribute to a great American character, but as a moving drama in its own merits. It does great honor to all concerned in the writing and staging of it, and it is to be hoped that New York may see this play produced in as satisfactory a manner as that in which Mr. Playfair has given it to London.

H. W. Yoxall.



: Goldberg

NINA TARASOVA

The Russian Yvette Guilbert who has been delighting audiences with her native folk songs



EDMUND MAKALIF

A ballet dancer who is lending his talents to the "Greenwich Village Follies"



DESIREE LUBOVSKA

This popular dancer is offering a new series of dances with her customary skill at the Palais Royal



ADA FORMAN

Whose Javanese dance is one of the features of the "Greenwich Village Follies" at the Nora Bayes Theatre

DANCERS OF ALL TYPES AND ALL COUNTRIES



Photos Abbe

(Left)
Peggy Wood and Donald Brian prove wholly delightful in the new musical success "Buddies"



(Right)
John Charles Thomas and Wilda Bennett in the leading roles of the new Fritz Kreisler operetta "Apple Blossoms" at the Globe



Photo Dockham

Scene in Frank McEntee's recent production of "As You Like It" at the Open Air Theatre of the Building of Arts at Bar Harbour, Maine. P. J. Kelly as William, Mr. McEntee as Touchstone, and Helena Morrill as Audrey.



LEO MIELZINER, JR.

Who for several years was director, author, and leading man for the Impromptu Players is now playing Jim Everett in "At 9.45"



Photo Benjamin Grey

MARIE BLAIR

As Wild Cherry in the Theatre Guild's production of John Masefield's play of Japan, "The Faithful"

WHEN THEATRE AUDIENCES STRUCK

English playgoers organized to fight excessive prices of London managers

By ROBERT A. SIMON

IN the recent theatrical unpleasantness almost every factor in the business organized and declared itself. Every factor save the greatest—the audience. Possibly the theatregoers, too, might have formed a union if the strike had been prolonged for a few more months. We might have had a Playgoers' Protective Association, with leaders and committees to confer with their opponents. Those who were compelled to sit through some of the strike-season offerings might even have considered themselves entitled to an affiliation with organized labor. At any rate, if the audiences had banded together in common cause they would have had behind them at least one precedent. For exactly one hundred and ten years ago the London playgoers organized to combat the management of Govent Garden, then the leading theatre of the city.

The family Kemble, which combined acting with management, controlled Covent Garden, a huge structure which had just been erected at a cost of 150,000 pounds sterling—a staggering sum for that day. In order to put the new house on a paying basis the management announced a rise in the prices of admission. Boxes were to cost seven shillings a seat in place of the customary six; places in the pit were to be four shillings, as against the former "three and six"; and the third tier of the house was to be converted into private boxes drawing an annual rental of 300 pounds.

IN our day of $3.50 plus war-tax plus agency premium Follies, these rates may not seem to be exorbitant. But the Londoners of 1809 had very definite views on stage economics, and when the house opened on September 18 with Charles Kemble in "Macbeth" the crowd made these views known in no pacific manner. From the rise of the curtain the audience amused itself with community singing, which rendered inaudible the traffic on the stage. And when the stock of songs ran low there was organized shouting, in which the nobility in the boxes joined most democratically.

Rather than boycott Covent Garden the theatregoers decided to show the Kembles where they stood, and for about seventy nights the "O. P." (Old Price) riots continued. Before the end of the first week gentlefolk came to the theatre with placards, which were hung outside their boxes. Every new sign was greeted uproariously by the assembly. Particularly popular was the legend that "Britons who have humbled a prince would not be conquered by a manager." The Actors' Equity Association used several direct descendants of this slogan with no small effect in the recent uprising.

THE mangement decided to reconcile its public by putting on an all-star attraction in the shape of Catalini, the celebrated Italian tragedienne. The foreign actress' appearance was a signal for whistling and cat-calls—"evidently suggested by her name," remarks a contemporary—and at the end of six days her engagement was terminated. At this point the managers attempted to bring about an arbitration, but the public declined to accept the judge's verdict, which was merely a statement to the effect that the managers would receive fewer profits if the rates were reduced.

Hostilities were resumed on October 4, when the Kembles offered a revival of "The Beggar's Opera"—the "Oh, Boy!" of its time. Forewarned by previous bellicose manifestations from the audience, the management thoughtfully filled the great auditorium with a little group of serious pugilists, headed by Mendoza, heavyweight champion and also inventor of the boxing-glove.

MENDOZA'S disciples, wearied by the b havior of the audience, or possibly by t performance, decided on a little work-out wi impromptu sparring partners from the audienc and were defeated by the superior numbers their less scientific opponents. On the nigh following, the audiences held fitting festiviti in the theatre to celebrate their victories.

Although the performances served chiefly an excitant to vocal outbursts, the theatregoe took advantage of every turn in the action the plays to indicate their attitude. Whe Charles Kemble, as "Richard" in "Richard III stumbled and developed a nose-bleed, there w heartfelt applause. And when the same acto was supposed to die in tragedy, the crow cheered gaily for the rest of the evening.

On the fiftieth day of the riots the audienc held a manner of anniversary in the theatr Ladies and gentlemen attended wearing gaud badges which blazed "O. P." The gallan whose hats had been demolished in set-tos wit Kemble adherents, appeared with handkerchie and towels by way of headgear, and each im provised cranial wound stripe received a

After sixty-seven nights of warfare, the man agement finally was persuaded to change it tactics. Charles Kemble appeared before th audience to inform them that the pit price would be cut to the erstwhile scale, althoug half-prices—the popular matinee rates—woul remain at the advanced figures. Some of th new boxes were removed to make room for tier of cheaper seats, and the playgoers signi fied their approval the next evening with a pla card reading, "We Are Satisfied." And o course both sides claimed a complete victory.

POSSIBLY there's a moral in all of this fo those who are told by the box-office tha the only available seats are in the eighteent row eight weeks in advance.

The Producer's Prayer

O MAMMON! Joyfully do we lift our voices in thy praise!

HELP us that our thoughts stray not from the box office, the shrine we have erected in thy name. Help us lest we be tempted to produce something in which thou art not the only consideration. Thou knowest, O Mammon! that be those who would desert thee and look to other things than thy worship, let thy hand fall heavily upon these, O Mammon!

SO guide us, that not one of us, nay even the least of us, be tempted to forget thee and worship at the altar of the false goddess Art, whom the scribes say should come before thee.

KEEP us faithful to thy symbol, the almighty dollar, and give us more and more of the shiny gold that these artists pretend to scorn. Let none of this blessing fall into the hands of these infidels that they may set up altars against thee, for woe and darkness would be upon us, thy faithful servants.

IT is by thy bounty, O Mammon! that these fanatics drive us not from the temples sacred unto thee. Their voices are ever lifted against us. They say of us, thy servants! that we are fat of the belly, also of the head. And, O Mammon! when we bid these artists take their wares and begone from our presence, they depart saying "Pearls before swine."

TRULY, O Mammon! the way of the producer is like unto a stony path, and his detractors are as the sands of the sea!

GIVE us courage, O Mammon! that we may scorn these actors as they scorn us, deliver us from authors and let thy wrath fall upon all critics, that they may be blasted from our sight forever!

JACKSON SMITH



John Cumberland Doris Kenyon Charles Ruggles Zelda Sears

"THE GIRL IN THE LIMOUSINE" HAS THE USUAL LINGERIE, BEDS AND COMPLICATIONS



Barney Bernard

SCENE IN "HIS HONOR, ABE POTASH" A COMEDY HIT AT THE BIJOU

ABE POTASH AND BEDROOM FARCES STILL WITH US



From a Portrait by Abbe

ESTELLE WINWOOD

This charming young English player is the wife with "Too Many Husbands" in the play by Somerset Maugham which is running along merrily at the Booth.



From a Portrait by Abbe

HELEN HAYES

As Cora in "Clarence" this phenomenally successful young actress has duplicated her triumph in "Dear Brutus" and proved her extraordinary ability in portraying young women in their teens.

Apeda

(Right)

Virginia Rea as Beatrice in "Boccaccio"



The society of American Singers filled the Park Theatre last season with their excellent performances of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. This year they are to give us not only the old favorites of the peerless Englishmen, but revivals of operatic classics.



White

(Right)

Cora Tracy as Boccaccio



Apeda

(Left)

Marcella Craft as Marguerite in "Faust."

The Programme of Fashion

By PAULINE MORGAN



Hall's Studio

Two novel features of this gown are the cascading panels in Turkish effect. As a charming compromise between the panier and the tunic, this Hickson model is the last word in smart style. Marine blue satin with facing of black Callot satin combine in making an altogether adorable afternoon gown. The black satin Hindu turban with sweeping paradise adds just a soupçon of witchery to an entirely beguiling toilette.

A gown to be worn without a wrap appeals more to the American woman than to her Paris sister, therefore Hickson designs a gown to be worn for such occasions. Fashioned of fawn duvetyn, with wide bands of brown and gold embroidery, this costume boasts elegance and individuality. The deep cape-collar provides warmth and style at the same moment, and invites the persuasive veil to lend charm to the picture.





DOROTHY MORTIMER, she of the real golden locks and leading woman in the great farce-comedy "Nighty Night", boasts several Hickson suits this season, one of which she wears in the play. The above photograph shows her in a chic and wintry outfit from Hickson's—a cunning tailored model especially adapted to the petite type. It is of wood brown velour, trimmed in fitch—not with an ordinary collar however, but with a saucy bow of the fur which gives great dash as well as comfort to the youthful model. A full overskirt swings over a tight and narrow foundation skirt, while the coat fastens tightly down the front and ripples around the hip in new godet effect. This silhouette is quite *recherche* for the figure that is slim.



Blouses



Dorothy Mortimer displays this truism in wearing the new Town Blouse.

The over-blouse becomes a fascinating part of the costume.

Hill's Studio





Dark copper colored chiffon with a richly embroidered crush girdle forms this lovely costume effect. A tiny pleated frill and gilt cord makes a becoming finish for the neck. The very unusual finishing of the sleeve marks the Town Blouse as a bodice, not a waist.

(Upper Right)

Soft brown satin find new expression in a straight over-blouse, slightly fulled at the sides to form a becoming and slightly shaped waist line. The open work stitchery is a clever idea in decoration. This model is a slip-on, and snaps at each side of the hip.

AT last we have a one-piece garment formerly called a blouse, but now distinguished by the appropriate term "over-blouse." It is designed to be worn over the skirt for smart occasions, producing a costume effect, and has achieved a beautiful style and artistic success in its new appearance and role of "French" creation. The elimination of the sharp waist line is responsible for the changed appearance of this indispensable accessory, for now when the garment does not fall looscly over the skirt, it folds itself into lovely embroidered girdles or giddy little sashes tying at the front or back.



THE over-blouse is really a wonder blouse one can manage many novel arrangements in the wearing. Some are elaborately embroidered in crystal, twinkling with beaded or silk fringe at the bottom of blouse and sleeve. When fringe or fluting adorns the short sleeve, the becomingness of the short sleeve is positively assured.



A particularly lovely bodice-blouse of dark blue chiffon. delicately embroidered in scroll design of dark blue silk and old tinsel thread. The front portion of the blouse also forms the girdle which either ties or snaps in a cross-wise girdle at the back.

Pour la Promenade





Bachrach



Miss Bordoni wears a plum colored tricolette with long silk fringe direct from Paris. She just couldn't wear it as short as the Paris fashion demands, so it has been modified to satisfy the discreet taste of New York! But you see that fringe is still very recherche, and the French woman insists on showing the lines of her figure.



Irene Bordoni returns from Paris with stunning new frocks, but proves her admiration for things American, by purchasing American-made clothes from our shops.

TO wear over some of her extremely short skirted and short sleeved creations, Miss Bordoni wisely purchases a lovely new cape-wrap of wine colored Kordovan cloth with sumptuous collar and front panels of moleskin. She carries it in true Parisian fashion, which is baffling in its provoking charm. The shallow yoke and arrangement of pleats, the rich and comfortable arm opening, all seem to work together in arriving at a delightful silhouette. The wrap is from L. P. Hollander.

WHEN Miss Bordoni wears a simple trotteur for the crisp autumn mornings, the suit becomes an enviable institution. Mole gray velour and squirrel combine in simple style to provide an extremely smart outfit. A straight button front, double string belt and deep pockets offer every comfort for a long promenade. The hat and accessories are French, of course, but the trig little suit is from L. P. Hollander's.

Pour l'après-midi et le soir

PEGGY O'NEIL shows her new Faibisy gowns, before avoyaging to France.





It requires height and slimness to wear this unique frock of dark blue tricot. It is trimmed in skunk, when it isn't trimmed with bone buttons, of which there are several dozen with handmade button holes. The smarty little velvet hat, neck ruff and frill of a muff are from Mary's Hat Shop. The velvet is purple, which pleats its fabric into Pierrot style.







Heavy cut jet with jet tassels masquerades a a girdle and part of the bodice to frame th queenly elegance of gold and cream brocad opera gown. The train is slightly one sided and balanced with a pert little pannier.

IN this dainty dinner frock, we recognize the little heroine of "Peg O' My Heart" fame. Soft shimmer of sea-green taffeta needs no decoration to improve it, except for a streamer sash of changeable violet velvet. Every feature of youthful and smart style is combined in such a model—the one sided pannier, the soft line about the shoulder, and the slightly "hugged in" bodice.

PEGGY likes her dresses long! Adorable in it's quaint way, a costume of café au lait duvetyn adds trimmings of fitch to enhance the color and chic of the *tout ensemble*. The side drapery is unusual, and the addition of buttons proves Miss O'Neil's originality in dress as well as in her characterizations on the stage. The demure hat is of café au lait chiffon with butterfly bow, and is from Mary's Hat Shop.

Photos from Bachrach

Pour l'opéra

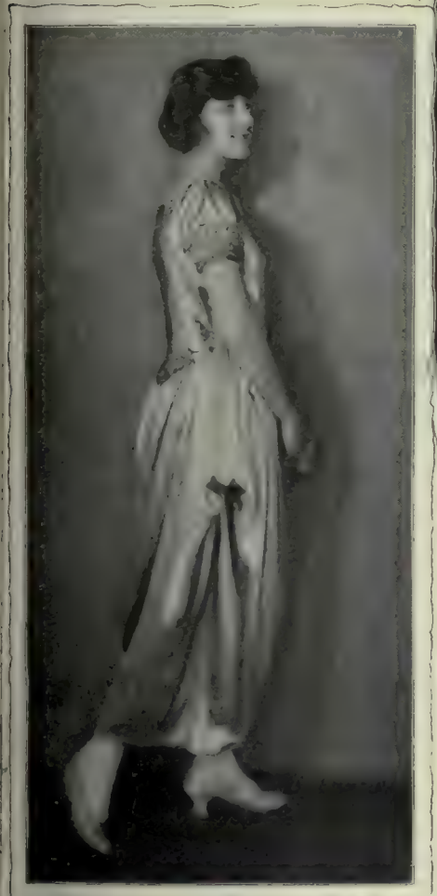
Stage celebrities and society prepare for the ever notable opera season. Martha Mansfield introduces an opera gown and wrap for the debutante.

WITH the opening of the Grand Opera season on November 17th, is added the thrill of lovely women wearing lovely clothes. On this occasion, the formal dramatic and operatic season is launched.

Almost without exception, the evening wrap is a semi-cape inasmuch as there are no sleeves, and usually no fastening. The silhouette and manner of adjustment is left entirely to the ingenuity of the wearer, who may fold and drape and swathe the figure as she will. The collar is the chief point of beauty and comfort, always huge and resourceful in possibilities. Linings are second in interest, and the French wraps show very novel and fanciful treatment.

A Marie Antoinette style of bodice and simply draped skirt depends upon fabric for notability. The sheen of orchid moon-glo satin needs no elaborate adornment, save for a delicate tracery of seed pearls and silver beads as suggested in the photograph below. The frugal little bodice has the charm of our grandmother's day, and is immensely becoming to the youthful type.

Geisler & Andrews





A lovely evening wrap of silver and opal blue brocade—a new material called "sym-fa-ni Jacquard", collared and cuffed in seal. The lining is of pale blue chiffon over silver cloth.

WHITE FUR DISKS OF OSTRICH FEATHERS, ARE USED IN NOVEL DESIGN

Marion Davies solves the question of light but warm attire for cold days in a Pierott gown from Milgrim's. Ruby peach bloom velour forms the foundation, made gay and distinctive with trimmings of squirrel. A string belt of black silk braid circles the waist in girdle fashion. A snappy little tom of Chinese blue velvet with snappy varigated cock feathers is from Ferle Heller's. The neat looking foot is booted in F. B. & C. kidskin.



Abbe

A peek at the tight bodiced suit jacket shows a single breasted fastening, with bone buttons, designed by Milgrim. The suit is of the tête de nègre velour de laine, with a plainly tailored short skirt. The sleeves are tight to the wrist, when a stunning Cavalier cuff makes it's appearance. To lend further enchantment to the costume, Ferle Heller designs a roll boy's hat of beaver with sweeping angora feather.

Mastinguette, the popular little French danseuse, will shortly visit these shores. Behold the new silhouette, full gathered skirt with a slight decoration at the hip to supplant the extended hip line. The excitement regarding the panier is subsiding, and fuller skirts, simply hung are newer and more artistic. Ivory net over gold lace makes the skirt, which boasts a sash and panier of gold ostrich feathers. The bodice is lace net over gold satin.



Bachrach



Abbe

Estelle Winwood, who is the leading woman in Somerset Maughan's new play "Too Many Husbands", is prepared for mid-winter in the newest of new fur coats. It is all of huggy Alaska seal with enormous collar and sleeves of Eastern mink. The entire upper portion of the coat is skillfully fashioned of the mink, which swings into a graceful blouse panel at the back. The collar drops into a cape to the waist line if desired.



Hill's Studio



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"MOON-GLO"

"MOON-GLO" CREPE, Tailors Like a Broadcloth
"MOON-GLO" METEOR, Soft and Luxurious
"MOON-GLO" SATIN, Rich and Lustrous
"MOON-GLO" SATIN CREPE, Combines the Drape of the Meteor with the Wonderful Lustre of the Satin

In the most discriminating shops there is a "Moon-Glo" Silk for every detail of the smart wardrobe—from the swagger tailored costume in "Moon-Glo" Crepe, to the daintiest of underthings done in "Moon-Glo" Meteor.

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Rubye de Remer, screen beauty in World Pictures, wearing Overblouse and Tam trimmed with "J. C." Gold Embroidered Ribbon.

What a host of new and adorable dress ideas are revealed by the use of ribbons! Trimmed with charming, beautifully embroidered

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The Programme of Fashion

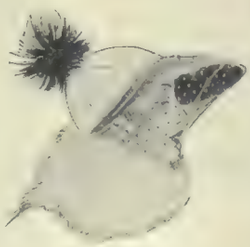


FINAL ACT—YEAR 1919. SHOP WINDOWS SHOWING LACE VEILS—AND LACES!

VEILS!—The loveliest and most feminine of accessories—what romantic possibilities the vision presents to the alert senses of woman seeking artistic effects—what charm so illusive! Veils are the vogue—they are always the essence of what is "comme il faut," under the management of skillful fingers. Just now there are a variety of styles to choose from, and several picturesque methods to employ in the arrangement of these lacy fabrics. There is the close little face veil, provokingly smart in its extreme cachet, or the more elaborate imported lace veil, that may be worn in Spanish fashion, or perhaps made with the hat, as part of its trimming and decoration.

At the moment, a most becoming veil is introduced for day-time events, and in order to distinguish itself from competition, takes the name of Hy-Lass. The name is really a challenge, and offers itself with flattering inducement to every lovely or unlovely skin. They are in delicate color effects—the background always a pastel shade, with a scattered small dot of darker color; for instance a golden brown dot on sand colored background lends an enchanting accent of color to brown hair and eyes. Altogether adorable is the effect achieved with sapphire blue dots on smoke colored background, when the dot comes close to the blue-eyed type of beauty. This tiny touch of color works wonders—we marvel that it has not been worn before! Away with the black beauty patch—save it for the masquerade and powdered hair, but arrive at the same effect with the new color dotted veil. The little face veil is more loyal too than the decorative veil—for high fur collars and snugly soft wraps do not interfere with continuous wearing of this fragile gem of adornment.

ON more pretentious occasions, the Chantilly veil enters the stage of fashion, and has learned new tricks of beguilement. In some instances, the lace veil is draped so as to form a ruffle around the crown of the hat, while the lower part falls over the face—; again in bizarre fashion, a square or oblong shaped veil will attach itself to one or perhaps both sides of the hat, and fall, not over the face, but over one shoulder only. Lace veils, lace tunics, lace jackets, and even lace wraps are the vogue. This Renaissance of lace marks a season of Spanish splendor in raiment for the opera and dance.



For blustery days, a smartly tailored actress knows the secret of glowing skin and bright eyes— it's the veil, cherie, and most likely a brown dotted one, called Hy-Lass, which they say is amazingly becoming.



"WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID?" "I'M GOING A-SHOPPING, SIR," SHE SAID

The Vanity Fair Sure-Lap Union Suit, No. 34822.





The Vanity Fair Double-Back Knicker No. 2410



WHERE else would a twentieth century damsel be going?

And shopping means—no matter how strong-minded you may think you are—Vanity Fair.

Perhaps you think you'll just look at those bewitching undersilks—probably Jane would like some and you can tell her about them. Then you overhear the sales girl explain that the "Vanity Fair knicker, Madam, is double thickness in back, from the waist to the knees, so the corset can't wear it out."

"M-m-m" you muse, "that surely is an idea—my last knickers did rub through in the back." By this time you are convinced that it's a positive extravagance to be without Vanity Fair knickers and the next thing you know you are saying, "Yes, three pairs, please, and charge them."

"Have you ever worn the Vanity Fair Sure-lap?" queries the sales girl innocently as she writes your address and those mysterious figures in her sales book. (You know perfectly well you shouldn't listen to her, but what *can* she mean by a "sure-lap?")

Assuming a cold indifference you ask, "Sure-lap what?" and the sales girl describes a union suit of Vanity Fair glove silk that stays closed because it's cut on a special Vanity Fair pattern. Well, you're quite certain there couldn't be such a union suit, and just to prove that she's exaggerating you say you'll look at them.

* * * *

"Two unions," writes the girl in her sales book!

After that you just don't care, and, "Anyway," as you explain to an indignant family (whom you had assured you were through buying underwear this season)—"when you see a vest four extra inches in the length and hemstitched shoulder straps, a step-in envelope that has no straps nor buttons, and is just as chic as a French frock, to say nothing of a Pettibocker that simply yearns to be worn under your new taupe suit,—what are you to do?"

Every Vanity Fair article of glove silk loveliness has special features of comfort and beauty, and these little details are well worth your while insisting that the little Vanity Fair label is in every Vest, Union, Step-in Envelope Chemise, Knicker and Pettibocker you buy!

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Makers of Vanity Fair Silk Underwear and Silk Gloves

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NOTHING is too good these days that delivers value and service for every dollar invested. The American Public is beginning to understand the high cost of cheap luggage—and the economy of quality luggage.

Now, when we say "quality luggage," we mean *practical* luggage—sound in material and workmanship—exquisitely finished—and bearing that "custom-made" look.

We say to you that there never was a time when a little extra in your expenditure for luggage was surer to add two-fold or even three-fold to the value of your purchase.

Belber Luggage is made for the cosmopolitan American citizen—the man or woman of position, who enjoys the good things of life and knows how to estimate and use them.

No. 576. Light weight case made of black cobra grain cowhide lined with crepe moire silk lining. Locks are gold plated. Fitted with 14 hand decorated ivory fittings, borders matching lining of case. Fourteen karat gold leaf used on the decorations. Price $125

You can buy Belber Luggage at lower prices, too, and higher. Your Belber dealer will show them to you, a range of prices—and with them Belber Wardrobe Trunks, Dress and Steamer Trunks, Traveling Bags and Suit-Cases.

And when you consider the line, bear in mind that *the higher the grade the wiser your luggage investment.*

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The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

"Lips were fashioned to smile and kiss"—Modern Song

NEXT to the complexion and hair, we rank the mouth as the most important feature. A lovely mouth will go a long way toward making a face appear beautiful. Even more than beautiful eyes, we think. If a fairy godmother gave us to choose between beautiful eyes and a beautiful mouth we should choose the latter. No, on second thought, we should not. We should choose the eyes. Having got those we could take care of the mouth ourselves, be our own fairy godmother in making a magical one.

A mouth is so much more amenable to treatment than eyes, you know. You can improve your eyes and create illusions about them, but much more so your mouth. You can, for instance, make your lips smooth and supple as satin. You can change their shade, a different shade for every day in the week, if you like, on the principle of variety-the-spice-of-life.

AND then there are the teeth.... They can be made white and shining. Taken in time their shape can be changed. Besides these possibilities you can practice in front of the mirror and have the kind of smile—or smiles—you would like to have. Oh, yes, there is everything to be done for a mouth. For after all, what *is* a beautiful mouth, when you come down to it? Nothing more than one with red lips, and white teeth, that together can produce a lovely smile, is it not?

The actress agrees entirely with our point of view. She plays up her mouth, makes it one of the strongest features in her stage, and her own personal make-up. Julia Dean, for example, is quite wonderful about that. She knows to a "T" the right shades to contrast effectively with different gowns. I can remember a vivid result she obtained one season, with a bright red mouth and a Chinese blue crepe de chine. Madame Yorska, too! "What did she wear?" someone asked an enthusiastic man about her, after a big reception. "Oh, I don't know, exactly," said he. "Black.. and a scarlet mouth."

CATHERINE CALVERT'S scarlet mouth, contrasted with her lovely pallor and dark eyes and hair is one of the most striking things about her beauty. She told me, by the way, that she used a rather moist lipstick, putting it on heavily and afterwards patting a damp towel over her lips.

It needn't always be bright-colored, that mouth. Some actresses prefer a dark, crimson one, or one that is just a touch deeper than the natural color of the lips. Hazel Dawn prefers rose petal lips for the street, taking care that there should be at the same time, somewhere in her costume, the same tone of pink to match them.

Quite apart from its immediate beautifying effect, The Vanity Box strongly advocates the use of a lipsalve, daily, incessantly, as a hygienic measure, should you use only one of the colorless kind. There is no doubt that the frequent application of the salve keeps the lips smooth and healthy and young.

We can tell where some splendid imported lipsticks can be found. One that is bright scarlet in tone. One of a little darker shade, perfumed with violet. Another still darker and richer, the latter coming in its own gay and practical little gilt case. And two others, besides. Also three unusual imported *"dentifrices,"* two of them prepared according to the formulas of well-known French dentists. And a new made-in-America tooth-paste that we can recommend. All these at your service!

(Write The Vanity Box, care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, *6 East 39th St., New York City, as everybody is doing, and find out what they are.)*



GALLERY OF PORTRAITS

Estelle Winwood in Seal and Mink Coat from A. Jaeckel & Company 384 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



(*Continued from page* 304)

Jim Eastwood looked up from the sporting pages of the *Sunrise*.

"I said that Jennie Wimrath's mother was buried from the Little Church Around the Corner."

"The church of actors' burials and marriages," commented Jim, turning to Strong Right Arm's forecast of the time when "Dempsey would bite as big of chunk of earth as Willard had done." But he turned back scrutinizing the thin profile of the pale girl in front of him. "I guess Jennie Wimrath will be going to the Little Church again on other business," he said.

"What other business?"

Again he studied the cool, pale profile. Curiosity is sometimes more cruel than cruelty itself. "I have heard that Robert Bentwood and she are always together."

Sydney pushed aside the *Reflector* as though weary of it. She looked out at the melting snow patches.

"I hope they will be very happy," she said. Her tones were even, a little cold.

After two more seasons with the imperishable melodrama, "The Web of Fate," Sydney began another campaign on Broadway. She had saved five hundred dollars and she had what was considered a sure-fire costume for the gaze of the managers. It was a white net gown with wide flounces, lace edged. She wore a flat, broad-brimmed, black lace hat faced with white. Around the crown red roses nodded.

L. B. Johnson and Lloyd Garsmith met her as they were leaving a Forty-second Street skyscraper. Johnson touched the brim of his hat.

"Fine looking woman. Who is she?"

Johnson's reply came back to her before the elevator door clanged. "Some road actress. Her name—I've forgotten it."

The rest of his speech Sydney was mercifully spared. "But I do remember that she is erratic, d——d undependable."

"Ah! Quite impossible, then, of course." Garsmith, who was making up a company for "Hearts Indulgent" saw her waiting in his office that afternoon. But although he had brushed past her in the crowded waiting room his office boy, having announced her, said with a face of Chinese calm. "He's out."

L. B. Johnson seeing Sydney on her daily rounds invariably remarked to managers surrounding him: "Utterly undependable. She'd make a lot of trouble in a company. One of those maddening women who cause murders. Doesn't know her own mind."

Charles Moreland, too humble a beginner to know the great "L. B." save by admiring sight, engaged her for the lead in a problematic play by a new author, his wife writing under pseudonym. "If it goes it will go big," he assured her. Its destination was Cain's storehouse which it speedily reached. Moreland, who believed in the play, ascribed its failure to the leading woman. "Her performance was anæmic. If it had been red-blooded the play was good for a year." His reports of the play's adventures were not bulwarked by the out of town notices. The provincial critics placed the failure upon other shoulders. Managers are but mortal.

She went back to the road in a melodrama with the trade-mark of a year in New York and another year in the large centers. Sydney's function was to "clean up the small towns." It was her tenth annual course around the small town treadmill.

She wrote on a day in early July from New York to Mammy Lou at the Home: "I am coming out to see you on Sunday. Is there anything I can bring you?"

"Just bring your dear self. That's enough," wrote Mammy Lou.

When Sydney dropped off the Clove Road car in front of the Elizabethan house her arms were full of offerings—a quilted purple silk bathrobe; a box of stationery—Mammy Lou loved to chat with her distant friends—a box of sweets from the shop where an intelligent woman eliminated all with hard centers; a woolly shawl for mid-winter days when the halls were draughty in the house on the hill.

Mammy Lou shed grateful tears over the gifts. She placed Sydney in the rocking chair at the window where the sunset light fell searchingly upon her.

"I'm going to make a stand for a New York engagement. This time it's Broadway or bust, Mammy Lou," she laughed.

Mammy Lou didn't laugh. She looked past Sydney's shoulder into the sunset.

Sydney leaned forward and caught her hands. "Don't tell me Mammy Lou, that there is no chance. I've saved enough money to stay for the winter, if necessary. Don't tell me that only one chance comes to a girl who is clean and capable and ambitious."

Mammy Lou returned the grip of the long, strong hands.

"I won't, dear," she assured her. "Remember the story of Robert Bruce and the spider. Seventy times and seven."

The guests gathered about Sydney in the long, sunny drawing room. She told them stories of the road. The oldest guest, he was eighty-five and told her he had been leading man for Edwin Booth, asked her how long she had been an actress.

"Fifteen years," she answered.

"Have you played in New York?"

"Only bits in the combination houses."

The old man shook his palsied hand.


VAN RAALTE
"Niagara Maid"
GLOVE SILK UNDERWEAR
"I never knew how economical silk underwear was until I wore Van Raalte Silk Underwear. It launders perfectly —even the pink is permanent. It wears so long and looks so well. I consider it the best underwear investment I ever made"
At Good Stores Everywhere
Makers of Silk Gloves, Silk Hosiery and Van Raalte Veils



"The dust of the road," he said. "It chokes me. It stifles."

He coughed violently and the superintendent led him to his room.

Sydney kept her word to herself and to Mammy Lou. She smilingly declined the offers for "a long tour and the best salary you ever had" that came from the agents.

'I shall stay in New York and play Micawber, wait for something to turn up," she said.

L. B. Johnson had died the year before. He might be bullying St. Peter for aught she knew, but at all events he wasn't telling the managers that she was "erratic and undependable, that she had no regard for her word and would, consequently, make trouble in any company." In that fact was the root of new hope.

She had not met Jennie Wimrath since she had forgone her engagement with the "Curfew Chimes" for Blossom's sake. Jennie and her husband had spent their summers in Europe or in their lodge in the Canadian woods or on their yacht. In September they began rehearsals and opened late to a fashionable element returning from their country estates on Long Island and in Westchester County. This season they were to star in separate companies. A girl whom Sydney had met in a mornng's wait in an agent's office told her that the professional separation presaged a personal one. There were rumors of lately discovered incompatibility. Sydney sat a long time staring at the yellowing wall. It was draughty in the agent's waiting room that morning and the wait was a three-hour one before she heard the customary "Nothing for you, Miss Rowan."

The next morning she was struggling with the subtle foe, influenza. It had come to her in one of its many guises.

The landlady of the Thirty-eighth Street theatrical boarding house said: "Miss Rowan's a good sort. I'm sorry to send her to the hospital. But my other guests are afraid of the infection. I can't afford to have my house empty in these hard times."

She recovered slowly and the nurses and doctors held many conferences over her. "She seems to have few friends. Two or three people have been here. But not lately. They said they would have to leave town. They were going on the road, they said. It's strange that she keeps calling for Jennie Wimrath."

"Who's that?"

"I forgot you didn't care for the theatres. Miss Wimrath is the star of the new play at the Stuyvesant. The patient talks about her in her sleep, and when she wanders off, while she is awake."

"Better send for Miss Wimrath. She may be a relative or close friend. Anyway the woman has no money to spare. An influential friend may be a generous one."

Jennie Wimrath drove to the New York Hospital on the way to the matinée. Jennie had grown stoutish and fussy, one of the coarsest flowers that bloom on Broadway soil. "I've only fifteen minutes," she said. 'Let me see the patient who calls for me."

Sydney dimly sensing a perfumed presence, opened her eyes. "Jennie Wimrath," she said slowly. She raised herself on her elbow.

Her eyes were like black stars peering from the white cloud of her face.

"Where is Robert? Why aren't you together?"

Jennie, aware of the eyes of the nurse and the keen ears of her press agent in the hall, said: "I think I used to know her. I believe that long ago we were in the same company."

She drew out the long pin that fastened a bouquet of orchids on her chinchilla coat. "Give her these," she said. "I shall come again."

She told her press agent of having discovered a road actress whom she had known slightly in her early days of struggle. All the newspapers carried the story of her visit to the hospital next day with Miss Wimrath's newest photograph, and the assurance to the public, "Miss Wimrath will give her old comrade of the road every care." Miss Wimrath intended to call again but there were extra matinées that week and the next. And she didn't go to the hospital. But she wrote her husband:

"What was there between you and this haggard, prematurely-aged woman of the high grass? Is she another of your many conquests?"

He replied: "Do end this silly questioning. I don't even recall her name."

Which was quite true. The actor's life is a crowded one.

Sydney left the hospital and went back to the Thirty-eighth Street theatrical boarding house. Late that spring she joined a western stock company to "make up for her extravagant winter," she said.

During another of what she termed her "sorties upon the citadel" she met in a New York agent's office her old manager, Jim Eastwood. They kissed each other in the perfunctory manner of actorial greeting.

"Want anything in my line, Sydney?" asked the road manager.

"Not unless you are putting on a play in New York," she responded brightly and nodded to the agent. Outside the door she stopped to speak to her usual neighbor on the worn bench of waiting.

The agent's voice came to her with the clearness of the bell.

"Another of your has-been charges, Mr. Eastwood?"

"Not a has-been," responded loyal Jim, "but I'll grant you a might-have-been." Followed the recital of her fatal mistake with L. B. Johnson.

"Anyway the dust of the road is so thick on her you can never scrape it off. No metropolitan manager will give her anything. She's crazy to expect it."

(*Concluded on page* 338)

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Houdini *in*
"THE GRIM GAME"

Vivian Martin *in*
"THE THIRD KISS"
"HIS OFFICIAL FIANCÉE"

Wallace Reid *in*
"THE VALLEY OF THE GIANTS"
"THE LOTTERY MAN"

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WITH STAR CAST

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"THE MIRACLE MAN"

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"TOLD IN THE HILLS"
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"WHY SMITH LEFT HOME"

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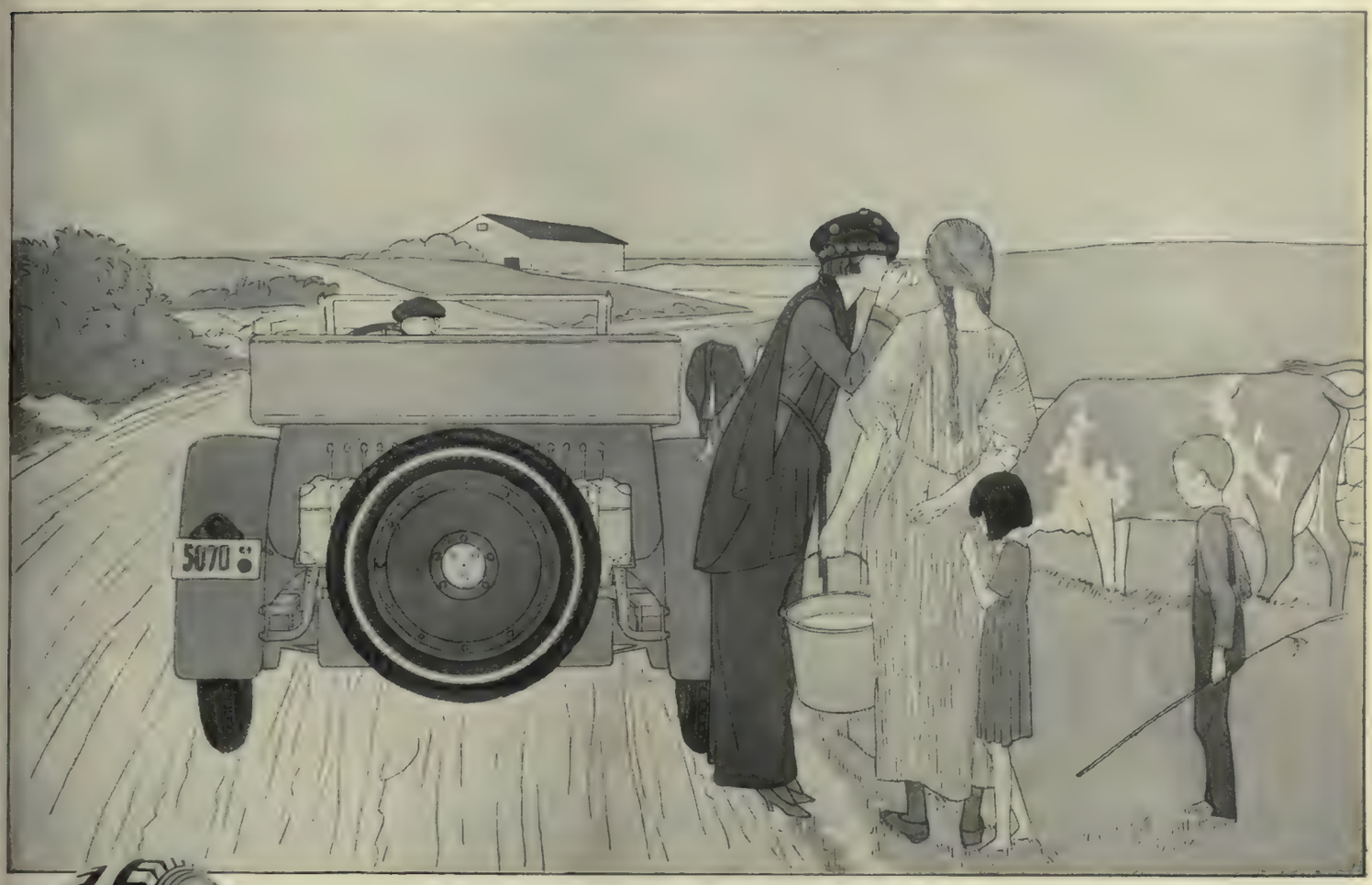
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THE DUST OF THE ROAD

(Continued on page 338)

She went on the road the following season as the first character woman of the company. Whatever remained of the illusion of youthfulness that had hung about her had vanished with the flu. That robber of youth and beauty had stamped her with a too straight and sunken upper lip and with thinning, graying hair.

At the outskirts of a Canadian one-night stand she had passed, on her morning walks every season, a small white cottage with crimson rambler roses veiling its front porch and its white sides. Again and again she had recalled the little cottage in the hours of submergence in the weariness of travel that every actor knows.

"I've enough to buy the cottage," she said to the second character woman, while they ate their after-theatre bread and milk from a table improvised from a trunk top. And I think with economy I could live there for a year and a half. After that—"

She bought the cottage and spent a lonely summer. On pleasant evenings she would sit on the front porch and watch the reserved Canadians and their families walk past. Listening to the crickets she would close her eyes. Instead of the little white porch she saw a crescent of footlights in a Broadway playhouse. She saw a girl make her entrance. The girl wore a white dress and carried an armful of roses. There was a love scene with Robert Bentwell. The curtain fell. There were cries of "Bravo." The curtain went up. The girl stood there bowing delightedly and blushing. She always insisted that her leading man take her call with her. The man was Robert Bentwell. The girl was not Jennie Wimrath. It was herself.

She straightened her thin figure and rubbed her numbing shoulders. "I am growing old and rheumatic," she said.

She rejoined the company the next season but it was as a second character woman. When she remonstrated with the manager he said: "Years and rigidity overtake us all, Miss Rowan. We must accept them as cheerfully as we can."

In February the flu again attacked her. The company taking the midnight train from a one-night stand in Idaho left her behind "for a week." One night there was a fearful struggle with her foe. It left her with lines like gashes in her face. Her palms showed the marks of her fingernails. After one of the paroxysms she slept. She dreamed of a stage, of a girl making her entrance in a white dress. She carried an armful of red roses. She took a curtain call. Beside her, holding her hand, was a tall young man, Robert Bentwell. She awoke. Another paroxysm seized her. She slipped from the bed. They found her dead, on her knees, beside it.



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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

39TH STREET. "SCANDAL." Play in three acts by Cosmo Hamilton. Produced on September 12 with this cast:

Pelham Franklin	Charles Cherry
Malcolm Fraser	William David
Sutherland York	Malcolm Fassett
Major Barnet Thatcher	Robert Ayrton
Pewsey	Leonard Wood
Sarah	Margaret Collinge
Mrs. Henry Vanderdyke	Alice Putnam
Miss Honoria Vanderdyke	Isabel O'Madigan
Mrs. Brown	Mary Cecil
Regina Waterhouse	Marjorie Hast
Helene	Doris Duane
Beatrix Vanderdyke	Francine Larrimore

IT takes thirty-two minutes to play the first act of "Scandal." The other night I sat in silent amazement for first half an hour listening to Mr. Cosmo Hamilton get his play started. To myself I murmured, I think to the measure of Marlowe's mighty line:

"Is this the play that ran a season through
And fired Chicago to a second blaze?"

Here was a drama that had aroused the Windy City as few masterpieces had ever done. What I heard for the aforesaid half hour was a heavy-handed exposition of sheer talk, in which the heroine participated, to convey the general information that she, Beatrix Vanderdyke, was a mad cap devil, one of those social anachronisms who revel in the defy of convention.

She was then visiting, at an unseemly hour, unchaperoned, an artist with a wicked reputation. Her mother, aunt and uncle arrived. Recriminations, vituperations, accusations and rejoinders. The artful little devil, forced into the corner, then calmly announced that she was married to Pelham Franklin, a young man of the world, with money, who occupied chambers on the same floor with the artist. Mr. Franklin who had conveniently arrived was somewhat staggered. The audience howled with delight.

That was the first act. The second lasted just thirty minutes, fifteen of which were given over to relatives to express how rejoiced they were that Beatrix's vagaries would be looked after by some one other than themselves. As the action took place in her bed room the every effort was made to make the dialogue as suggestive as the law would allow.

Enter the pseudo-husband. Here the first vestige of anything dramatic began to emerge from the plethora of words. If for convenience, Miss Vanderdyke had made him her husband she must assume the consequences. Beatrix stalled, but Pelham, reverting to the cave man type, began to forcibly remove her garments. Capitulating, she of her own volition donned one of those peculiar confections in which ladies on the stage alone effect for the night and hopped into bed. With fine scorn Mr. Pelham announces that were they the only two persons on a desert isle he would treat her like a man. Exit Mr. Pelham. "You brute" howls the young woman.

Act three which occupies something short of half an hour—they are on their platonic honeymoon—demonstrates that as he loves her and she loves him they had better really marry and become in fact man and wife. This final scene was handled and written with some psychological instinct and some definiteness of purpose, but in the main I thought the piece tawdry and perfectly meretricius in intent.

Charles Cherry was altogether admirable as Pelham and Francine Larrimore as the wilful and capricious heroine, not altogether devoid of charm in spite of her exasperating qualities, acted with finesse, expression and convincing force. It is not necessary for me to say what I thought of the rest of the cast. If I truthfully put myself on record, some feelings would be hurt.

MOROSCO. "CIVILIAN CLOTHES." Comedy in three acts by Thompson Buchanan. Produced on September 12 with this cast:

Billy Arkwright, Late Lieutenant, A. E. F.	Glen Anders
Nora	Millie Butterfield
General McInerny, U. S. A.	Edward Mackay
Jack Rutherford, Late Lieutenant, N. A.	Arthur Albertson
Florence Lanham	Olive Tell
Mrs. Lanham	Isabel Irving
Elizabeth	Grace Kaber
Sam McGinnis, Late Captain, A. E. F.	Thurston Hall
Mrs. Margaret Smythe	Marion Vantine
Belle Henderson	Bessie Eyton
Zack Hart	William Holden
Mr. Lanham	Frank Sylvester
McGinnis, Sr	James K. Applebee
Bell Hop	Edward Colebrook
Maid at Hotel	Mary Melrose

THERE could not be so much going on in the world these last few tumultous years without a by-product of plays. A complication begun "over there" takes a new turn over here when the soldier puts on his civilian clothes. eBtween fights in which he wins medals and crosses, he had married an American girl doing her gracious part in the service, loved and had been loved for a week, the girl returning home to refinement, wealth and social position, re, reported dead, but coming back alive to surprise her, finds her with as many suitors as Penelope.

There is something interesting in the story, but Thompson Buchanan's play, "Civilian Clothes," manages to begin both too early and too late to be satisfactory in any other way than as capricious entertainment irresponsible to what should have been th ereasonable facts in the case.

Mr. Buchanan is a clever craftsman, but an American soldier who is good enough to win medals for valor is not bad enough to marry a girl of family without mentioning the more or less trifling fact that he himself is the son of a shoemaker. It is due to the audience that it should be informed why and how


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Went to War! Home Again.

that was. Claude Melnotte had some justification. Sam McGinnis had none. It would not have hurt the action of the play or have disturbed the precious theme—snobbery—in the least. It may pass that Sam's resolve to cure her of her snobbery in disclaiming him on discovering his origin by securing the position as butler in her father's fashionable home was a reasonable impulse. It may be. But how could he cure her by any such procedure?

These are awkward questions, but Sam does save her from three unsuitable lovers, and a week after he leaves the house, he encounters her a thousand miles away, at a fashionable hotel in New Orleans, and that night he finds her, his wife, waiting for him in his bedroom in theproper place with the coverlets half covering her rogueish face. This is a new version of the much-discussed "happy ending." The play is clever enough in moments that are enlivened by the uncommonly goo dacting of Thurston Hall and Olive Tell as the young folks who in the hurry of the war forgot to mention who they were in "Civilian Clothes" at home. It may be described as a typical Morosco production.

HUDSON. "CLARENCE." Comedy in four acts by Booth Tarkington. Produced on September 20 with this cast:

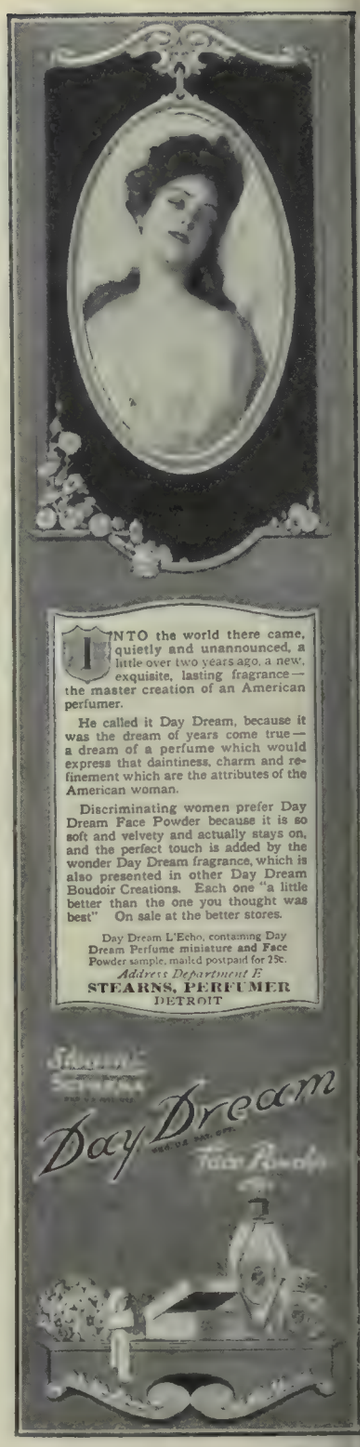
Mrs. Martyn	Susanne Westford
Mr. Wheeler	John Flood
Mrs. Wheeler	Mary Boland
Bobby Wheeler	Glenn Hunter
Cora Wheeler	Helen Hayes
Violet Pinney	Elsie Mackay
Clarence	Alfred Lunt
Della	Rea Martin
Dinwiddie	Barlowe Borland
Hubert Stem	Willard Barton

ADOLESCENCE as a literary subject is one of which Booth Tarkington is a master. "Penrod" and William Sylvester Baxter are firmly enrolled in the list of American juvenile immortals. "Seventeen" was not a good play but the interest invoked by its protagonist made box-office returns entirely satisfactory.

Judging from some of his recent theatrical output I was beginning to lose my faith in the gentleman from Indiana as a practical playwright, but in "Clarence" the new four-act comedy of American type which George C. Tyler is presenting at the Hudson, Tarkington has more than redeemed himself. In my opinion it is one of the finest and most amusing farces that we have had in years.

The brain racking experiences which American millionaires endure in the control of their highly independent and entirely exacting offspring is a legitimate basis for both serious and comic expression. Tarkington has elected the lighter medium.

Mr. Wheeler has a young second wife, vain, stupid and jealous. Mr. Wheeler also possesses a boy and girl by his previous marriage. The boy has been expelled from two




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schools, the girl, most romantically inclined, has cast her youthful heart at the feet of a grass widower, who is using her only as a means to reach her very attractive governess. Mr. Wheeler's life, under these conditions, is one feaful, constant snarling mess. A discharged dough boy, he's about twenty-five, applies at his office for a job and is immediately engaged. Mr. Wheeler has been informed that the said Clarence, while in the army, persuaded mules to move without swearing. Such a persuasive spirit he argues might do something in the restoration of domestic harmony. Clarence does that and many other things besides.

Further than this it is unnecessary and undesirable to go into particulars . eLt Clarence's charm and capacity reveal themselves to you when you go to see him and that you must. I'm no prophet but I shall be more thas suprised if his amusing experiences do not crowd the Hudson till spring's harbingers begin their rgateful tune.

Alfred Lunt plays the title rôle. It would be difficult indeed to imagine a better exponent. Mr. Lunt's personality breathes magnetic gracious, kindly cheer. Adept in every phase he accomplishes by the sheer charm of his delicious self.

Glenn Hunter and Helen Hayes as the children, radiate the very soul and expression of youthful consciousness and assurance. They couldn't be bettered. Poor Papa Wheeler's troubles are most amusingly presented by John Flood. That Mrs. W. (Mary Boland) was jealous of the beautiful Elsie Mackay as the governess was not surprising. Again I say do not fail to see "Clarence." Comic feast sshould not be overlooked.

KNICKERBOCKER. "ROLY-BOLY EYES." Musical play in three acts. Book and lyrics by Edgar Allan Wolff, music by Eddy Brown and Louis Gruenberg. Produced on September 25 with this cast:

Judge Robert Warren	Hugh Chilvers
Mrs. Robert Warren	Adora Andrews
Ida Loring	Queenie Smith
Myron S. Rentham, Jr.	Harry Anson Truax
Mrs. Penelope Giddings	Maude Leone
Dorothy Giddings	Kate Pullman
Buddie Montrose	Earl Gates
Michael Fiachetti	H. D. Blakemore
Dances by Margaret Edwards	
Billy Emerson	Eddie Leonard
Billy Rice	Eddie Mazier
Billy West	Bert McGarvey
Fred Wambold	G. Clayton Frye
Kitty Rice	May Boley

SUMPTUOUS in the silk attire of the super-minstrel kind and with a tophat of quality, Edward Leonard redeem dthe popular and endearing title of "Eddie" as proclaimed in the bolls of "Roly-Boly Eyes."

In the course of the plot—which is absent except when specially invited to attend by some song—the Prince of Minstrels has to sing a sentimental song to his Mother with whom otherwise he is forbidden by the plot to communicate. In view of the fact that she is an estimable Southern white lady, it might prevent embarassing confusion in the minds of the thoughtless if the plot permitted the Prince, in the opening of the action, to appear in the genial white face of the real Son.

Of course the whole show is foolery and finery, else it would not have such songs as "*Biddle-de-boo*" and "*When They Do the Dippy Doolums.*" But it is all superfine in song, dance and personality. The finery of silks is largely lavished on the minstrels, for in one spectacular moment a group of the chorus a reply to the high cost of living is made by resorting to the inexpensive natural integument instead of fleshings.

However, with a few lapses from good taste, the opera is pleasingly simple and innocuous. Queenie Smith does much for that aspect. She is a delight in naturalness. She dances on her toes as if it were the natural way—and that is seldom seen. Eddie Leonard is the most persuasive of singers, and graceful and attractive to the point of fascination if plaudits be the measure.

Mr. Cort's production will please those who take pleasure in Something that is Nothing and in Nothing that is Something.

LONGACRE. "ADAM AND EVA." Comedy in three acts by Guy Bolton and George Middleton. Produced on September 13 with this cast:

James King	Berton Churchill
Corinthia	Jean Shelby
Clinton DeWitt	Reginald Mason
Julie DeWitt	Roberta Arnold
Eva King	Ruth Shepley
Aunt Abby Rocker	Adelaide Prince
Dr. Jack Delamater	Richard Sterling
Uncle Horace Pilgrim	Ferdinand Gottschalk
Adam Smith	Otto Kruger
Lord Andrew Gordon	Courtenay Foote

WHEN a pampered, spoiled tra travagant family is informed that the head of the household is ruined and they must do somtehing to fend for themselves the mind involuntarily harks back to "A Successful Calamity." When in such a stress of circumstance a clear head, a guiding hand and a dominant spirit is wanted and found in the scorned menial the mind again harks back to "The Admirable Crichton."

It is not for me to say that Clare Kummer and Sir James M. Barrie haev been laid under obligation, but both of the above ideas have been ingeniously and I might almost say originally worked into the three-act comedy "Adam and Eva" which the enterprising firm of Comstock & Gest are presenting at the Longacre. Guy Bolton and George Middleton are its authors. It is very excellent entertainment which they afford. It is not a comedy, as they are pleased to describe it, but just frank, extravagant American farce, whiel our public dearly loves. As humar nature is changed in the twinkling of the eye and the veriest incompetent invariably turns out a commercial world beater over night, th theme is sufficiently optimistic an therefore meets with ready response

Of course the generous papa turn out to be as rich as ever and hi youthful right hand man of busi

(*Continued on page 347*)



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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 344)

ness who was installed during his absence is *loco parentis* and who devised the scheme to get them all to work wins the hand of the daughter, to my mind at the utter expense of good sense, taste and logic. Perhaps I reached this conclusion because I did not particularly care for Mr. Otto Kruger as Adam, the dominant. He played expertly, and was sufficiently uncouth, but beneath the unpolished exterior seemed to me an utter absence of anything approaching romance. Had he married, Corinthia, the parlor maid, who simply adored him, I think it would have made for a far more fitting ending. Jean Shelby was discretion herself as the maid who never breathed her love but manifested it in a thousand ways.

Ruth Shepley was the attractive and engaging Eva who secured her Adam. Roberta Arnold was refreshing and humorous as another daughter and her indolent husband was portrayed with considerable comic polish by Reginald Mason. Richard Sterling as a doctor and Courtenay Foote as Lord Andrew Gordon, two of Eva's suitors were capitally presented. The latter was Eva's logical partner, especially as he made good and fitted into her scheme of life. But who am I to tell dramatic authors how they should marry off their characters?

The blustering but yielding father found forceful presentment in the person of Berton Churchill and that admirable comedian, Ferdinand Gottschalk as a hypochondrical parasite was quite perfect in his finished nicety. Adelaide Prince looked the dowager she was called on to personate.

CRITERION. "THUNDER." Comedy in four acts by Peg Franklin and lEia Peattie. Produced on September 22 with this cast:

Ma McBirney	Marie Day
Pa McBirney	Guy Nichols
Mandy Coulter	Liela Bennett
Jeff Coulter	Chas. McDonald
Buck Babb	Horace James
Mr. Carson	George Wright
Mrs. Carson	Eva Dennison
Sam Disbrow	Chester Morris
Mr. Disbrow	Wilson Day
Dick Babb	Benj. Kauser
Azalea	Sylvia Field
Preacher	Burr McIntosh
Pliny Doane	Sam Reed
Hi Kitchell	John Talbot
Mrs. Kitchell	Marion Kerby
Mrs. Doane	Blanche Talbot
Fiddler	Charles Althoff
Tom Gerson	Mart E. Heisey

IF the whole had more nearly approached the value of some of its indivdiual scenes "Thunder," at the Criterion, the new American comedy which Peg Franklin fashioned from the Blue Ridge stiries, by Elia Peattie would take a high place in the too limited list of truly American plays.

Tennessee mountain humor at its best is grim and gray, a little of it goes a good way, making for a monotony which only those truly interested in the study of characteristic type will find stimulating. A trained observor too will speedily differentiate between the scenes that the truly observing authors present and those which have been "pepped" up by the introduction of sure fire theatrical devices. An untrained child from the circus is hardly likely to possess uplifht qualities of such superlative character that a whole mountain section, almost over night, i sraised from poverty and ignorance up to the heights of pecuniary success and poetical exaltation. A doubting stage manager put that in, and while it produces a certain number of laughs it does detract from the accomplishment of something real and artistic.

But the pictures which smack of the soil are admirable. What could be more truthful than the courtship between the boy and girl of rival mountain clans? what more really dramatic than the wedding ceremony kept within proper decorum by the liberal display of shooting irons? These were veritable gems of dramatic expression, I fear me, too mixed with baser metal fror a properly wide recognition. Scienically the production which Mr. John L. Golden has made is finely adequate and the view of the range of mountains by Gates and Morange quite beautiful.

The big cast is in most cases entirely adequate, in some particulars brilliant. The study of Mandy, a poor, ill-treated, ignorant girl of the region is pictured by iLela Bennett with a fidelity quite remarkable in its artistic repression. It's the best bit of sheer acting that I've seen in moons. Benjamin Kauser, as her boorish cavalier, was excellent and Burr McIntosh as the mountain preacher who for ethical results, took fearful chances, was big, bluff and hearty. Mart Heisey acted the circus tyrant to the life and two capital sketches of local character were counterparted by Horace James and Marion Kerby.

BOOTH. "TOO MANY HUSBANDS." Comedy in three acts by W. Somerset Maugham. Produced on October 8 with this cast:

Victoria	Estelie Winwood
Miss Dennis	Beatrice
Taylor	Carolyn Darling
Mrs. Shuttleworth	Marguerite St. John
Leicester Paton	Fritz Williams
Major Frederick Lowndes	Lawrence Grossmith
Major William Cardew	Kenneth Douglas
Nannie	Marion Buckler
Mr. Raham	J. H. Brewer
Miss Montmorency	Florence Edney
Boy	Richard Gray

YOUR up-to-date theatre manager, like the humble silk worm, has his distinct periods of development.

A. H. Woods, for example, was not ashamed to make his first appeal for public patronage with such crudities as "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model" and "Sadie, the Sewing Machine Girl." Ambition soaring, he gave us "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," fol-

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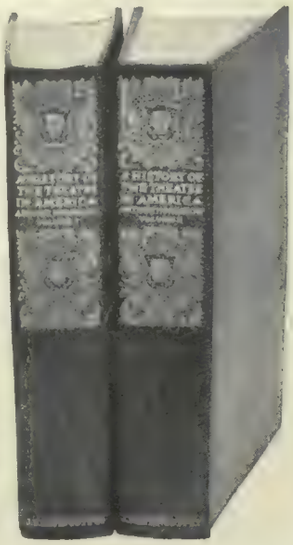
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By ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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lowed by a variety of other more or less salacious bedroom farces.

This season, the bed still looms large, but it is a perfectly decorous piece of furniture with no display of lingerie to make it suggestive.

For which progress, many thanks.

I also hasten to add that Mr. Woods' production of W. Somerset Maugham's clever farce, "Too Many Husbands," makes *amende honorable* for every former offense against good taste committed on the stage by this management.

Slight as it is, with practically no plot, the piece is wholly delightful. Relying rather on dialogue than on situation, the humor is typically and thoroughly English, the verbal points being made so quietly that it may prove *caviare* to the multitude, yet I doubt if even the least sophisticated of theatregoers will be able to resist this whimsical idea of the given-up-for-dead soldier returning home unexpectedly to find, Victoria, his silly little wife, consoling herself with another—each husband only too eager to escape further marital responsibilities by gracefully yielding the honors to his rival.

Their amusing altercation is interrupted by the resourceful Victoria who cuts the Gordian knot by offering to divorce both husbands—the necessary evidence being furnished by a bespectacled lady specialist who, introduced by the family lawyer, a somewhat exaggerated character, is willing again to compromise her reputation for the customary fee—the only conditions imposed being that she and her *vis-à-vis* play cards all night, and that the gentleman agrees not to "divest himself of a single garment."

All of which, as may be inferred, is skating on very thin ice. However, at no time are the propreities seriously violated.

The acting is admirable. It would be difficult to imagine the two leading masculine rôles being in better hands than those of Kenneth Douglas and Lawrence Grossmith who play the two husbands. Mr. Douglas' lightness yet sureness of touch and the quiet droll way in which he gets the laughs over, renders his performance among the best treats the local theatre has afforded in many a day. Mr. Grossmith, worthy son of a famous sire, proved an excellent foil, while Estelle Winwood, whose quiet method and rather frail personality served her well in this instance, gave verisimilitude to the character of the frivolous wife.

Fritz Williams, a favorite of the old Lyceum days, was the wealthy admirer for whom Victoria is willing to throw over her former husbands. His rather aggressive manner peculiar to the American school of acting, was in marked contrast with the quiet method of the English players. Marguerite St. John played with authority the conventional mother-in-law.

GARRICK. "THE FAITHFUL." Japanese drama in three acts by John Masefield. Produced on October 13 with this cast:

Asano	Rollo Peters
Kurano	Augustin Duncan
Hazama	Henry Travers
Kodera	Robert Donaldson
Hara	Erskine Sanford
An Old Samurai	William J. Nelson
A Widow's Son	Noel Leslie
Shoda	Walter Geer
Kira	Henry Herbert
Sagisaka	Boris Korlin
Kamai	Walter Howe
Honzo	Erskine Sanford
The Envoy	Henry Stillman
Ono	Milton Pope
Captain of Guard	Albert Lester
Wild Cherry	Mary Blair
Lady Kurano	Helen Westley
Chikara	Richard Abbott
Starblossom	Julia Adler

WE often love a dramatist or a poet as much from what gets into report about him as from the documentary evidence of his gifts. He once said that the greatest thing in life is the joy in children—children of one's own. That is manliness and the simple heart. That is John Masefield. Unfailingly he touches the note of human sympathy, always without affectation of phrase.

His play, "The Faithful," is not an easy task for production. The Theatre Guild, faithful to fine purpose, has done well in bringing it to view at the Garrick Theatre, but could and should do better and finally achieve its possibilities if it should be kept in repertory.

It cannot be agreed that scenery by means of Japanese screens or backgrounds is effective in every direction. What of the fertile fields and the happy valley in which dwelt these lovers of right and justice, faithful to the last in their conception of duty? What we know as modern scenery is one of the greatest economies in playwriting itself because of the lavish and necessary detail it furnishes. However, Mr. Lee Simonson's decorative backgrounds are unimpeachable in their suggestiveness.

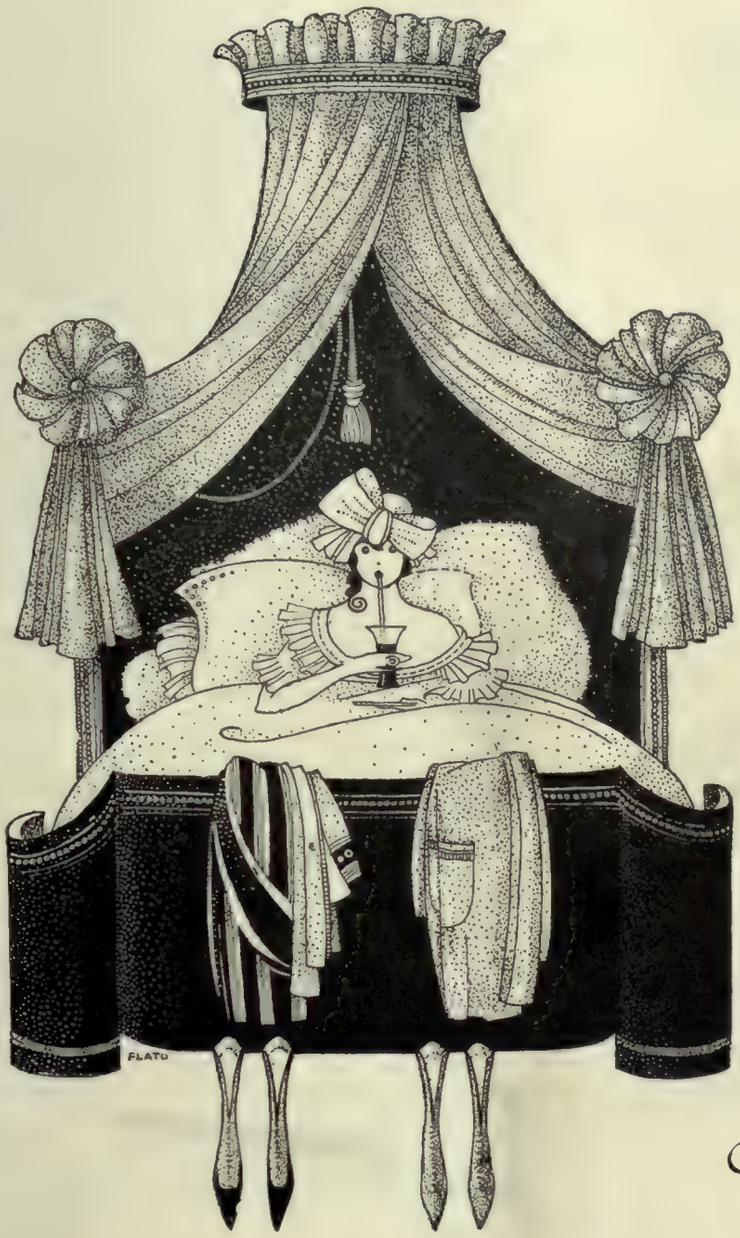
The costumes, too, are authentic, beautiful, graceful, and, with the screen scenery, maintain a certain unity of impression.

The story of the play and the legend upon which it is founded are as vital to-day as they were centuries ago. It concerns autocracy and revolt against it. There could be nothing more human than Lord Kira, the evil Emissary who compasses the death of Lord Asano, seeking his lands, and becoming great himself by the ruin of others. Of humble origin, stepping higher and higher through fawning and servility, vicious, a libertine, implacably cruel, —a fine theatric figure, affording great opportunities, Lord Kira was acted by Henry Herbert with something approaching adequacy. Asano, giving the sense of the finest spirit of all the nobles, the first victim, and whose death furnishes the full action of the story, was finely acted by Rollo Peters, who set a mark reached by none of the others.

In the actual conspiracy to avenge the death of Asano, Kurano, his friend and chief counsellor, is the moving spirit. He has to assume madness, profligacy and utter abandonment to vice. Possibly there is a slip in the play itself in that his motives are not soon enough revealed to the audience, but his are the opportunities of the play in the acting. Mr. Augustin Duncan fell short in effectiveness, owing to some extent perhaps to the defect mentioned in the play itself. It is a remediable defect.

In the lines of the play a deep note of tragedy is struck in Kurano's scenes with the outcase woman.

It would be foolish, unprofitable and untrue to say that John Masefield's "The Faithful" reached its ultimate



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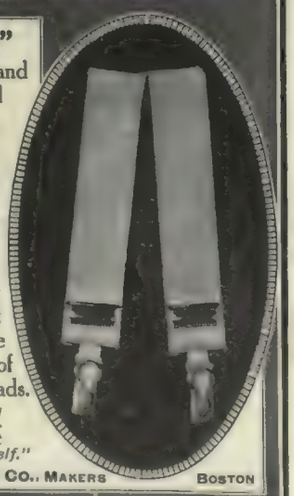
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effectiveness in this performance. Steady revision—even in a rearrangement of parts of the play—should make it an achievement worth striving for. As a melodrama alone, along with the exalted spirit of Masefield and the Daimyos, it has elements of power yet to be developed.

48TH STREET. "THE STORM." A melodrama in four acts, by Langdon McCormick. Produced October 2, with the following cast:

Burr Winton	Edward Arnold
David Stewart	Robert Rendel
Maniteekwa	Charles Henderson
Jacques Fachard	Max Mitzel
Manette Facnard	Helen MacKellar

Weather forecast for New York, and later for the hinterland: "Lightnin'," "Thunder," followed by a "Storm."

JUST the forecast alone would be rather incomplete, hence it may be well to explain what sort of a storm Langdon McCormick, aided and abetted by rainmaker George Broadhurst, has brewed. For there are storms of many sorts. There are monsoons, there are cyclones, there are tornados, there are rainstorms, there are family storms, and there are brainstorms. Going to the play with the preconceived notion that Langdon McCormick must have had a bad attack of brainstorm to conceive the idea that the days of the old ten, twent, thirt, could stage a comeback, or could comeback to the stage at H. C. L. prices I was agreeably surprised to find that the cunning of his brain was such that he could give a "regular" audience a show they could enjoy, as it was not the cunning of his writing but rather the genius of his building which turns the trick, for he has constructed stage settings which actually took curtain calls, and a mechanical forest fire which burns right down to the footlights, sending huge giants of the forest crashing on the cabin in which the "Farnumlike" hero has been imprisoned by the treacherous villyun who would like to make off with the fawn-like heroine.

If one were inclined to be unkind one might say that Mr. McCormick had taken the vaudeville sketch, "The Forest Fire," and constructed not written, a play around it, but he constructed a really entertaining play, and after all our main incentive in going to the theatre is to be entertained. There is nothing strikingly original about the plot. It deals with primal passions in a forest primeval in the "far Northwest." Here in the early winter Burr Winton, a type of woodsman such as William Farnum might have delighted to have portrayed in his own stock days, has agreed to become "pardners" with a guitar-playing Englishman, David Stewart, and they are to spend the winter together. Through the connivance of Mr. McCormick with Fate, Manette Fachard is forced to share the cabin with them. Her father opportunely dying she is placed in the hands, not arms, of Winton, for safekeeping and finally for keeps.

Then comes the fight to keep the girl between the untutored Winton and the tutoring Stewart, who contrives in giving lessons in spelling to Winton and Manette to see that Winton is given such words to spell as, as—, well, as neither Winton nor the reviewer can spell. Stewart shows familiarity with all of the tricks of his trade, a cigarette, a gun, a knife, a fire, and a girl, to say nothing of playing the guitar and singing, yes, he is quite an "accomplished" villain.

Helen MacKellar is pretty, and oh, so appealling in a rôle that Lenore Ulric should have had. She is a real little actress but her alleged French-Canadian accent sounded rather Swedish. She might send an S. O. S. to Miss Ulric. Edward Arnold with a winsome smile and a massive frame was entirely satisfactory in his "Farnumrole," while Robert Rendel might have been a bit more convincing. The Indian of Charles Henderson was good.

GLOBE. "APPLE BLOSSOMS." Operetta in a prologue and two acts. Music by Fritz Kreisler and Victor Jacobi. Book and lyrics by William Le Baron. Based on "Un Mariage sous Louis XV" by Dumas. Produced on October 7 with this cast:

Nancy	Wilda Bennett
Lucy Fielding	Pauline Hall
Anabel Mason	Hilah Reeder
Richard (Dickie) Stewart	Percival Knight
Mail Carrier	Frank Snyder
Chauffeur	George Fordyce
George Winthrop Gordon	Harrison Brockbank
Harvey	Roy Atwell
Phillip Campbell	John Charles Thomas
Mrs. Anne Merton	Florence Shirley
Julie	Rena Parker
Polly	Juanita Fletcher
Molly	Adele Astaire
Johnny	Fred Astaire

FIRST nights come and first nights go and for the most part I wouldn't miss 'em if they didn't come at all.

But I will confess looking forward with interest to Charles Dillingham's presentation of "Apple Blossoms." I anticipated another "Sari." But "Apple Blossoms" is not another "Sari." It comes very near not being entertaining. Were it not for two excellent young dancers—the Astaires,—and two pretty Kreisler songs, "*Who Can Tell*" and "*Star of Love*," "Apple Blossoms" would be dull stuff. The music throughout is of a quality superior to most musical shows. It is at all times excellent, and at times positively inspiring. But more fidelity to the rules and regulations of pure technique and harmony cannot, in an operetta, at any rate, take the place of originality and vigor and charm of melody, and in these latter virtues the score of "Apple Blossoms" lacks distinction. It is pretty, it pleases, but it fades from memory with its last note. In other words it is not what I expected of Fritz Kreisler.

William Le Baron as a lyricist does far better work than Mr. Kreisler as a comedy operettist. I wish I could say as much for his book which is tiresome and makes the music more acceptable by reason of its being occasional relief from a series of long-winded talk scenes garnished with slender humor. The plot is a gnarled adaptation of the younger Dumas's "Un Mariage sous Louis XV." Gnarled, obviously, to bring it within the class of entertainment "the young girl may see." It is ham without mustard.

The chorus is attractive but underworked. At times it looks bored, but certainly no more so than the front row

(*Continued on page 354*)



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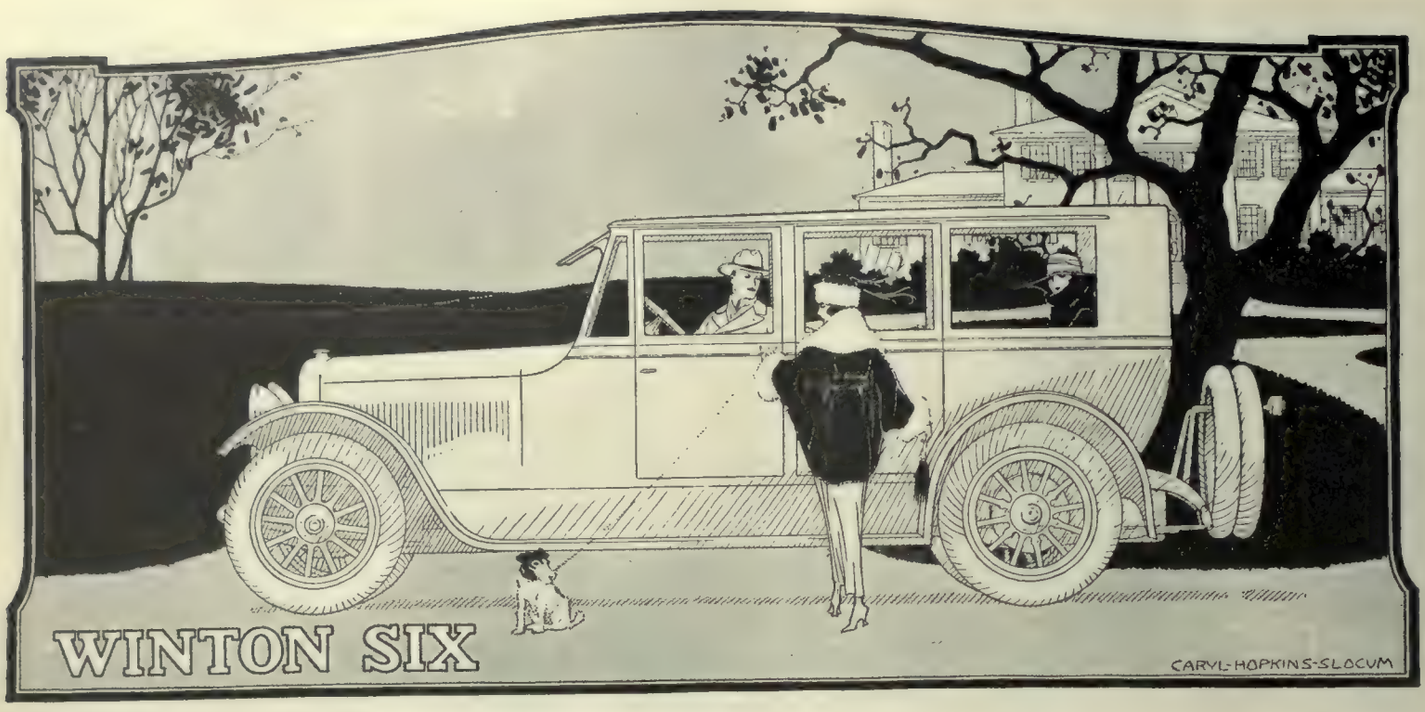


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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page 350*)

gentlemen who are treated to the unusual spectacle of long skirt costumes in each of the three acts. This is a daring innovation of Broadway which should not pass unnoticed. John Charles Thomas's excellent voice is as usual the singing success of the musical show season, and with Wilda Bennett's does ample justice to the material given. Miss Bennett is at her best singing "*Star of Love*," a Spanish song, during which she executes a deft *pas seul* and plays prettily with a large black feather fan. The balance of the cast serves adequately. And those Astaire kids did more than their share. They kept me in good humor.

44TH STREET. "HELLO ALEXANDER." Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Edgar Smith and Emily M. Young; lyrics by Alfred Bryan; music by Jean Schwartz. Produced on October 7 with this cast:

Colonel Winslow	Dan Quinlan
Lieutenant Jack Winslow	Jack Cagwin
Aunt Kittie	Sophie Tucker
Ethel Winslow	Jean Tyne
Captain Chomendley	Earl Rickard
"Toots McSwat"	Frank Westphal
Joe	Joe Hamilton
Simons and Slocum	Boyle and Brazil
Lieutenant Clay	Fred Bliss
Lieutenant Allen	Murry Salet
Lieutenant Gordon	Harry Forsyeth
Lieutenant Jackson	Martin Griffin
"Muggs" Casey	Charles Judson
Spike Murphy	Eddie Flynn
Jim Delilly	Larry Clifford
Bull Conners	Joe Hamilton
Leader of Crowd	Milton Pohs
Maude Bradbury	Rose Quinn
Mrs. Carter	Gabriel Grey
Gloria Carter	Chick Barrymore
Eczema Johnson	Mabel Elaine
Susie Folsom	Lottie Reick
Mary Lawton	Peggy Dempsey
Mollie Bragg	Dot Mantell
Aunt Jemima	Vivian Holt
Mammy Cloe	Lillian Rosedale
Alexander	James McIntyre
Henry Clay Jones	Thomas K. Heath

IT was immediately after the close of the Civil War, with the negro emancipated, that a Southern girl, accosted an aged colored lady with, "I have lost my way. Can you tell me, Auntie—" and received the reply, "I ain't your Auntie. I's your ekal."

The racial characteristics that made minstrelsy possible were fast disappearing. But with a difference the "negro" minstrel, on the fantastic and farcical side, remains as amusing as ever. He has the advantage of facial and labial expression and a franchise in extravagances in dress, manner and voice.

McIntire and Heath represent this old form of entertainment with success. They would represent it better if the authors of the book of "Hello Alexander" had contrived a better assimilation of negro minstrelsy with modern comic opera. The comic opera element is overwhelming with its troops of dancing and singing girls and its display of feminine bare legs exhibited, in one or two numbers, on a glass covered runway with electric lights beneath. More fantasy in the story and the happenings and less physical fact of the particular kind might improve the substance and spirit of the production.

With all this lack of consistency, not easy to describe, the special features are of the popular kind. Sophie Tucker has half a dozen songs full of the Broadway comradeship that bring pleasure to those who live in the bright lights. Singularly enough the unfelicitously named Eczema, in black face (Mabel Elaine), in acting and dancing was more satisfactory than her fairer sisters in barer legs. There you had whimsicality and the minstrel spirit.

In expenditure and scenic and other display "Hello Alexander" is produced after the Broadway manner of the moment.

FULTON. "FIVE O'CLOCK." Comedy in three acts by Frank Bacon and Freeman Tilden. Produced on October 13 with this cast:

Davis	Paul Porter
Mrs. Burdette	Vivia Ogden
Daniels	Joseph Conyers
Higgins	David Higgins
Dr. Marsh	Tim Murphy
Dr. Gould	Paul Everton
Alice Gould	Alberta Burton
Orville Stackwood	Leslie Austen
Jimmy	Robert Schilling
Mrs. Murray	Mina Gleason
Holliday	Hayward Ginn
George Stackwood	Perce Benton
Emma Stackwood	Gertrude Maitland
Percival Brighton	Byron Russell
Katherine Brighton	Sarah Edwards
Watkins	Charles T. Lewis
Dr. Doyle	G. Lester Paul
Miss Carrol	Elizabeth Burbridge

THE "new art" dramatic workmen who sneer at unities and laugh at rules may well have a look at "Five o'Clock" an "American comedy" by Frank Bacon and Freeman Tilden. I recommend it, in fact, to all students of dramatic composition as an interesting example of how inept technique can prevent a good story from becoming a good play.

The story, the idea, the character development are excellent. It has the stuff of a thoroughly worth-while novel. But its co-authors have worked separately rather than together. One of them (Mr. Bacon probably) has written a comedy suggestive of "Lightnin'" built about a group of country characters engaged in antics wholly irrelevant to the drama which the other author has endeavored to create.

This jumble of dramatic elements becomes apparent mid-way in the first act when the audience, settling down comfortably to the enjoyment of a small town rustic comedy, flavored heavily with farce, suddenly learns that the main character, although mentally a perfectly sound young man, has been kept for years in an institution for the weak-minded due to the negligence of his older sisters and brothers. Here we have a powerful dramatic note that nearly approaches tragedy. The "rube" comedy and cheap sentiment that accompanies it throughout is as alien to its development as any scene from "Pollyanna" would be to "Justice." The immediate result of this impossible combination is confusion to the audience and eventually a permanent loss of their interest.

The narrow-minded medical director of the institution, where Orville Stackwood has been retained for thirteen years, refuses to recognize his patient's sanity, basing his beliefs on involved Viennese psychopathic theories. Act-

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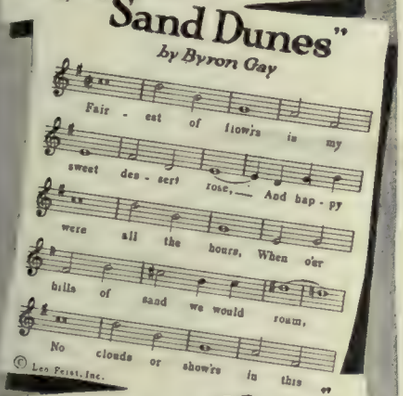


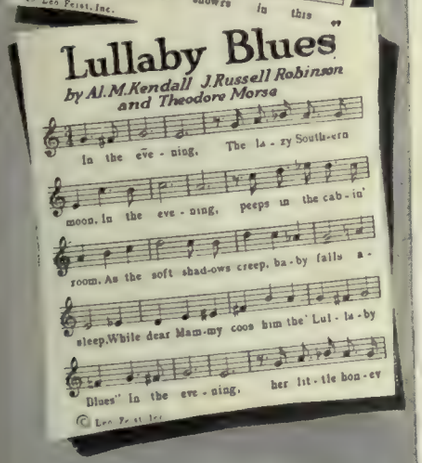
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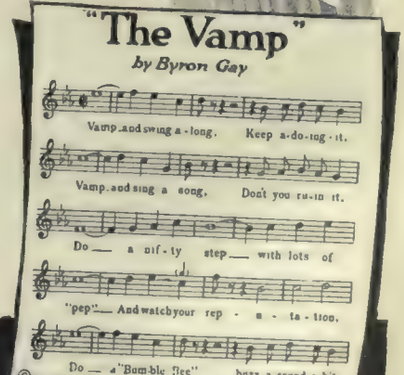
"When You Look In the Heart of a Rose"
"Thank God You're Here, Mother Mine"
"There's a Girl in Chateau Thierry"
"Dreaming of a Sweet To-morrow"
"Sweet Love Dreams"
"One Loving Caress"
"When I Am In Siam"
"Persian Moon"
"Bluin' the Blues"
"Make Him Forget He's Ever Been Away"
"Golden Gate"
"Erin"
"By the Campfire"
"The Radiance in Your Eyes"
"The Land of Lullaby"
"Keep All Your Love for Me"
"Your Heart Is Calling Mine"
"Down Limerick Way"
"Star of the East"
"Love, Here Is My Heart"
"Give Me All of You"
"Sing Me Love's Lullaby"
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"Star of the Sea"
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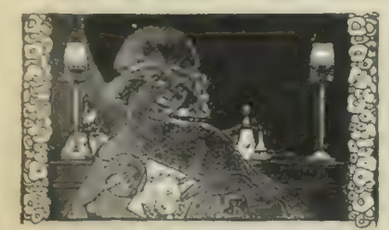
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ually, Orville's sole fault had been the winning of the displeasure of his elders, who, themselves eccentric, could not understand it when he seemed to prefer the company of mongrel dogs to that of thoroughbreds or when he failed to sympathize with their views as to what a normal young boy's interests should be. Only a letter written to them secretly by the daughter of the medical director, who has fallen in love with Orville, awakens the conscience of the latter's family into asking for a further medical examination (this after thirteen years).

In Act 2 this examination takes place and due to the efforts of a plain-speaking country doctor and the disclosure that Orville has written a brilliant treatise on the subject of treating the mentally incompetent, Orville gains his liberty. Incidentally, this particular scene which has great potential power is well nigh ruined by an arrant and preposterous caricature of Orville's relatives. Supposed to be modern society folk, all faddists of one sort or another, the characters are so overwritten and the roles so badly played as to destroy whatever strength or realism the act might otherwise have.

The play, of course, ends with young Stackwood's attainment of his liberty and his winning the doctor's daughter. But unhappily for everybody but him these events occur (or *should* occur) at the end of the second act, and to fill in the time between then and eleven o'clock the authors have devised what is perhaps the most completely unnecessary third act it has been in my experience to witness.

Leslie Austen makes a pleasing and plausible Orville Stackwood and Alberta Burton as the doctor's daughter does efficient work. Tim Murphy as Dr. Marsh, a country doctor, lends genuine character to the part, and his performance would be as good as could be wished for if he avoided a tendency to orate at stirring moments. The production is staged with exceeding care and skill and the entire cast with the exception of the Stackwood family is well chosen.

LYRIC. "NOTHING BUT LOVE." Musical play in three acts. Book and lyrics by Frank Stammers. Score by Harold Orlob. Produced on October 14 with this cast.

Billy Marbury	Easton Yonge
Lucy Cotton	Marion Sunshine
June Marbury	Ruby Norton
Allyn Hicks	Andrew Tombes
Doctor Tibbetts	Donald Meek
"His Majesty"	Millicent Gleeman
Drake	Robert Woolsey
Bella, a Maid	Florence Enright
Mrs. Maud Winchester	Arline Fredericks
Teddy Winchester	Clarence Nordstrom
Brooks	Philip Bishop
Stacey Adams	John Roche
Commodore Marbury	Stanley H. Forde
Fleming	Jack McSorley

LOVE—clinging, cloying, saccharine—is the keynote of "Nothing But Love" as the title frankly admits. The little germ of the sweet malady attaches itself to practically every one in this sparkling musical play, and the symptoms manifest themselves in various ways and on the slightest provocation.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., *required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912*, of THEATRE MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1919, State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louis Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Theatre Magazine, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Theatre Magazine Co., 6 East 39th St., New York. Editor, Arthur Hornblow, 6 East 39th St., New York. Managing Editor, none. Business Managers, Paul and Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York. That the owners are: The Theatre Magazine Company, 6 East 39th St., New York, Mr. Henry Stern, 301 West 108th St. New York, Mr. Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York, Mr. Paul Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York, That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders, as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed by LOUIS MEYER, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1919. [SEAL] GEORGE H. BROOKE, Notary Public, Bronx Co. No. 41. New York Co. Clerk's No. 200. New York Co. Register's No. 10203. (My term expires March 30, 1920.)

VICTOR RECORDS

Another gem is taken out of a more or less neglected mine this month—the great duet from Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore," presented by Enrico Caruso and Giuseppe de Luca. "Roses of Picardy" is a song taken almost at random from the many beautiful songs the new day has give to the world, and translated into a thing of more exalted beauty by the voice of John McCormack, the artist who can find beauty, and redisclose it, in everything he touches. It is adorably sung, and at its climax there is a wonderful high note that brings forth the full power and sweetness of the artist's voice. Louise Homer sings "Messiah" with something more than artistry. Hearing her superb voice so laden with feeling, it is easy to believe that for the time the singer is not giving fórth the words of her own lips, or even the faith of her own soul, but that she is uttering the Divine and Eternal promise as an instrument of the Divine Will.

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1919

A
MERRY CHRISTMAS
TO ALL



LIKE the clown in the pantomine, we can exclaim "Here we are again!"

In spite of strikes, paper shortage, and all other kinds of troubles, we are still able to mail you our annual Christmas present—the December issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

If we have any apologies to make, it is in regard to the quality of the paper used this month in the Rotogravure Section. THEATRE MAGAZINE readers are accustomed to better paper than this. Again you must blame the strikes—not us. It is a fault which will soon be remedied. We ask only a little patience and the THEATRE will be itself again.

But enough about the December number. It speaks for itself. We'd like to tell you the features of the January, 1920, issue, but we can't. There are so many interesting articles, so many beautiful pictures. We may, however, tell you in confidence that

---

Brander Matthews will contribute another interesting article on "The Old Comedies."

That—

Howard Greer has sent us direct from Paris an amusing article entitled "The Real Bohemia," with clever sketches done in his inimitable style. Our own Greenwich Villagers—would-be Bohemians— will have to sit up and take notice when they read of the real Bohemian types Mr. Greer portrays.

That—

Maeterlinck, the great Belgian poet, being an honored visitor to this country, an article throwing personal sidelights on this noted dramatist, his views and personality, is given prominent space in a brilliant interview in the January issue.

Nor—

Must we forget the big Motion Picture Section in January, nor the hundreds of exquisite and unusual pictures.

The January issue will be just a sample of what we have in store for our readers during 1920.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

Vol. XXX. No. 226. December, 1919



From a portrait by White

JANE COWL

This popular actress is now appearing in a new fantastic comedy entitled "Smilin' Through", in which she plays not only an emotional role, but one full of humor and whimsicality

bestowed on these two more or less farcial pieces of Sheridan and Goldsmith which led Sir Arthur Pinero to formulate his satiric definition: "A comedy is a farce—by a deceased author."

Possibly a fourth comment may be appended although it must be apologized for as a doubtful digression. In my list the "Liar" is credited to Samuel Foote, because it could not very well be credited to any other author. But when it was last acted in New York, the text used was a revision by Lester Wallack of an earlier condensation by Charles James Mathews. Moreover Foote's own play was an adaptation of Corneille's "Menteur",—an adaptation more or less influenced by an earlier version of the French piece, Steele's "Lying Lover". To go still further back, Corneille had taken his story from a Spanish original, the "Verdad Sospiciosa" by Alarcon. And we may bring to an end this summary record of the strange adventures of a plot by setting down the fact that Alarcon, although a Spaniard, had been born in Mexico. So we can, if we so choose, claim the "Liar" in all its many transformations, as the earliest play to be written by a native American.

To these fifteen comedies originally produced in the eighteenth century, we may add seven plays produced in the first three score years of the nineteenth century:—

Tobin's "Honeymoon", (1805).
Knowles' "Hunchback", (1832).
Knowles' "Love Chase", (1837).
Bulwer's "Money", (1840).
Boucicault's "London Assurance", (1841).
Boucicault's "Old Heads and Young Hearts", (1844).
Reade and Taylor's "Masks and Faces" often called "Peg Woffington", (1852).

TO the best of my recollection no one of these nineteenth century pieces has been seen on the New York stage since the twentieth century began.

I have no right to assume that any other theatregoer of fifty years of experience would select exactly these twenty-two plays as being *the* "old comedies"; but I make bold to believe that my selection includes all the pieces which demand to be grouped together as the "old comedies."

(To be concluded in the next issue).

SHAKESPEARE SPELLS RUIN NO LONGER

Sothern and Marlowe play to $100,000 in New York and pack the house at every performance

OFTEN a saying by the sheer force of its wit becomes widely accepted as an undeniable truth. One of these aphorisms tossed off in a moment of defeat, has gained a universal currency. It is that "Shakespeare Spells Ruin."

It was an English manager who gave it utterance and it was some fifty years ago that it fell from his lips. When the public has asked why they might not have more of the offerings of the immortal bard, the commercial manager has ever replied: "Nothing doing. The Swan of Avon means bankruptcy."

How fallacious is such a reasoning is borne out by the fact that during the recent four weeks' engagement at the Shubert when Sothern and Marlowe presented "Hamlet," "Twelfth Night" and "The Taming of the Shrew," the receipts totalled more than $100,000. And they would have been even in excess of that had the theatre been larger, for every night was the house sold out.

When the box office takes in $25,000 a week ruin is more than remote. If the management of the Metropolitan Opera House were to entrust the leading roles to singers of the comic opera type it goes without saying that the vogue for grand opera would speedily decline. Square pegs in round holes will always spell failure in any line of artistic activity.

In the matter of Shakespeare there will never be a strenuous demand if its magnificent roles are not taken up by those competent to deal with their exquisite poetry and valiant emotions. When F. B. Chatterton gave voice to his pessimistic wail the English legitimate stage was in a state of slump. The giants Kean, Cooke and Macready had passed away, the new breed or rather younger, save in the case of Samuel Phelps, were incompetent to equal or surpass the glorious remembrances of the past.

This country has gone through a similar era. With the deaths of Booth, Barrett and Modjeska a big gap was made in the last of those capable of brilliantly carrying on the Shakespearian tradition. When they did our stage was in a state of transition. Stock companies were giving way to stars in particular repertoires and managers were making special productions. The practical schools of experience were dying out. The demand for actors who could play anything was on the wane; the exponent of type was in demand. So it came about that with the passing of the Titans there were few young ones left to read verse with becoming beauty or who were capable of prospecting the grand manner with either conviction or distinction. Something similar in England followed with the eclipse of Irving.

STILL there were a few on both sides of the Atlantic to keep the legitimate fires burning. Here Mantell is still in the field with a leading man in the person of Fritz Lieber capable of taking up his mantle when the vetern himself shall see fit to doff it. Walter Hampden by his promise in "Hamlet" gives heart for the immediate present, but of those in toga and buskin Edward H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe still command the widest appeal.

Far be it from me to stirr up any domestic or professional jealousy, but of the twin stars to me the female luminary is by far the most brilliant. She was born so. Marlowe has all the attributes of dramatic distinction. She was born to the theatrical purple. With the aid of natural attributes, proper training and genuine disposition she gracefully and naturally fits into the Shakespearian roles she is called on to play. It's vocation with her; and the product shows that a trained master mind has been at work in the conception and realization of her creations.

Sothern's success in the legitimate field has been attained by sheer work. Although in his early professional career he acted with McCullough, Sothern by heredity and instinct is a comedian. For overpowering success Southern lacks fluidity and flexibility of both speech and action. It is indeed remarkable that with such a really limited number of notes in his voice that he is able to act long didactic roles with the effect that he does. His Hamlet is a consistent, carefully thought-out conception of the Moody Dane. It is no inspired effort, it wants that wonderful undercurrent of true poetry mingled with a certain sense of humor that are the foundations of something approaching a true realization of this mighty role.

But Sothern is always dignified and princely. His Petruchio, I like least of all of his parts. It's hard and modern. Petruchio particularly needs a broad and slashing type to accompany the shrew tamer's ironic poetical wit. In Malvolio, Sothern is at his best. Beneath the skin of this egoist there is something of the spirit of Don Quixote and the placid plaintive methods of the actor bear with particular value on his rendering.

THE exquisite quality of Marlowe's voice is an asset that sets forth to fine expression the qualities of her commanding technic. In her person Viola lives again, Ophelia is embodied and the truculent Katharine swaggers, dominates and capitulates in the varying tones of bravado, command and feminine acquiescence.

Well do they deserve at the hands of their followers, but in a spirit far from captious I would there had been more of finish to their production; and that some parts had been more judicially cast. But their new method of setting—the Livingston Platt method—a more or less fixed background which, by the shifting of set pieces in new combinations, supplied all the necessary illusion with a smart saving in time is to be highly commended.

Winter is at hand, but the spring will come, and with its birds and flowers will Sothern and Marlowe return to make familiar to Metropolitan ears the glorious music and romance of the Shakespearian line. I predict they will be welcome.

EDWARD FALES COWARD.



Glenn Hunter Helen Hayes

Bobby and Cora Wheeler, brother and sister of sixteen and seventeen respectively, indulge in their usual spat



Photos White

Alfred Lunt as Clarence—the drafted soldier who never got to France



Helen Hayes Glenn Hunter Elsie Mackay

Trying to discover Clarence's real surname, the trio go through the mail carefully



Alfred Lunt Elsie Mackay Glenn Hunter Helen Hayes Mary Boland John Flood

Cora invites Clarence to sit on the sofa across the room with her

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S COMEDY "CLARENCE" GOOD FUN

IN THE SPOT-LIGHT



Moffett

CORA WITHERSPOON, who played the vivacious young wife in "She Would and She Did," is a native of New Orleans and was under the tutelage of Leo Ditrichstein for the duration of "The Concert," "The Temperamental Journey" and "The Matinee Hero." His chief dramatic dictum she says is a paradox: "Don't act." He insists upon a naturalness for nothing. Miss Witherspoon's knowledge of smart life is apparent in the true picture she draws of a pleasure - loving, die-for-a-friend, young woman in the exclusive set of a Long Island community.



White

MARGALO GILMORE

WHO is Margalo?" She is the little daughter of Frank Gilmore with a skin full of talent, as good looking as both her parents, and has won the talent of both. She is the bewitching girl who played the youngest daughter of George Washington Silver in "Up From Nowhere," and heard eight times a week from the star, Norman Trevor: "Go to the nursery, Etta." Little Miss Gilmore, aged eighteen, thinks she is far indeed from the nursery. For hasn't she been on the stage two years?



White

JAMES BRADBURY

YOU think the Yankees are solemn-faced descendants of the Pilgrim fathers? Most of them are; but there's a super comic exception. He is James Bradbury, the Cyrus Pond of "A Regular Feller." Mr. Bradbury is a son of Hollis, Maine. They say there's a fine for smiling in that town and that Mr. Bradbury had to pay so many daily fines that he left the town for the mines of Colorado. He decided that since persons laughed at him anyway they might better pay for the privilege and he went on the stage.

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



PLAYHOUSE. "PALMY DAYS." Comedy drama in three acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced on October 27 with this cast:

Sweeney	John Robb
Mrs. Curley	Lillian Dix
Big Lil	Eugenie Campbell
Jose	Alexis M. Polianov
Bud Farrell	Harry D. Southard
Leavenworth	Thomas Walsh
Texas	Emmet Shackelford
Kaintuck	Wilton Lackaye
Red Morgan	George Spaulding
Davy Woodford	George Le Guere
The Cricket	Genevieve Tobin
The Queen	Mattie Keene
Robinson	Edward J. Guhl
Fargo Bill	Olaf Skavlan
One-Eyed Conover	Edgar M. Woolley
Mrs. Woodford	Grace Reals

TO my mind, even an imitation whiff of the balsamic odors of the great west (time 1849, scene California) is preferable to the effete exhalations of musk and patchouli now emanating from the plethora of boudoir farces at present obtaining. I say advisedly "imitation," for it is not in my heart to accept too seriously Augustus Thomas' latest play which he calls "Palmy Days."

The types which Bret Harte originally drew with such vital freshness and human truth in those historic sketches of California's golden era are herein reproduced. I doubt if there is a single character in Thomas' dramatis personae whose counterpart is not to be found in the Hartian roster. Further, we must remember that since he wrote there have been innumerable replicas of his art. "M'liss, Sue, Girl of the Golden West," and the string of Wild and Wooly West dramas that used to play such a part in the ten, "twenty and thirtys," are all echoes of his picturesque art. The stuff was in California in 1849; but it was Bret Harte, poet, author, and consul, who made it originally vivid and enduring.

"Palmy Days" is conventional, to say the least, but Mr. Thomas is an experienced workman and his play is well knit and well balanced as to sentiment and humor. The central character, Kaintuck, is one of those bluff burly characters, with a heart of gold, who always dominate in mining camps. Although of good family, Kaintuck was a failure as an actor and became a dresser for Edwin Forrest. Scandal smirched the name of his wife and he fled to the West to forget. Finally, the deserted wife and the daughter he had never seen, turn up as strolling players. The daughter, called the Cricket, the sort that Lotta was in her early days, is pursued honorably by Kaintuck's youthful partner and dishonorably by Bud Farrell, a gambler of the Oakhurst type. Of course, she gets the right one, Kaintuck acknowledges her, and magnanimously endows the wife and allows her to continue as the wife of a stroller, who had married her in ignorance of the fact that Kaintuck was still alive.

Lackaye in his role was excellent; his professional wife was depicted with humor and truth by Mattie Keene, while a very simple, engaging and utterly untheatrical rendering of the daughter was given by Genevieve Tobin. A real sketch of character, to my mind the best acting in the piece, was contributed by Thomas Walsh, as a miner. Rollo Peters scenery was nicely appropriate and subordinate.

HARRIS. "WEDDING BELLS." Comedy in three acts by Salisbury Field. Produced on November 12 with this cast:

Fuzisaki	George Burton
Reginald Carter	Wallace Eddinger
Jackson	John Harwood
Spencer Wells	Percy Ames
Douglas Ordway	Clark Silvernail
Mrs. Hunter	Mrs. Jacques Martin
Marcia Hunter	Jessie Glendenning
Rosalie	Margaret Lawrence
Hooper	Maud Andrew

"WEDDING BELLS" could chime for us again, and still find us in the mood to enjoy its clean comedy, its gingery epigrams, its wholesome philosophy, and, above all, its intelligent and sincere portrayal by a cast which appreciates the value of restrained acting of farce-comedy rôles.

Salisbury Field's new comedy is a distinct success—the sort of play that amuses, entertains, and satisfies without having to resort to risqué jokes, the introduction of twin beds or boudoir scenes to evoke applause. There isn't a single naughty wife in the play, nor a husband with threadbare morals, nor a perplexing triangle, nor a shadow of an unpleasant sex problem. It must be admitted that the divorce Spectre runs rampant through the scintillant three acts of joyousness, but it stays well in the background.

These days when plots are ruthlessly cut out of comedies like appendixes from unprotesting human beings, an all-wool-yard-wide plot is welcomed hungrily by the theatre-going public. "Wedding Bells" actually has a plot. It has to do with a piquant, little divorcee who, still loving her former husband, and learning that he is soon to marry a kittenish bit of fluff, concentrates her efforts on smashing all the wedding plans, only to find that the little kitten shakes a wicked claw.

Wallace Eddinger, the bridegroom, looks less like an actor, and walks and talks less like one, than any man we have ever seen behind the footlights. In this naturalness lies his great charm and effectiveness. He is no sleek, over-groomed, perfect male being. He is like any Mr. Brown or Mr. Jones you meet in real life. He occasionally does awkward things like other male humans; he doesn't always enunciate perfectly, but munches and spurts forth his words as do many other normal, emotional males under certain circumstances, and his mannerisms aren't the stilted, over-rehearsed, cut and dried movements of a puppet. Because of all these subtle qualities, he is admirably suited to the role of the flustered, irresponsible, undiplomatic bridegroom, who realizes at the fatal eleventh hour that he is entering into an alliance with a woman he does not love.

As the slightly malicious, and designing, but thoroughly magnetic divorcee, Margaret Lawrence is decidedly appealing.

John Harwood, as an English servant addicted to marrying, without troubling to sever previous matrimonial ties; Percy Ames, as the débonair bachelor friend of the bridegroom, who clings fondly to his freedom; Clark Silvernail, a starry-eyed poet, who makes love in a lyrical fashion; Mrs. Jacques Martin, the petulant mother of the "ewe lamb," Jessie Glendenning, the bride-to-be, who is a bit too sophisticated in appearance to speak in the lisping childish treble she af-

fects; and Maude Andrew, an English maid, who has the masculine outlook on life, support Miss Lawrence and Mr. Eddinger, and their excellent teamwork leaves nothing for improvement.

GREENWICH VILLAGE. "THE LOST LEADER." Play in three acts by Lennox Robinson. Produced on November 12 with this cast:

Augustus Smith	Hugh Huntley
Lucius Lenihan	Frank Conroy
Mary Lenihan	Mae Melvin
James Powell-Harper	Robt. T. Haines
Frank Ormsby	Frank Compton
Peter Cooney, J. P.	J. M. Kerrigan
Kate Buckley	Ruth Boyd
James Clancy	Edw. O'Connor
Major White, J. P.	Arthur Barry
Michael O'Connor	Frederick Arthur
Thomas Houlihan	Joseph Macaulay
Long John Flavin	Eric Maxon
First Man	John Ahearn
Second Man	Theodore A. Doucet

HARDLY a better play could have been written with the purpose, idea and material than "The Lost Leader," by Lennox Robinson, now seen at the Greenwich Village Theatre. It is admirable in its simplicity, its tone and its craftsmanship. It may be described as spiritually effective in spite of the absence of the reality of fact. A certain predisposition of racial and political sentiment is no doubt required for the full measurement of its qualities. But without that it remains impressive to the most casual theatregoer.

That Charles Parnell, after his obscuration by a social scandal, effaced himself, that his grave did not hold his body, and that he still lived, became a legend. The action of the play opens at a small inn in an obscure village in Ireland at which lives the bent old man, gentle and dignified, distinctly not of the peasantry. In the more or less idle talk in the smoking room the subject of mind control is brought up, an attempt is made to bring a young newspaper correspondent under its influence, and incidentally the old man is made the subject. Incidentally, as such, he denies that he is Lucius Lenihan. "That is not my name. I am Charles Stuart Parnell."

This revelation sets into movement the activities of the play. Parnell alive again is urged to be himself. The doubts and difficulties involved in the situation constitute the action. Factional commotion sets in. In the last act, when some of Parnell's associates are coming to identify him, the scene of locality being an impressive one, in a twilight at the Standing Stones of Knockpatrick. There is a brawl and Parnell is killed by a blow from a stick not wielded, let us hope, with murderous intent. Naturally, it ends the play at the same time. It also prevents Parnell from giving his solution of the difficulties of his unhappy land. The dramatic treatment throughout gives the sense of reality during the performance at least.

Frank Conroy, as Parnell, is masterful in the impression made by his acting. He might have overcome inadequate production, otherwise, to some extent, but in every way there was a co-operation of very notable intelligence and fitness. But fact could not be made of the fable. Nevertheless, "The Lost Leader," as a production and a performance, may be counted on as one of the most worthy stage achievements seen here in many days. The production is by William Harris, Jr., who has taken over the theatre.

SHUBERT. "THE MAGIC MELODY." Musical play in a prologue and two acts. Book and lyrics by Frederic Arnold Kummer, music by Sigmund Romberg. Produced on November 11 with this cast:

Prince Vladimir	Robert Bentley
Lady Chester	Aileen Poe
Capt. Arthur Stanley	Chas. Purcell
Isabel de Vernon	Renee Delting
Richard Palmer Adams	Earl Benham
Mrs. Fishbacker	Flavia Arcaro
Sophie (her daughter)	Carmel Myers
Sir Reggie Chester	Tom McNaughton
Lulu	Dorothy Wallace
Cluclu	Marie McConnell
Madame Jessonda	Miss Julia Dean
Marquis de Vernon	Emile de Varny
Fifine	Bertee Beaumonte
Melody of Dance	Lois Leigh
Lola Winwood	Fay Marbe
Anita	Jeannette Kahn
Teresa	Adele Freeman
Salvatore	Walter Armin
Pietro	Gus Stevenson
Antonio	Louis Morrell
Beppino	Master Billie Roth
Postman	Jack Manning
Bianca	Jean Rebera
Maria	Nellie Crawford

A GLITTERING entertainment of the "made on Broadway" variety is "The Magic Melody," the new musical play done by Frederic Arnold Kummer and Sigmund Romberg. "What the public wants" is doled out with unstinting hand. Good numbers (musical and feminine), gorgeous trappings, and a well chosen cast combine to overcome the defects of an unhumorous book.

"The Magic Melody" has something of a plot. A well staged prologue narrates the story of Gianina, a Sicilian wife whose husband leaves her upon finding her in the arms of a lover, taking their young son with him. Gianina, upon whom the attentions of the lover have been forced against her will swears vengeance against the lover and his family. Twenty years pass. Act 1 finds Gianina Kentucky-feuding a few of her ex-lover's relatives. At a great ball given in the home of one of the latter she meets her son, now grown up into a splendid young fellow, his hair having turned quite blonde. She recognizes him as he is singing *"Gianina,"* a love ballad composed by his father and dedicated to his mother long ago. *Il va sans dire* that her boy is enamoured of a lass belonging in the enemy camp and that mother has to forget and forgive, which she does, with a Warfield movement of the chin.

All of which is usual stuff and the comedy that goes with it is of the most manufactured variety. Julia Dean as Gianina makes an emotional role of her part. After all it must be a hard fate for a dramatic non-singing artist to be thrown with the "musical show crowd." Duse herself could accomplish little if at some supreme moment her leading man burst into some such ditty as *"Down by the Nile"* and interrupted the thread of the action in order to exhibit a set of nice new Egyptian shimmies.

"The Magic Melody" is splendidly staged and Willy Pogany deserves credit for designing three excellent scenes, not to mention a host of pretty costumes. Especially noteworthy were some of his headdresses, as fine as I've seen here or in Paris where the palm for that sort of thing usually goes.

Charles Purcell pleases as Captain Arthur Stanley, the long lost son, and Tom McNaughton gets the maximum effect out of the weak lines that are given him. The feminine parts are adequately sung, but there is no conspicuous work. Fay Marbe displays a well-filled, handsome pair of onyx in a neat *pas seul*.

CRITERION. "On the Hiring Line." Comedy in three acts by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford. Produced with this cast:

Mrs. Billy Capron	Minna Gombell
Ritchie	Sidney Toler
Mrs. Ritchie	Josephine Hall
Billy Capron	Robert Hudson
Sherman Fessenden	Cyril Scott
Dorothy Fessenden (his daughter	Vivian Tobin
Steve Mack	Donald Gallaher
Mrs. Sherman Fessenden	Laura Hope Crews
Ronnie Oliver	John Blair

(Continued on page 424)



Charlotte Fairchild



Victor Georg

MARY NEWCOMBE

Who is Mrs. Robert Edeson, proved in "First is Last" that she has a rare gift for comedy



Abbe

(Circle)

PHOEBE FOSTER

This charming and sympathetic young actress played a leading rôle in "First is Last" with her customary skill

(Left)

ELISE BARTLETT

Remembered for her vivacity in "Please Get Married" has scored again in this new play of student life at Columbia College

BEAUTY HELPED "FIRST IS LAST"



Photos White Charles Cherry Francine Larrimore

Pelham Franklin (Mr. Cherry)—"If you and I were alone on an island and there was no chance of ever returning to civilization, I would build a hut for you at the furthest end of the island and treat you as if you were a man."—a scene in "Scandal" at the 39th St. Theatre



Ina Claire Bruce McRae

During their champagne tete a tete, Jenny, the chorus girl, startles the uncle by revealing sensational episodes of her past life—one of the best scenes in "The Gold Diggers" at the Lyceum

HIGHLY SPICED FARE FOR BROADWAY



Photos White

Olive Tell and Glen Anders in "Civilian Clothes" at the Morosco



James Rennie and Ruth Chatterton in "Moonlight and Honeysuckle" at the Henry Miller Theatre



Elizabeth Hines and Charles Brown in "See Saw" at the Cohan Theatre



A Quartette of pretty girls from "Roly-Boly Eyes" at the Knickerbocker

NEW COMEDIES—TWO WITH MUSIC, TWO WITHOUT

ACTORS WHO WRITE PLAYS

Experts in the mechanics of action but deficient in grouping the underlying truths

By WALTER A. LOWENBERG



IN spite of the obvious relationship between the art of playwriting and the art of acting, like the composition and performance of music, they are two very different arts, though undoubtedly a great talent for the one owes much of its inspiration and felicity of performance to the other. There are exceptional musicians who are also great composers, such as Kreisler, Paderewski, or Rachmaninoff, just as there are exceptional actors who have developed a great facility in writing plays. But in spite of the long list of illustrious names that may be marshalled to support the thoughtful compiler of musician-composers or actor-playwrights, it must be admitted that a combination of the talents is exceptional, and that the names gain lustre from this very fact.

Shakespeare, the greatest of playwrights, from all accounts was but a mediocre actor, though the most casual student of his plays soon realizes that much of their fascinating vitality arises from the poet's intimate knowledge of the theatre. That Shakespeare knew enough about acting to tell others how to act is strikingly exemplified in Hamlet's famous advice to the players:



SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: *I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.* . . . .

"Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is (apart) from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure . . . ."

Molière, the actor, is so intimately associated with Molière, the playwright, that the mind of the public has always conceived the great Frenchman as an eminent exponent of both arts. But it must be admitted that his contemporary fame rests more upon the ever freshly humorous acting quality of his plays than upon the traditions he established as the leading actor of the *Comédie Française*.

Coming down to more modern times, Sir Henry Irving left but faint impress of his art as a playwright upon the playgoing public, and that chiefly through the moderate success of his collaboration with Tennyson on their poetic drama, "Thomas a'Becket."

The chief advantage that the actor-playwright has over his fellow-craftsmen is the realization of the oft-repeated dictums that plays nowadays are not written, but built, not written, but rewritten. A very amusing, yet highly instructive example of this was last exhibited at the Lambs' Gambol when Willie Collier undertook to rehearse a play called, truthfully enough, "Nothing But Cuts." When the stern father was confronted with his daughter's guilt, the would-be playwright had him exclaim: "What, my daughter," "Cut 'my daughter,'" dryly remarked Collier, "say: *'What?'*"



THE actor, too, obtains an invaluable sense of the potentiality of the spoken word. He realizes that the dullest speech on the printed page can be made pregnant with meaning if placed in the hands of a skillful interpreter. He realizes that the slightest inflection of the voice, one way or the other, may make or mar the effectiveness of a line.

The actor-playwright learns many of the technical points of playbuilding merely by practical experience. Winchell Smith, one of the more successful men of the theatre, acted in the companies of the late Charles Frohman for ten years, from 1894 to 1904, and attributes much of his later success as a playwright to the things he learned to avoid, as an actor, as being theatrically ineffective. He learned, for instance, that on the stage it is impossible to make blindness comic or deafness pathetic. The fact that stage conversation is inaudible to one of the actors always strikes an audience as funny, no matter how pathetic the playwright has conceived the situation to be.



THE actor also learns by experience to time the mechanics of action so as to give an actor or actress time to change a costume if necessary. For instance, if an actor must change from business suit to full dress during the course of an act the actor-playwright knows just how many speeches must be written to consume sufficient time to allow the actor to make the change. He learns, too, the danger of long speeches in making the audience restless, and how short, tense speeches may work an audience up to a high degree of suspense.

Although the men and women who have won success as both actors and playwrights are exceptional, it is difficult in the case of some of these to determine whether they have been more successful as actors or as authors. There is William Gillette, for instance, who is the author of a dozen extraordinarily successful plays in which he has won great triumphs as a star. He is a notable example of a popular actor who was equally popular as a playwright.

Among the most successful of Mr. Gillette's plays were: "The Private Secretary," "Held by the Enemy," "Secret Service," and "Sherlock Holmes," all of which are popular favorites with stock companies to this day. His income in royalties from some of the plays in which he made his earlier triumphs as a star amounts to many hundreds of dollars annually and helps to make him one of the few millionaire actors on the stage.

George M. Cohan also has earned an equal share of fame and fortune as an actor and a playwright. But while Mr. Cohan's musical plays have been entirely of his own making, he has nearly always elected to choose his dramas from material supplied by popular novelists. He is reported even now busy with dramatizations of Gellett Burgess's "Mrs. Hope's Husband" and Henry Sydnor Harrison's "Queed," the latter for the use of Grant Mitchell.

Mr. Cohan has been an actor since he was nine years old. He began writing plays before he was twenty, and has been producing them with great regularity for the past two decades. Many of Mr. Cohan's plays have received high critical praise, the first act of his "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" being considered a masterpiece of skillful dramatic exposition by such eminent critics as William Archer and Clayton Hamilton.



EDGAR SELWYN is a notable example of the successful actor-playwright, having written more than thirty plays, among which were several big financial successes. Like Gillette and Cohan, Selwyn early showed his propensities toward the theatre. He began to write plays before he was ten years old, and his greatest pleasure was to give backyard performances of these productions for which the price of admission was three pins.

Although he had written a considerable number of plays before he went on the stage, he was well-known as an actor before he became a successful dramatist. Among his earlier plays were "Father and Son," which he wrote for William Norris, and "Pierre of the Plains," in which he appeared as a star and which he now plans to revive for this season. The plays that really made his reputation as a dramatist were, "The Country Boy" and "Rolling Stones," both of which were subsequently filmed successfully for the movies. Thus does Selwyn multiply his profits.

Mrs. Selwyn, who is known to the playgoing public as Miss Margaret Mayo, has had a similar career to Edgar Selwyn. She has been writing plays for about twenty years and like Mr. Selwyn, has of late years become better known as a producer and a playwright than a player. Her first great hits were made with her dramatizations of "The Jungle" and "The Marriage of William Ashe." "Polly of the Circus" established her fame as a playwright, but in "Baby Mine" and "Twin Beds" she reached the high water mark of success.

Rachel Crothers is another highly successful actress-playwright, her "The Little Journey" and "39 East" being two (*Concluded on page* 420)



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The Spirit of the Waters

ANNA LUDMILLA, A GIFTED PUPIL OF THE RUSSIAN DANCER, OUKRAINSKY, WHO MAY BECOME THE AMERICAN PAVLOWA



© James Wallace Pondelicek





Photos Pondelicek

ANDREAS PAVLEY and Serge Oukrainsky, the newly-appointed directors of Cleofonte Campanini's Auditorium Theatre ballet forces, have resurrected the great god, Pan. Here is a page of proof. The two young Russians have founded the only out-door school of ballet dancing à la Russe in America, if not in the world. A big house, old-fashioned, roomy, and a group of outlying cottages, hold the student colony of about seventy budding Pavlowas, at South Haven, Michigan, where these pictures were taken. Work is the program every day from dewy dawn until lunch. Then, Pan and his court hold sway. There are wild gambols on lake and sward and sands, picnic parties, masked balls, raids on the kitchen, swimming, by the light of the stars...and.....dreams. Anna Ludmilla is a nymph. Some say she is going to be the American Pavlowa.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SONGS

Melody the chief factor of success in songs that have become famous

By LEO FEIST



IF we had her diary, supposing that she kept one, we should certainly find that the first person who ever sang a popular song was the first mother of us all—old Mother Eve. She sang in the Garden. Yes, and afterwards. Old Adam did, too. Perhaps, indeed, it may have been he who started. I fancy, though, it was Eve.

Man sang melodies long before he could speak words. Ages before he could say, "Beautiful Katy, I love you; meet me by the kitchen door, when the moon shines on the cowshed!" he could coo it, and his meaning was as clear. Later, when Katy was late with the dinner, or the breakfast toast and coffee were cold, or his shirt collar stud rolled under the bed—or whatever they had for those things in those days—he could sing the other sort of song also without leaving Katy in any doubt about his having lost his nanny.

There never was a period when man was without song though at first his knowledge of themes and music would not have excited the envy of Schubert or Geo. M. Cohan. But he never failed to make his music—his melody—exactly fit and unmistakably express his meaning, the message he had to convey, not by articulate words, but simply by sounds.

When the use of words came into existence, much of man's natural gift of musical expression was gradually lost. No longer needed for daily converse, but only for the big special occasions—love-making, burials, dances, battles, or when the maid felt gay, or the old man lost his temper—song-talk went largely into the discard.



NOW what the primitive man did by instinct, and did perfectly, we have to do by art and therefore less surely. It is only when we reach somewhere up to that perfection in emotional expression which primitive man had as a gift from nature that we get a really successful song.

Music in its first and simple form—the expression of the emotions—is not an acquired art or a matter of culture. It is a natural instinct. The creation of music in the form of a melody for the purpose of stirring the emotions expressed by the music was also a natural instinct. But by his acquired intelligence man has covered up his instincts until they have become so buried beneath knowledge that only by art can they be rediscovered, and their faculty is so far lost through disuse that only through art can they now be utilized—except perhaps in the rare case of genius.

Until he is about a year or eighteen months old, man can still sing a perfect hunger song. After that he relies on words. Watch the crying of a baby. You will find that a baby instinctively varies its pitch acording to whether it wishes to song-say: "I am hungry," "I am in pain," "I won't go to sleep just yet," or "I don't like to be left in the dark"—and every mother understands just what the difference in tone conveys. Listen for the terror and anger notes of a baby. They're every bit as different as Schubert himself would have made the melodies for songs on those two themes.

To get another view of man's most primitive song forms, used long before man had speech, listen to the voice of a dog. Instinctively a dog pitches his whine high and his growl low. When he wants to frighten you he uses the deep, low notes that sound full of power. When he wants to appeal he goes to the upper half, the plaintive half, of the register. You always know at once which of your emotions he is trying to stir up.

A few forms may yet be found which, I fancy, may be relics of man's age-old prehistoric songs—without words. Among them are the wordless lullabies that are world-wide as motherhood itself.



CROONING is another example. So is the yodeling of the Tyrol. But, perhaps the most striking of all is the "keening" still done, I believe, over the dead in parts of Ireland. No one who has ever heard this real old unearthly heartrending Gaelic dirge fails to grasp what tremendous beauty and power must have been possessed by the great old music that died with the days of instinct. They had the grip, the real soul grip, because they had to have it. They were so good, words were not necessary to make their meaning clear.

The trouble with words, even the last of them, always is that they limit imagination. The difficulty is to get the right ones—the ones that tell just enough to lift the imagination into flight. Sometimes mere meaningless syllables can be more effective than words.

No more remarkable song, judging by its stirring results, was ever written than *"Lilli Bullero,"* the *"Marseillaise"* of the British 1688 Revolution. It was written by Lord Wharton and Purcell, the great composer, supplied the music. The chorus—and that was the real thing, the part that had the effect—was nothing but this strange repetition of flowing but meaningless made-up imitation words:

"Lilli bullero, lilli bullero bullen a la,
"Lero lero, lilli bullero, lero lero bullen a la,
"Lero lero, lilli bullero, lero lero bullen a la!"

Often we have choruses that are partly wordless, so far as actual words go. They are always extremely popular. Many of the finest old classic English folk-songs ended up into a string of such meaningless syllables as *"Tra la la ri ti di da,"* which always went with great gusto whether in a comic ditty or patriotic ballad. The melody and manner of singing did all that words could have done—perhaps even more, for they not only leave the imagination free but excite it to action.



THOSE of us who can remember so far back will always smile with pleasant recollection as we recall how all the world and his sweetheart rather more than quarter of a century ago went crazy over *"Ta ra ra ra Boom tee ay."*

Words that are mere sound carriers without any sort of meaning of their own are immensely attractive to-day. We see this strikingly illustrated in the big popular hit made by *"Ja-Da."* There is something absolutely infectious in it. So again in *"Daa Dee Dum,"* the latest great new melody song. Inexplicable as it may be, these apparently meaningless phrases are irresistible. May it not be that in some way they strike a memory chord, a something within our subconsciousness left there from the days when such lines were our daily, our only, talk?

Unquestionably man has within him a natural instinct for song. In my opinion it is a survival of that age-long but far, far back period when song was the only way in which he could express his emotions. It is in that natural instinct, and in the natural corallery of it, the instinctive swiftness of the reaction of his emotions to melody, that lies the whole psychology of song. The psychology of songs—the secret of the success of a song—lies simply in getting beneath man's artificial coating and digging down into his own real old self so that you reach his instincts and emotions.

For more than twenty years now it has been the pleasant business of my life to do my best to decide what are the songs the people want. I have had perhaps more than my share of success in judging correctly the humor of the moment—at least so the records of songland show. And yet I am still learning how to do it. Frequently as I have hit the mark, I can frankly say that I think the man has yet to be born who can do it every time.



SONG taste is something far deeper than a fad or fancy, passing whims like fashions in women's clothes. But whatever may be the secret of the psychology of songs of this, at any rate, I am sure, the name of the Main Street is Melody. The melody must be such that without need of help from the words, it expresses the idea conveyed by the words. The music itself must express the feeling and the thought. It must be built on the simple lines of the natural instinct formerly employed by man to convey his thoughts and used still by babies and animals—it must stir just that emotion that one wants to stir and no other.

Take Geo. M. Cohan's *"Over There"* as an example. There you have one of the most perfect songs ever written. The music tells the story. As you hear it you see the picture exactly as it was—young America girding itself with irresistible determination to end the war. The future historian with all the facts before him, all seen in their true proportions, will not be able to depict more correctly the spirit of 1917-1918 than it is drawn in this wonderful song—and he will never be able to make people feel it and live it as *"Over There"* enables them to feel it and live it.

Almost every day, sometimes several times a day I am asked, "Why don't the modern songs live"? Usually the tone of the question suggests at least a shade of reproach as if to say that the songs of to-day are inferior to the songs of old. I don't agree with that.

What would Schubert, the greatest of all great song writers, have (*Continued on page* 420)



Uncle Horace (Ferdinand Gottschalk) discovers the substitute father (Otto Kruger) caressing his pseudo-daughter (Ruth Shepley)

(Below)
SCENE IN "LUSMORE" RECENTLY AT HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE

SCENE IN ACT III. OF "ADAM AND EVA" AT THE LONGACRE THEATRE



Photos White

Lusmore (Grace Heyer) John McFarlane Beth Fox

Act I. Ellen of the Grey Locks (Louise Poe) warns the villagers not to drive Lusmore from his home

LAUGHTER AND TEARS IN AMERICAN FARCE AND IRISH DRAMA



From a portrait by Maurice Goldberg

HELEN FREEMAN

AS Hannah Ferguson in the greatest artistic success of the past season, "John Ferguson," Miss Freeman has proved her ability as an emotional actress. Broadway had seen her before in "The Man Inside," as William Gillette's leading woman, and as the sponsor for the Nine O'clock Theatre. In "John Ferguson," she has come into her own



From a portrait by Abbe

LENORE ULRIC

WHO is now appearing in the biggest part of her career—the star rôle in a elaborate Chinese play, "The Son-Daughter," by George Scarborough and David Belasco. For this spectacle which affords this clever emotional actress unusual opportunity, the entire lighting system of the Belasco Theatre has been changed.

CONFESSIONS OF A GALLERY GOD

One and more reasons why the leading lady always looks up when she sings

By F. C. RUSSELL



SO much has been written about the American Drama from the standpoint of the manager, the author, the actor or the box-office that it has occurred to me that it is high time for the gallery god to air his views. Having been converted from a critic to an "angel" I feel that I know what I am saying when I make the broad assertion that one learns more about a play from a seat directly under the roof than from a stage-box. Perhaps I am wrong; that remains for the reader to judge. At least I have no axe to grind. I merely want to relate my experience as a gallery god and hope thereby to throw light upon the theatre from an angle hitherto neglected.

It is a fact that in a stage box your dress shirt invariably claims more than its due share of your attention. The play drops completely out of consciousness if "the lady who goes to the theatre with you" is in the habit of dropping her fan at regular intervals. As a critic I have often been more interested in the audience than in the production. Who is the woman with the sable furs and the monkey, I wonder? She enters during the prologue. I am told that she is a moving picture star. Two women sitting directly in front of me spend the entire first act arguing as to whether the beauty in the second box on the right is Lillian Russell. I am quite convinced that the man sitting beside me is a newspaper representative supposed to be barred from the theatre. I wonder. As a consequence I spend most of the second act wondering how he got by the door-keeper. Appreciation of the play is beyond question. The audience, especially a first-night audience, becomes the "Big Show" while the production on the stage is regarded as a sort of cabaret entertainment.



IT was while my mind was full of these thoughts and my pocketbook rather empty that I decided one evening to give the "angels" a try-out. When refused admittance by a manager who did not see the wisdom of honoring trade paper representatives I gradually formed the habit of sneaking around to the gallery door. There I was unknown. There I could shut my eyes to my surroundings and really see the production. In short, before long I became a gallery god. I have never regretted it.

We people of the "top gallery" receive none of the credit that is due us. It is we who applaud when the show is good and hiss when it ought to be taken off the boards. The box-office man knows us and so do the actors. Our fifty-cent pieces are the real money. Only on rare occasions is there "paper" in the gallery. The leading-lady knows where her salary is coming from—that's why she always looks up when she sings. And besides—aren't we the chaps who whistle the "hit" after the show? Many a person downstairs would like to join us, but that's not dignified, you know. Moreover, the taxi is waiting and the train leaves at 11:10. The composer knows whether the show is a hit or not merely by standing at the door as we file out. At the main entrance he is congratulated by scores of friends, true enough, but the sight of four high-school boys whistling his latest fox-trot means a great deal more to him. The gallery is the real theatrical thermometer. Without it the status of a play is more or less guess-work.

A maiden trip to the roof of a theatre is all that the word implies, for there may be anywhere from fifty to one hundred steps to climb. It begins, if you are a newcomer, with a disheartening scene at the main box-office of the particular theatre you have selected. From the all-important individual in the box-office you demand a fifty-cent seat. You garnish your demand with all the dignity of a gentleman, at the same time flourishing a dollar bill as proof of your ability to indulge in the debauch. The fact that you are displaying your greenback causes him to retort:



SORRY, but all the fifty-cent seats are gone. We have a few good seats in the first balcony for a dollar." If your return carfare and your laundry bill must come out of this same dollar you are not likely to look with favor upon his proposition. You mumble something to this effect, whereupon he dismisses you with: "try the box-office at the side."

So, in spite of the fact that you used the very best diction at your command, you find yourself shoved to one side by a line of people who are brandishing five-spots freely. Had you showed no evidence of being able to purchase a dollar seat you would have been spared time and trouble. When you compare your treatment in the lobby of the legitimate theatres with your entrance to the majority of vaudeville and picture houses you cannot help but feel insulted. If, however, you had noticed the individual in the box-office you would have seen that class distinction is not so marked after all, for he invariably gives the gentlemen in the top hat short change and very frequently throws coins at patrons.

This, of course, you do not see, but reluctantly sneak around to the side entrance. Here a more civil individual takes your fifty-cents ("plus war tax"), giving you in return anything from a regular ticket to a mere admission card. A real "Globe" ticket gives you enough encouragement to start on the ascent.



HALF way up you halt for breath. A group of school girls, a sailor, a fat woman, an old man, are staggering up the stairs just before you. They are all laughing and commenting upon their ascent to Heaven. This is the first sign of impending pleasure. The more steps the more the appreciation when you arrive at your destination.

When at last you arrive the first thing that catches your eye is, not a smart evening dress on some débutante, nor the diamonds on some roué, but the STAGE! It seems to take up the entire place. You cannot help seeing it. Consequently you cannot help but see the play.

Furthermore, a very neat usher (rather usheress) directs you to your seat. This she does by pointing to a seat somewhere in the vicinity of "that there woman with the red hat." Truly, her speech is undignified, but in reality the only difference between the girls downstairs and those in the gallery is that the former do not open their mouths, thereby deceiving you. Downstairs the audience is all illustion and sham; the play is the reality (a means of spending the evening). Upstairs the play is the illusion and the audience the reality. The majority of the patrons of the orchestra circle are there to pass the time away. Marie has a friend from Baltimore over the week-end. She must be entertained. Dick bought a couple of seats to compensate for the dance Helen took him to. In fact, a downstairs audience in the main is congregated for almost every other purpose than the study and enjoyment of the author's product. There are no possibilities for social display upstairs. Had you wanted this you could have had a box seat at a vaudeville house for a mere song. When you elect to sit in the gallery you do so only because you want to see the play.

There are other advantages to the gallery. The slips of paper bearing the program, for example, are regarded as an insult to some people. Little do they realize that many critics and constant theatre-goers often tip ushers to get them these slips for their program files or scrap books.

Moreover, I have always preferred looking down upon the stage rather than looking up at it. I think most people share this opinion with me, for are not the first rows in the first balcony (especially at the New York Hippodrome and Century Theatres) the preferred seats from the psychological viewpoint?



I HAVE not been a gallery god long enough to note the transition from the so-called "peanut" stage to the present day, but I am in a position to say that the last few years have brought a great change for the better. For instance, at the Century theatre the patrons of the "pit" have the use of the elevators. One feels no more chagrin in riding to the gallery than one does in riding to the top floor of an office building. The Century even banishes the old side door.

The abolition of the gallery in the "intimate" theatres cropping up everywhere in New York City is a mistake. Such a direct attempt to exclude the gallery god, of course, is designed to make the theatre more exclusive and possibly to "uplift" it as an institution. On the contrary, it forces the gallery god to seek entertainment and instruction in the cheap vaudeville and picture houses. The tendency is, therefore, to lower the standard.

I confess when the question is one of "Upstairs and Down," I invariably, if I am alone, choose the former. I should regret the "Passing of the Third Floor Back" of the theatre.



Photos White Cecil Yapp Norman Trevor Ann Andrews

Papa Silver (Norman Trevor), taking a hand in his son's love affairs, finds he is himself in love with the girl he suspected of running after the family fortune

SCENE IN "UP FROM NOWHERE" RECENTLY AT THE COMEDY THEATRE



Dudley Clements Miriam Sears Ernest Glendinning James Bradbury Everett Butterfield

Motor fans will like this comedy bristling with automobile jargon—especially the character of Cyrus Pond (James Bradbury) an old-time "hoss" lover who becomes a convert to the new method of locomotion

SCENE IN "A REGULAR FELLER" RECENTLY AT THE CORT THEATRE

THE HUMBLE UNDERSTUDY

Some famous players who found their opportunity when substituting others

By HAROLD SETON

THE recent actors' strike, which resulted in many leading players surrendering their rôles and walking out of the theatre just as the audience was assembling for the evening's performance, brought prominently to the front that very useful but obscure member of the profession—the understudy.

The understudy is an important member of every theatrical organization—from the managerial viewpoint. Although cast for a minor rôle, perhaps that of a footman or a maid, the understudy must be letter-perfect in another and more important part, perhaps that of the hero or the heroine. In some companies the understudy rehearses two or three parts, and is prepared to step in at a moment's notice, when someone is taken ill or meets with a mishap. It occasionally happens that word is not received until six or seven o'clock that Miss So-and-So is indisposed or Mr. So-and-So has had an accident. Yet, when the manager asks "Are you ready?" the understudy invariably answers, "I am!" So the performance is given, and the situation is saved. For one or two nights the substitute has the center of the stage, but, when Miss So-and-So regains her health or Mr. So-and-So recovers from his injury, the understudy once more retires into the background. At the end of the week, as a reward for heroism, the substitute receives "something extra" in the envelope brought around during the matinée by the manager, although the amount is nowhere near the exact proportion of the remuneration paid to the "regular" actor for each performance.

SOMETIMES a player specializes as an understudy, but this is an unwise procedure. One is apt to be taken at one's own valuation, and if proclaimed as an understudy will not be regarded as anything else. Some individuals remain in this category year after year, often under the same management. Such are not over-ambitious, but are at any rate assured of an engagement.

Nevertheless, there are innumerable instances in which, after having had an opportunity to appear, after having manifested ability, the understudy has continued in the rôle, and has established a reputation.

Edith Wynne Matthison began her stage career in 1896, with Minnie Palmer in "The School Girl." (Last season Miss Palmer was with Frank Bacon in "Lightnin'.") Later Miss Matthison joined Ben Greet's company, where she understudied many parts, and was enabled to appear as Miladi in "The Three Musketeers;" Queen Catherine in "Henry VIII;" Portia in "The Merchant of Venice," and Peg Woffington in "Masks and Faces." In 1903 she appeared at Mendelssohn Hall in "Everyman," and in 1908 in "The Servant in the House," a play written by her husband, Charles Rann Kennedy. Last winter she appeared in Maeterlinck's fairy fantasy, "The Betrothal," a sequel to "The Bluebird."

Julie Opp was born in New York, where for a time, she was engaged in newspaper work. She made her theatrical début in London in 1896, at St. James's Theatre in George Alexander's presentation of "As You Like It," appearing as Hymen. During that engagement she understudied Julia Neilson, the leading-lady, and was enabled to play the part of Rosalind. When "The Princess and the Butterfly" was presented in London in 1897, she was cast for Mrs. Ware, but when this piece was produced in New York, later in the same year, she was cast for the Princess. Later she married William Faversham, and, during several seasons, was his leading-lady, finally relinquishing that place to Maxine Elliott, in co-starring ventures.

OLGA NETHERSOLE is another player whose opportunity came through understudying. In London, in 1889, Mrs. Bernard Beere, who was popular at that period, became ill and Miss Nethersole stepped in at short notice and undertook the title rôle in "La Tosca," making a decided hit, so that she soon left John Hare's company and joined Charles Cartwright in a co-starring tour of Australia, where they produced "The Idler," "A Scrap of Paper," and other pieces. Miss Nethersole subsequently paid many visits to America, where she became as famous as in England, especially in such plays as "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "Carmen," "Camille," and "Sappho."

The characters of Mrs. Tanqueray and Mrs. Ebbsmith were created by Mrs. Patrick Campbell in 1893 and 1895, the plays of Pinero and the interpretations of Mrs. Campbell creating considerable comment. This lady, after having been a society amateur, adopted the stage as a profession in 1888, appearing in a piece called "Bachelors," and subsequently touring with Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer, whom she understudied. Joining Ben Greet's company, she played Rosalind in "As You Like It;" Viola in "Twelfth Night;" Helena in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and the Princess of France in "Love's Labour Lost." In 1902 she made her American début in "Magda," since which time she has been a frequent visitor on this side of the Atlantic.

WALTER HAMPDEN was born in Brooklyn, was educated at Harvard University, and made his first appearance on the stage in England, as a member of E. R. Benson's company. From 1901 until 1905 he interpreted many rôles in Shakespearian productions, and in the latter year was called upon to replace H. B. Irving as Hamlet, at the Adelphi Theatre, London, the star, a son of Sir Henry Irving, having become suddenly indisposed. Mr. Hampden played the part for a week, and his performance called forth favorable criticism. In 1908 he created the part of Manson, the Servant, in "The Servant in the House." Last season his presentation of "Hamlet" proved a financial as well as an artistic success, old theatre-goers in New York shaking their heads in astonishment over the advertisements announcing "Hundredth Performance of Hamlet!"

Another one of H. B. Irving's understudies was Hamilton Revelle. This was in 1891, during the presentation of "School." Prior to that time, Mr. Revelle, who was born at Moorish Castle, Gibraltar, had been a member of Augustin Daly's company, joining the organization at the age of fifteen and remaining for six seasons, playing a great variety of parts, and gaining valuable experience. After several years as leading-man with Olga Nethersole he appeared in a similar capacity with Mrs. Leslie Carter, continuing in "Du Barry" for two years, subsequently appearing in other Belasco productions, such as "The Rose of the Rancho" and "The Devil." Last season he was with Mrs. Fiske in "Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans."

Phillis Neilson-Terry was predestined for a stage-career, for her father and mother, Fred Terry and Julia Neilson, are popular players in England, and her aunt, Ellen Terry, is a celebrated actress. In 1909 Miss Neilson-Terry made her début in the part of Marie de Belleforet in her parents' presentation of "Henry of Navarre." In 1910 she had the chance to substitute as Marguerite de Valois, her mother having been taken ill. Later in the same year she was favorably received as Viola in "Twelfth Night," and after that as Rosalind in "As You Like It." Of recent years she has remained in America, now and then appearing in vaudeville as a singer and dramatic reader. It is interesting to recall that when "Twelfth Night" was presented, Dennis Neilson-Terry played opposite his sister as Sebastian.

ISABEL IRVING made her dèbut in Rosina Vokes' company. In 1886 she played a minor rôle in "The Schoolmistress," at the Standard Theatre, where she understudied the star. Although she never took Miss Vokes' place, she offered such unmistakable evidences of dramatic ability that she was given advice and assistance by the amiable star, to whom she returned, after filling other engagements, and played prominent parts in "A Pantomime Rehearsal," "A Game of Cards," and "A Double Lesson." She then joined Augustin Daly's company, where she remained from 1888 until 1893. From 1897 until 1899 she was leading-lady with John Drew. Her most recent appearance was in the farce, "She Walked in Her Sleep."

Robert Edeson had an interesting experience. In 1887 he was employed in the box-office of the Park Theatre, Brooklyn. Cora Tanner was ready to present "Fascination," when a member of the company was taken ill. The manager, Colonel Sinn, was in a dilemma, until young Edeson offered to play the part. The Colonel bet him one hundred dollars he would not see it through. Edeson took the bet, and played the part. He acquitted himself credit- (*Concluded on page* 418)



From a portrait by Maurice Goldberg

DOROTHY DICKSON

This young dancer whose grace and expressive shoulders brought her fame in "The Royal Vagabond," is playing a few weeks' vaudeville engagement prior to opening in a new play.



The peculiar stillness that comes only with softly falling snow in a deep fir forest had settled down upon the environs of Round Pond.

PAULINE OF THE PINES

(A Christmas Story)

By LEWIS ALLEN BROWNE

THE peculiar stillness that comes only with softly falling snow in a deep fir forest had settled down upon the environs of Round Pond, nestled among the evergreen-clad hills a score of miles from the nearest town or railroad in the heart of the Maine woods.

Save for the wavering spiral of thin blue smoke that came from burning hemlock logs, and which could be seen above the trees, there was no sign of civilization about the pond. There were deer tracks in plenty about the outlet of the pond where the current prevented freezing and where the deer came for water.

Now and then a spruce or a pine bough, heaped with more snow than its weight could support, would seemingly impatiently flicker off its load and the snow would scatter down to the whiteness beneath.

It was late in December, almost Christmas. Sportsmen from the city had long ago returned to their homes. The few log camps, hidden in the growth about the large pond, were cold and half-buried in the accumulation of several months of snow. At only one camp were there signs of habitation, that of old Dave Warren. It was from his camp that the smoke curled upward into the gray, snow-filled air. Old Dave lay upon his bunk and tried to look out through the little window, hazily curtained by the snowflakes. He reached for a bottle of medicine with a hand that once never knew a tremor, with fingers that were once as sure on the trigger as any steel mechanism. But now the hand shook, the fingers trembled. Old Dave would guide no more parties through the forest, his fingers would never again press the trigger of his rifle at the right moment to send a ball straight through the heart of a deer, caribou or moose.

From a lean-to kitchen built on the back of the comfortable long camp there stepped a girl of about eighteen. She was angular. Her hair was fastened back with Quaker severity and save for the out-door flush in her cheeks and the glow in her dark eyes, there seemed nothing comely about her. But a glance from her face to that of old Dave on the bunk would suffice to tell you that they were father and daughter

"Lena," he said, huskily—he never would call her by her full name of Pauline—"you'll hafter fetch down another bottle of that cough medercine from the loft. Thar's plenty of it up thar, ain't they?"

"Sure, Dad, heaps of it," replied Pauline, knowing full well that only two bottles remained, but knowing quite as well that the truth would have been cruel.

"When's th' Doc comin' over again?" he asked, after a brief spasm of coughing.

"Right away, Dad, soon's he can. There's a heap of croup and other kid sickness in the village and the roads are bad, but he'll get over soon."

"Yes, it's a bad winter. Worst I ever knew," agreed old Dave. So far as his own health was concerned, it *was* the worst winter he had known. Meterologically it was an unusually mild and *healthy* winter.

"I'm going down to the cove with some pickerel lines," said Pauline, pulling a pair of heavy courderoy trousers on and tucking in her skirts. Fitted with a lumberman's felt boots, a warm hood and a fur-lined coat, she set out, carrying lines to set, and her father's rifle.

As she tramped through the deep snow with rather cumbersome steps her heart was bowed down as were the fir boughs with their weight of snow. But Pauline possessed youth ination and ambition. The sharp air, th of the pines, the wholesomeness of the entered her soul and by the time reached the pond and began cutting the ice she was dreaming her day dr

As the ice chips flew away from blade, she was Joan of Arc battling the with her broadsword. As she leaned holes and imbedded the line sets, she wa in the balcony. As she finished this t skirted the pond to the outlet in hop shot at a fine buck, she was Portia g a battle of wits with Shylock

These were her day dreams, for Pauli a queer personage, a child-woman. Fo year she had cared for her father who h the most sought of all Maine guides. years she had been motherless. She ished the district school at Bartlett, the town, but she had not finished absorbin mation. She had read everything tha to the circulating library and especia she read and re-read the books that longed to her mother. Shakespeare. Sh some of the plays of Wilde, a hist England, a score of novels by Scott, D Thackeray, Dumas, Ouida, Balzac and

A handsome buck came down to dri as Pauline was raising an accusing f Shylock and insisting that not one blood must be taken with the pound o Without shifting her position her finger fell to the rifle in her left hand, it to her shoulder, there was a tense her slim body, a keen aim and that tw the finger on trigger that only experts how to use. The buck fell in his tracks. ing it to two poles, Indian fashion, she d it to the cabin and prepared to skin an

t her day-dreams were over and her heart heavy, for deer meat will sustain life, but in the forest it could not be exchanged he medicine and the medical attendance her father needed.

anwhile events were transpiring in New that would soon have direct bearing the life of Pauline Warren, events een two men, one of whom she knew tly, the other not at all.

bert Jeffrys was a clever young architect. him in his office was his Cousin Edward ys, also clever as an architect. There was eason why they should not build up a business between them—that is, no reaexcept that of their own personalities rt was a convivial, society-loving young given to a little innocent escapades now hen that shocked or seemed to shock his lled Puritanical cousin. In truth the should be "hypocritical" Edward Jeffrys l as a pedestrian along the straight and w path solely because old General Jeffrys, of himself and Robert, frowned upon ty, upon social gaieties and upon almost thing except dour piety, and uncle was several millions

obert," wheezed the old general, about weeks before Christmas, "you are a great pointment to me!"

orry, Uncle," said Robert.

hysically, you are more like the Jeffrys any others but your ways are distressing. can't you settle down and live decently, your cousin Edward?"

have never lived otherwise than decently," red Robert

hat I hear doesn't bear it out. I sent for to ask you directly. Edward tells me you were arrested in a gambling den. I hocked! I demand that you change your at once- - "

ERE'S the story, uncle. We were out at the country club for a week-end of rest are five colored boys employed at the place. y got into a crap game in the kitchen the night and proceeded to carve each other All seven of us, members of the club, asked to tell the judge what we knew it after a call had been sent to the local e and the colored boys locked up."

bert looked his uncle squarely in the eye old general returned the look, nor could een a glint of admiration from showing. humph," he snorted. "Edward seems to from the gossiping side of his family to know the truth. Advise you to marry e girl and settle down. Only thing g."

bert Jeffrys went directly back to his e his temper increasing with every step. without removing hat or overcoat he d Edward out into the main office, before entire force

d," said Robert, "you're a damn liar!" and nocked Edward out as flat as one of the prints thumb-tacked to a drawing board. he walked out of his office and to his ters, telephoned for his friend Billy Mer- and packed a fat valise. Billie had nothing do to do and plenty of money to do it Robert told him the story.

'm too unstrung to stay here. Let's go to camp in Maine and loaf a bit while this s over," he said.

hat suited Billy. It would have made no erence whether Robert suggested Mexico, ermuda or the French Congo. He would e gone.

They reached the camp at Round Pond rather late at night. The next morning the keen eyes of Pauline spied the smoke.

"Dad," she said, "somebody's down on Christmas Tree point, in the cottage the New York fellow owns, what's his name?"

"At this time o' winter?" queried old Dave, "that's sorter queer. His name's Jeffry. Nice young feller, but lazy. He'd rather set an' read books about them big churches an' towers an' things than go out shootin' and he was always workin' over them blue paper carpenter's plans."

Pauline made no comment, but decided that if Mr. Jerry, whom she had seen now and then for a number of years back, preferred to read, she could sell him provisions, and their need of money was more urgent than she dared tell her father.

Early next morning Pauline visited her set lines at the pond, and, putting on her snowshoes, made the mile across the cove straight to the door of the Jeffrys cottage.

"You're Dave's little girl," exclaimed Robert, when she called. "I didn't think you'd winter through in camp."

Pauline explained that her father was too sick to be moved. Robert was glad to buy the fish. He also wanted venison and as for bread, he didn't know how to make it. The result was that Pauline called almost daily with bread of her own making, fish of her own catching and venison that had fallen before her certain marksmanship.

Robert and Billy read, played cards, tramped a little, shot a few ruffled grouse and killed time in a restful manner. Three times they hiked the twenty miles to town with letters and after mail. Robert was arranging a dissolution of partnership with his cousin through his good friend Frederick Parker, a young but clever attorney. When it was all settled and his cousin had moved out and set up an office elsewhere, Robert proposed to go back.

Pauline had said nothing about her need of money. She was neither bashful nor bold. She delivered the provisions every day and hurried back. Robert gave no more thought to her than he did to any of the natives thereabouts. Had he known her miserable circumstances he would have helped out because he was fond of old Dave. He did bring a box of candy and some cigars back from town and sent them over to Dave and Pauline the day before Christmas, merely as a matter of courtesy.

CHRISTMAS morning in the snow-bound Maine woods was like any other morning there. Robert and Billy had shot some grouse for the dinner. There was a bottle of something that had escaped Amendment Eighteen, but that was to be the extent of their celebration.

About noon Billy, who was standing at the window staring out across the pond, exclaimed, "There's Santa Claus!"

Robert strolled over and looked out. Two men were driving across in a sleigh. There had been a rain and heavy frost and the snow was crusted thick enough to hold an elephant.

"Doctor for old Dave," guessed Robert. A little later Billy spoke again.

"Bet they're coming here. They've passed the cove where they'd turn in for Dave's place."

Robert rushed to the window.

"IF it's Ed he can turn around and drive back again, he won't get in here," declared Robert.

They watched until the sleigh was near enough to recognize the occupants. One was Joe Sproul from the town, livery stable keeper, postmaster, town clerk, justice of the peace and chief of police.

"A special delivery letter or telegram, perhaps," guessed Robert, and then he recognized the other man.

"Freddie Parker—I say, what's up?"

"Your lawyer, eh? Gad, I hope you don't have to go back for any court proceedings," and Billy was plainly distressed.

They went out and met them, put the horse under the old shelter, blanketed him and led them inside where the Christmas bottle was passed with appropriate rites.

"Have I got to go to court?" asked Robert.

"Not court, but courting," declared Parker, with a cheerful grin that hid a really worried mind.

"What's the litigation- —"

"You misunderstand me, Bob. You've got to get married!"

"And you drove over here just to spring that fool joke?" asked Robert.

"The General is dead!"

Robert sprang to his feet in undisguised dismay and shock.

"Uncle dead? Really? Poor old General. Wish I'd been there. He was a soldier and a gentleman despite his oddities and I was more fond of him than most people know."

"I had a devil of a time getting here because the train was snowbound," apologized Parker hastily.

"GUESS we'll go out an' take a constitoo-shunal whilst you folks talk private business," suggested Joe Sproul, and he and Billy left.

"Now here's the situation, Bob. Your Uncle was no fool. He had you and your cousin sized up. He had little use for your cousin, and he had no use for your butterfly society habits, your polo and golf, dances and such things. But he made you his sole heir!"

"No! Say isn't that great! It means five years of study abroad for me. It means —"

"He left you his sole heir, Bob, provided that you are married before your twenty-fifth birthday. He stated in his will, I'll read you a copy in a moment, that all you needed to make you a real Jeffry was to settle down and that marriage with some nice girl would do it."

Robert stared at his attorney friend, his jaw sagging lower and lower, his eyes popping wider and wider.

"There isn't a girl I know whom I care to marry or who would probably marry me—"

"Nonsense. With your uncle's millions? Say, if the young women knew it you'd be surrounded by flocks of them. Easy enough to find a suitable young woman—"

Robert Jeffrys' face became grave. He laid his hand on Parker's knee, fixed him with his gaze.

"Do you know that I'll be twenty-five tomorrow?"

"Good God!" ejaculated Parker, leaning up.

A knock at the door interrupted them. Robert answered it. Pauline entered with a bundle. Robert introduced her to Parker.

"I tried to make a sort of Christmas cake. Didn't have any chocolate but used maple sugar for frosting. The holly berries are real, anyway," she said.

Robert thanked her. She turned to go. At the door she paused.

"How's your father?" queried Robert.

"A little more cheerful, because it is Christmas, but—but he's no better really. Well," and she smiled bravely, "hope you have a

merry Christmas," and she was out of the door as they returned the wish.

"Pretty girl," said Parker.

"Is she?" asked Robert.

"Look here Bob Jeffrys, are you going to let that cheap hypocrite of a cousin of yours grab off the old General's millions?"

"Wha-a-at?" yelled Robert.

"Yes sir. In the event that you are not married before your twenty-fifth birthday, your cousin becomes sole heir. Now——"

"Oh shut up and let me think," growled Robert, pacing the floor.

They went over the case carefully, studied the copy of the will. It was plain and clean-cut. Robert must be married to some respectable young woman before his twenty-fifth birthday or lose his uncle's millions. The more he thought of his cousin swelling it and lording it over him, the more he scowled and used big words.

"That girl married who just came in?" demanded Parker.

"She's a kid," protested Robert.

"She's a woman," insisted Parker. "Marry her, pay her ten thousand or so. You can go your way and get a divorce easy enough——"

"Come with me," shouted Robert and they started for old Dave's place. Pauline saw them. They beckoned her to come out, not caring to disturb the sick man. Parker did the talking. In a few words he told her the story.

"Now, young lady," he said, "Mr. Jeffrys here will give you ten thousand a year. You need never live with him, you may divorce him for desertion—and you'll be doing a wonderful thing for him."

"Ten thousand — ten thousand — doctors for Dad and trained nurses and everything to make him well—ten thousand——" That was what was ringing over and over through her brain as she watched them.

"YES, Mr. Jeffrys, I'll do it," she said simply, and stepped back into the house to explain to her father that she had to run over and "help" Mr. Jeffrys just a little while with his Christmas cooking.

The ceremony was simple. Joe Sproul as town clerk issued a license written on a paper bag. As Justice of the Peace he pronounced them man and wife, as a plain livery stable keeper he witnessed the agreement to pay Pauline ten thousand a year, and as a gentleman he gave his word to never tell what he knew.

Pauline was given her first check and Joe promised to come for her next day and help her bank it and help her arrange to give her father the care he needed.

"You are a wonderful little girl. You have helped me more than you know. Notify me when you start divorce proceedings and I will agree not to come back into this state for the necessary period," said Robert as he shook hands with her.

"I—I am so grateful that I'd like to kiss you if it were not taking advantage of you," he added

"I am grateful and I'd like to kiss you," declared Pauline, and she did

Robert and Billy drove back with Parker and Joe and the next day Robert was in New York Not long after that he went abroad to study architecture, as he had yearned for years to do but as his small means had previously prevented.

Pauline did not tell her father of her marriage She explained that the "rich Mr. Jeffrys" had provided the funds because of his fondness for the old guide. They moved into the town and old Dave had the best of care. With the coming of spring, however, he passed on to his Happy Hunting Grounds and Pauline sought to set herself aright in her new world.

Two years later Pauline was established in a little apartment in New York, wth an aunt as companion. Three years later she was playing very small parts in Broadway productions and studying very large parts at home during her spare time.

Twice she tried to locate her husband, but all that was known of him was that he was studying abroad. When four years had elapsed and she had secretly understudied a star part, her little opportunity came. Unlike heroines in stage stories, she did not leap instantly into fame, but she did leap into better parts and at the end of six years she had arrived—"PAULINE PAULSON" appeared in kilowatts of electric brilliance over the theatre entrance.

ABOUT that time Robert came back with books full of sketches and head full of ideas about the architecture of the cities that border the seven seas. He opened luxurious offices, he took on some work now and then, solely because of his love for it, and he enjoyed himself thoroughly.

Then he saw Pauline Paulson in the title role of "Princess Virtue." He was never quite so interested in any actress or other woman before. He did not know exactly why, but there seemed a something about this beautiful woman of the stage that attracted him, a vague something that aroused in him a desire to meet her. It was some months later before his opportunity came.

Evarts, the producer, wanted to make certain that the Moorish architecture in one act of a coming play would be beyond criticism. Someone told him that Jeffrys was the best man for that and so Jeffrys was called in. At first he was disinclined to give the time, but when he learned that the coming production was one in which Pauline Paulson was to star, he promptly changed his mind.

Evarts came over to Jeffrys' studio one morning, bringing Miss Paulson and the script of the play. Jeffrys must fit the setting to the needs of the act, yet keep the architectural effect that of the period of Moorish occupation of Spain.

"This is Miss Paulson, our star, Mr. Jeffrys."

Robert was delighted, and clearly and sincerely expressed his pleasure. Pauline gave him one startled, big-eyed glance as she entered the studio, but at the introduction lost none of her composure. "If," she thought, "for any reason he does not care to recognize me, I shall not divulge the secret." Before half an hour had passed Pauline discovered that Robert Jeffrys had no more idea that she was the little Maine backwoods girl than he had of what was going on in China.

ROBERT designed a setting that proved a success. The new play opened and Robert became a "first-nighter" for the first time. Among the flowers heaped in Pauline's dressing room was an immense bouquet from Robert.

The new production was a success. Pauline was more of a success than ever and Robert became more and more attentive to this beautiful actress. Then came a fire that partly destroyed the theatre along with an adjoining block. It would take a month, perhaps two, to repair the damage. No other theatre could be secured. This gave Robert more opportunity than ever to be with Pauline Paulson. On many an occasion he had impulsively taken her hand and started to tell her of his love, but always there came before him a vision of a scared, lanky, illy clad little girl away up in the Maine woods whom he had married solely to defeat his hated cousin and to win his uncle's millions, so he hesitated.

He knew the time would come when he would have to tell her of his love. It happened late in December. They were having a Winter week-end party at the estate of a mutual friend out on Long Island. The younger folks were out skating. The older folks were playing whist about the great fireplace in the library. Robert and Pauline sat in an alcove window seat, watching the great Winter moon, the silver and snowy landscape Robert was holding Pauline's hand. Suddenly he dropped her hand and stood up, facing her

"Pauline," he said, "I am a married man but I love you more than all else in the world."

Pauline was too clever an actress not to pretend astonishment. Robert hastened to explain In a most straightforward manner he told the story, did not spare himself, and he ended by taking her hand again.

"My dear," he said "If I go to this woman in the Maine woods and get her to divorce me, will you marry me?"

"Since she has been wife merely in name since the circumstances were as you told me if this girl is freely willing to release you Robert I will—"

For the first time Robert held her in his arms and for the first time—as he thought—he kissed her, but as he did so Pauline thought of that day, her most unusual "wedding day" when, out of gratitude, she had kissed Robert Jeffrys.

"I will go the first of the week and find this girl" he exclaimed happily.

"But if she refuses to release you?" asked Pauline, after the manner of all women.

"Then with your consent, I shall secure the freedom," he declared, firmly.

THE moon's testimony as to what followed would have been a repetition of a very old story.

Just before Christmas Robert was back in his comfortable camp on Christmas Tree point He had sought the girl he married in the village where Joe Sproul, still livery stable keeper postmaster, town clerk and J. P., had given him considerable information. This information, in the form of instructions, reposed within Joe's pocket. It was a letter from Pauline.

"By thunder, Mr. Jeffry, but that's a mighty funny happenstance, now ain't it? Old Dave's gal—your wife you know, has been away for quite a while but she just writ me 'tother day to git th' old camp ready as she was plannin' to take a rest. Sentiment I reckon."

"Luck is with me," exclaimed Robert

"I guess it is," grinned Joe.

"Let me know the moment she gets here I'll go over to the village and—er—see her before she moves out to the old camp."

"Sure," said Joe, but with a mental reservation, for this did not fit into the instructions he had in his pocket.

Robert made himself comfortable in his camp with one of his own servants from home and a native youth. It was nearly sunset on Christmas eve when Joe Sproul hammered on the door of Robert's place and walked in after the custom of his people Going to Robert

(Continued on page 416)



Photos Abbe

"Milady's Dressing Table," with Dorothy Miller as Powder Puff, Paul Frawley as Candle, Pearl Regay as Moth, and Janet Stone as Rouge— ***a pretty dance fantasy in which the moth hovering around the candle is*** *burned by the flame*



'Shadowland,' a picturesque dance by John Wenger. In this scene the silhouettes sing 'Just Me and Mary.'

NED WAYBURN'S DEMI-TASSE REVUE AT THE CAPITOL



Photos Edward Thayer Monroe

DOROTHEA MACKAYE

The prima donna of "See Saw," who is dancing and singing her way through the musical piece at the George M. Cohan Theatre.



(*Left*) ELIZABETH HINES

Another pretty girl in "See Saw" whose good looks and ability are helping the play to success.

"SEE SAW" CAN BOAST OF LOVELY GIRLS



From a photograph by Abbe

DOLORES

As the gorgeous Peacock Girl in the "Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic.

THE THEATRE NEEDS REFORM, SAYS DUNSANY

Brilliant Irish poet-dramatist sees nothing but rubbish in the so-called popular play

By ALTA MAY COLEMAN

LORD DUNSANY'S blue eyes are keen and bright; they show that he is thinking as he talks, flinging out his words rapidly to keep pace with his ideas, and individualizing the usual clipped speech of the cultivated Briton with a bit of a lisp. When he has answered a question he smiles, a smile of engaging good nature, and cocks up his left eyebrow—a whimsical signal of triumph, as it were, at having bagged the game.

A tall man he is—six feet five surely; wears loose, almost ungainly tweeds that yet cannot hide his litheness and natural grace. His head, finely proportioned to his height, is covered with soft, sand-colored hair that sticks out in all directions like that of the naughty boy who has wriggled during the process of the homemade haircut. His narrow mustache, by way of contrast, is tidily well trimmed.



Dunstall Priory—Lord Dunsany's country home at Shoreham, Kent, England

Contrasts seem to be Lord Dunsany's forte. Seldom do we find a literary figure of such importance with such a wide range of interests. Not only is he a poet of unique originality, creating new realms and peoples, strange cities and stranger gods. He is a soldier, veteran of two wars, and bears a bullet scar on his cheek. He is a keen cricketer and huntsman and the best pistol shot in Ireland. He devotes leisure moments to the craft of cutting seals on silver—delicate little intaglios of Japanese simplicity. And now he has come to America to deliver a series of lectures on war, drama and life. Looking at him we realize that his dramatic work is but the natural expression of a rich and vivid personality—a facet and not the whole of the man.

He writes as he talks and rides, at top speed; and, delightful eccentricity, with a quill pen. Not to be thwarted by the narrow-necked American non-spill inkwells, Lord Dunsany was discovered at the Belmont ordering his ink served in an eggcup. He shook his head when asked whether he would not some day cease giving the public caviare and serve them with coarser dramatic fare.

"You mean popular plays," he said, "plays the inspiration of which comes from the people as a mass. That amounts to asking me whether I intend to cease to be an artist. While I remain an artist I shall do an artist's work, which means getting inspiration from the vastness around us. I thing ever thing comes to us from the clouds and the hills and experiences of life. As you experience different things, you must have different impressions and so their expressions are different. When an artist works he puts himself on paper. But the theatrical financier writes things he thinks will win the appreciation of the public, that really means that he writes things that are quickly realized by the unthinking, or that quickly tickle their mere curiosity.



Lord and Lady Dunsany

"For example, if you paint a crow as a Japanese artist alone can paint it, it might take the public a moment's looking at so perfect a thing to appreciate it. The theatrical financier would paint it bright yellow, something to look at, to be viewed in a surprised manner. That is a trick.

"I have no tricks. I haven't learned them. I know nothing of the trick of writing either stories or for the stage I never learned any formula The artist must go deeper than formulae, and he can only go deeper by getting down to the real thoughts of the people. Now they don't wear them on their hats or boots or on the outside of their shirtcuffs. I can only get at the deeper thoughts of people by getting at the deeper thoughts of one—that is myself. If I can only write from inspiration, my inspiration is keyed to the deep thoughts of other people. But in looking at my deeper emotions, they must pay attention as they would to their own deeper emotions. It takes a little time In the end I shall be truly popular.

"But as to what is generally known as popular plays—never. I have always stood aloof from anything I considered base in work. Of course I could snap out rubbish for I write very quickly Once I have started I don't stop for a moment; I go right on writing with great care. After the idea, I may go straight and write it; or I may keep it in my head four or five years. If it is worth while I never lose it; only the unessentials drop off."

Lord Dunsany has written two full length plays since the armistice, both concerned with modern life. But as to his next work, whether it will be of the present or be set in his imaginative realm of green gods and orchid-loving kings, he can make no predictions. It depends on the inspiration, he explains.

(Concluded on page 418)



Photos White

Wilton Lackaye, George Le Guere and Grace Reals. Kaintuck (Mr. Lackaye) advises the young man not to marry into the theatrical profession.



Wilton Lackaye as the thwarted actor, now turned miner



Edward J. Guhl, Genevieve Tobin and Mattie Keene—the banjo playing black faced comedian, the Cricket, and the Queen.



The Cricket, the twinkling little dancer at whose feet the miners toss their newly found gold, is the reason for the exchange of shots between her two admirers.

WILTON LACKAYE IN AUGUSTUS THOMAS' COMEDY DRAMA "PALMY DAYS"



Abbe

(*Left*) MARIE CHAMBERS

In "Nightie Night," the farce at the Princess, Miss Chambers is giving her usual excellent performance.



White

VIRGINIA FOX BROOKS

Who is playing the leading feminine role in the Chicago company of "Civilian Clothes."

POPULAR PLAYERS IN POPULAR PLAYS



Photos White

Some of the pretty high steppers in "The Little Whopper" at the Casino



"Just a Minute" at the Cort has the usual share of girls and dancing.

IRLS CONTINUE THE MAIN ATTRACTION IN MUSICAL PIECES

THE CASE AGAINST THE MUSIC CRITICS

"They shall not pass" says the organized cabal which exists against composers or interpreters of modern music

By DENISON FISH

IT has got to come—a real revolution on the part of the music makers against the big professional music critics of the large influential metropolitan dailies, not merely because they have been looking askance and running amuck; not merely because they are capricious, prejudiced, dyspeptic and play favorites; not merely because many of them are musically ignorant and have had demanded more of them than is physically and mentally possible for them to accomplish; not merely because they terrorize the debutant and hold him up to a terrifically high standard regardless of his method and intrinsic worth, needlessly crushing many weak, but beautiful musical personalities, which with care would have grown stronger; not merely because of all of these slight surface indications of insincerity; but for the vital reason that nine out of ten of these men are out and out traitors to the cause of music in this country and can often be condemned out of their own mouths.

In a scientific, unspiritual and inartistic age, such as this is, seeing the faithful are so greatly outnumbered by the Philistines, they are dickering with the enemy. While they parade in their robes as high priests of art they wink from under their fillets at the unbelievers, and when we catch them they call it tact. Double-faced they are. When it pleases them to act the martyr role they admit that they are the high priests of art, that they will do and die the Martin Luther, the Joan of Arc, so help them Apollo, to preserve the sacred fire. All this for some little gnat of a detail, but change the menu, touch them on the hip and they toss off a number of camels with "We are just plain newspaper men, we chronicle events; we are here to tell the public what happened, not what it must like, or where it must go."

THE late James Gordon Bennett of the *New York Herald*, consistent with his owl insignia, was wise and discreet when he laid it down as the musical policy of the *Herald* that there should be no critics or criticism, merely reporting what occurred as the man in the street could see and hear it with untutored eyes and ears. Wise editor! Not to demand of his frail human reporters that they do the impossible. No King Arthur he with the impractical idealistic order to "Follow the Grail" of pure music. The *Herald* was not the organ of the arts, and its editor did not believe in mixing issues or biting off more than his readers could mark and inwardly digest.

But other editors-in-chief and their music critics have scorned this safety-and-sanity-first code, and thrown caution to the winds.

Let us be sincere and generous now. We truly admire them for their high idealism, for their insistance on their birth-right of artistic freedom and right of expression. We admire, love and cheer them as they start out for the lists with their fair lady's favor pinned on their shields. But when in the sad course of battle they are outnumbered and outwitted so that they dicker, parley and attempt to betray, then the true art patriots must denounce the traitors. The time for this has surely come.

Some one has said (with or without a touch of scorn, I know not) "Those who can, do; those who cannot, teach." And others borrowing this gentle bon mot for music have said "Those who can musically, do; (that is, become interpretive artists. Those who cannot, become music critics." Now this sort of thing is not even clever. In the first place the music critic aims to cover a field ten times as large as any interpretive artists. Those who cannot, become music sary for success as a concert pianist would not be a satisfactory critic; he would be too one-sided, too minute. A painter of a large canvass, the critic must have a true sense of proportion.

THIS leads us to our first statement in the case against our music critics of today. They think they know so much more than they really do. They think they understand all the details of the different musical *métiers* and they criticize with a final negative and throw into the discard all that does not easily classify and fit into their eight or ten pigeon holes. Art is living, vital and moving. There must be several large pigeon holes for the new, the unclassified. The specialist who works for years in a certain *métier* on new tints and shades of his art must not be told ruthlessly in two sticks the morning after his concert, "I did not have time to listen to more than the first fifteen minutes of so and so's recital, but the public is not going to follow all these hair-splitting nuisances. Let's have Beethoven in the old-fashioned way," etc. When it comes to details, let the critics keep out their clumsy stage-scenery fingers from the work of specialists. They must needs cover a large field, they must have an eye to take in a large canvass, but let them, nevertheless, have a heart to love the sincere painter of medallions.

With more heart, more humanity, more youthful sympathy among our critics we might break the organized cabal which exists in New York against the modern composer or the interpreter of modern music. In the last ten years the modern works which have received high praise, or genuine enthusiastic interest at the hands of the New York critics, have been growing fewer and fewer. It is requiring more and more courage and self-sacrifice on the part of composers, to be genuine and sincere, and for interpreters to dare to reproduce their works. The reactionary critics are saying "They shall not pass," and they have a very flexible defense system to prevent it. "They damn with faint praise," or they curse violently. The former method is saved for strong, vital works, such as Zandonai's "Francesca da Rimini," the violent cursing is used on the small, more timid, less vital composers, or interpreters who are not perhaps fully matured.

With new compositions they fail to see the woods for the trees. Banghardsky gives a concert of his own piano compositions. As you carefully read between the lines of the next day's criticism, you realize that the critic was so annoyed by Banghardsky's personal ugliness or lack of ability as a pianist that he really did not notice the compositions at all. Russian pianists in their own compositions have been one of the *bêtes noir* of the New York critic. This is partly because they do not understand modern Russia, partly because they have decided that piano playing must be more feminine and gentle. So Ornstein and others are being hindered and delayed in their march to greater fame.

Compare the Metropolitan with the Chicago Opera Company, one bold, aggressive and original; the other checkmated into a corner where it hardly dares to move out of the two squares "Aida"—"Tosca." Where is the fault? Not with Mr. Gatti. He is bold in spirit and deed, but if the Bolshevik critics of New York are not checked or halted they will eventually prove his artistic death as they have done that of other impressarios in the past. The Chicago Company give a comparatively light work such as "Monna Vanna"—the critics are warm, they glow. The opera is not strangled in its cradle, it is given a chance. What is good in it is being admired out there in Chicago. It may soon pass on, but in its place perhaps a masterpiece like "Marouf" will come to stay. There is life there. But here in the last ten years out of a very carefully selected and wonderfully mounted list of operas, including such incomparable things as Dukas' "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue," Zandonai's "Francesca da Rimini," Rabaud's "Marouf," Borodin's "Prince Igor" and Parker's "Mona," the censors have passed favorably on just two,—"Boris" and "L'Amore dei Tre Re," and both of these were accidents, "Boris" because it happened to be the first Russian opera to be produced here; "L'Amore dei Tre Re" because it was short. Is one to infer that they are trying to oust Mr. Gatti? Not at all. If you examine the articles by most of the critics carefully you will see that they are fundamentally consistent in all they say They are opposed to the onward march of music in this country. Many friends of the American composer have accused them of being particularly hostile to the American composer or artist I do not think this claim is justified; they have been just as hard comparatively on the modern Frenchman, the modern Italian, and particular on the English composer.

IN passing, let me mention a seemingly small, but really fundamental feature of New York criticism, namely the fact that the critics all hang together. This is partly because, with the true reporter's instinct which all city editors discourage, they work together and swap ideas, partly because some of the fraternity have great reverence for the opinions of certain senior critics. Often all the music critics agree and say the same thing next day merely with different wording. Occasionally, one of the men wanders from the fold, but he usually returns, repentant, a few days later. There is only one voice in the wilderness to witness for spontaneity—this is a special editor of one of the musical weeklies who writes under a pseudonym and "is said" to be a composite personality.

The composers and the ears of today are de-



Edward Thayer Monroe

FLORENCE COURT

The original "Lotta Miles" of the Kelly Springfield Tire advertisements, who made her debut in "Fifty, Fifty, Ltd."



Maurice Goldberg

Adolf Bolm and Margit Leraas in the Mexican Ballet in which they will appear with the Chicaao Opera Company.



(c) Bachrach

JESSIE PRINGLE

Noted for her portrayal of mother roles, who has been supporting Frank Bacon in the highly successful play "Lightnin'."



Ned Wayburn rehearsing a scene for his "Demi-Tasse Revue" at the Capitol. Although most of the attention seems concentrated upon the chorus, the organ pipes showing through the scaffolding will furnish some of the music the chorus will dance to. The biggest theatre naturally must install the biggest theatre organ in the world, and that is just what this Estey organ is.

BITS OF INTEREST AROUND THE THEATRE WORLD

manding a type of singing which the world has not known well before. Wagner first spoke up for it and the *bel canto* Jenny-Lindites are still hissing him. Ffrancon-Davies has prophesied that the future holds great vocal wealth in store, but our critics in their second childhood go into convulsions over Tetrazinis and Galli-Curcis and all but ruin the careers of Mmes. Olive Fremstadt and Mary Garden, because these latter have vocally hitched their wagons to stars. Blessing instead of cursing for these—sun instead of rain —and what beautiful artistic flowers might now be growing on Manhattan Isle! The case of Muratore proves this. He came to Boston in 1914 and began to transcend the former Parisian Muratore, but two well-known Boston critics got out their hammers and the voice lost some of its brilliance as the season wore on. Is there any connection? When he went to Chicago the critics burst blood vessels, and he surpassed the original Boston Muratore, until Donaghy—but this is too recent to need relating.

This leads us into the heart of another matter (for this is an endless chain of evidence we are forging around these art traitors). Critics fail completely to understand the psychology of the artist. To become great in the kingdom of art, as well as in the Kingdom of Heaven, one must become as a little child, and children (alas, if we only realized it more) are sensitive, very sensitive. The interpretive artist must actually cultivate sensitiveness, not as an end in itself, but as a means to an end—that of making himself a better medium for the works of another, and he must keep sensitive; but the action of most critics tends to unartistize and desensitize him, to make him a better business man, but a poorer interpreter. Take the classic about Calve. Indisposed one night she treated her audience to the Habanera, hardly once in tune with the orchestra. Being then at the height of her popularity her audience, more heart than critical ears, demanded an encore, which she gave to the queen critic's taste. Had the critics comprised the entire audience they would coldly and hastily have drawn a veil over this dark page of Calve's career and the beautiful encore would never have been delivered.

The artist and his teachers do not stand alone as the makers of the artist. The audience plays a big part, and can they permit their spokesmen, the music critics, to be "clanging brass and tinkling cymbals" leaving out of their utterances the milk of human kindness, otherwise known as charity—a requisite in the lives of these big-hearted children to devote themselves to keeping others young?

Space fails me to score the critic who takes flippantly the serious musician, the critic who aims to put a new hue in humor and make puny his criticism by continual punning, by such tricks as describing the Deagan percussion instruments used in Grainger's "In a Nut Shell" as "One kitchen stove, two brass coal scuttles," etc. Men who write this way are usually found in small towns, but New York, I believe, has one of every species known on the face of the earth, and this is no exception. Patience fails me to more than mention the despicable habit of baiting certain artists year after year without letting up. Is the "Prelude in C sharp minor" unpardonable? Will the public not permit Rachmaninoff to rise above it? Is it so far beneath Paderewski's Minuet in G? If not, why has Paderewski never been forced out of the profession because of that youthful indiscretion? Fremstadt has certainly suffered unnecessarily at the hands of critics, some of whom, in the face of her incomparable "Isolde" have dared to say repeatedly in print that she is a contralto and cannot make herself a dramatic soprano; yet there is no artist in the country more liked and admired. The critics have all gotten the historical bug lately and whenever a revival is given (and, oh! how they love revivals) the music critic "puts one over" on the rest of the staff by getting a lot of dead stuff past the city editor with casts, dates and other wildly excitable memorabilia of the Old Academy of Music days.

And so it goes. The critics have more laid on them than they can possibly accomplish, yet they blandly take up the whole burden, name the disease, but omit to tell the cure and do a clog dance on the coffin of some poor debutant's hopes Heigho!

THE JESTER TO HIS GOD

I LOVE your spacious play-box home,
Your mountain altars, midnight lamps,
Your *Globe*, your blue cathedral dome—
Unmarred as yet by adv-paint tramps.

Your tesselated valley floors
Whereon your mills grind slow and fine,
Your stained-glass dawns and exit-doors
Of cloud and sun. . . Ah, Master Mine

I no more fear you than sad old
Pale Death, your Fool, for I'm your Fool
As well—ay, grim or gay or bold,
Just as my crowd blows hot or cool

Like yours. I'll not escape that Knave,
But I know you as you know me,
Father and Chum: my soul you gave
In fee for all futurity.

Good Lord! you sit behind the wing
And run the Show, the Universe.
I dance the rope, and laugh and sing
Your glories. I am none the worse

Though priest-apostrophes I mince
And do the lyric comical,
Father Dear, Gentleman and Prince,
My Master, Manager and Pal.

JOHN REGNAULT ELLYSON



White



Maurice Goldberg

MADGE DERNY

Whose unusual dancing is a popular feature of the new revue, "The Passing Show of 1919."

What would the Winter Garden be without its beauties? Here are some of the most famous ones.

BLANCHE RING

In her amusing imitation of John Barrymore in "The Jest.



Abbe

"THE PASSING SHOW OF 1919" ANOTHER SPECTACULAR REVUE



FELIX BARRE

Comedian, from the Théâtre Réjane and Grand Guignol.



(Circle)
ROBERT CASADESUS

Director, From the Théâtre des Variétés



LUCIEN WEBER

Leading man from the Théâtre des Capucines and l'Odéon



Photos Ira L. Hill

HENRIETTE DELANNOY

Leading woman from the Théâtre Antoine



SUZANNE CAUBET

Ingenue, from the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt



LUCIENNE DEBRENNES

Leading woman from the Comédie Francaise

The Theatre Parisien installed at the Belmont Theatre presents an interesting programme, including a score of modern French dramas, comedies and operettas. The season opened with "Main Gauche," a three act comedy by Pierre Weber, and "Chouchette," an opera bouffe in one act by Caillavet and de Flers, with music by Terrase

NEW YORK WELCOMES THE FRENCH PLAYERS

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

WHAT IS BEING DONE BY AMATEURS EVERYWHERE



A DELIGHTFUL episode in "Three Pulls to a Bottle," by Rachel Lyman Field, presented by the Dramatic Circle of the Chicago College Club, under the direction of Louise Van Voorhis Armstrong. Dorothy Edwards, as Tony Simms, and Isabel Gardner as the Sissors-Grinder's Soul.

"DOLLS"—a Christmas Nonsense Play, with all the dolls dear to the heart of childhood represented. Mrs. Truman Streng as the convincing Baby Doll; Genevieve Forbes the Soldier Doll, Louise C. Rowlands, Genevieve, the Old Doll, Anna Bjorkind, the Peasant Doll; Adele Schroeder, the Marie Antoinette Doll; Isabel Gardner, the Harlequin Doll; Mrs. Adolph Hartmann, Jr., the Fashionable Lady Doll; Dorothy Edwards, the Jap Doll; and Harlequin, the doll "that once is smashed, forever dies." The author, Louise Van Voorhis Armstrong, presented this charming playlet at the Dramatic Circle of the Chicago College Club.

H. A. Atwell, Chicago



AMATEUR DRAMATICS IN YOUR COMMUNITY

By CLARENCE STRATTON

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN ESTABLISHING AMATEUR THEATRICALS IN YOUR CLUB, CHURCH OR COMMUNITY, MR. STRATTON'S ARTICLES, OF WHICH THIS IS THE FIRST OF FIVE, WILL TAKE YOU STEP BY STEP THROUGH ALL THE INTRICACIES OF ORGANIZATION, RIGHT THROUGH TO YOUR FIRST SUCCESSFUL PLAY.

THERE is no doubt that during the next few years there will be more amateur dramatics than ever before. Even prior to the war, before it had drawn its thousands of men and women from regular life there were indications of such a spreading of dramatic interest. That period of seeming inactivity has not blocked the attempts of enthusiasts; in all likelihood it has stimulated the determination to produce plays, for wherever bodies of men were in training or service, entertainments of all kinds were demanded and supplied, often in forms new and fascinating to dwellers of regions where similar performances were unknown. As thousands of these men—and women, too—were initiated into the process of providing dramatic material, as many of them were even drafted as performers, they learned a few rudiments of the attractive art which they are sure to exercise now that they have returned to their former pursuits.

Fortunately this impulse is not going to die for want of opportunity. From one phase of the War Camp Community Service has developed a Committee on Memorials, one of whose laudable efforts is to induce communities to build worthy, living reminders of their heroic dead; to erect attractive buildings in which all noble interests may be fostered. Nearly every building plan recommended by this committee contains an auditorium with a practicable stage. Every effort of the efficient service is being directed to helping architects and builders to make that stage and that audience space available for all possible uses including, as not the least, the production of plays. It is noteworthy that their suggestions are producing results, so that soon almost countless localities will have houses in which good plays can be adequately rehearsed and performed. Then will the drama, now restricted to so few cities and towns, spread to nearly every part of the land to entertain, educate, and stimulate people.

CITIES with playgrounds and open-air theatres, colleges and universities with work-shop and laboratory playhouses, public and private schools with usually badly constructed stages but surprisingly good performances, societies of all sorts, churches even, are inducing many-fold participation in dramatics.

From all parts of the United States come reports of serious undertakings. From all parts come requests for lists of plays, addresses of supply houses, methods of rehearsing, schemes for settings. And in the last two months nearly every request is based upon a desire to know how to organize and manage an amateur dramatic society. This indicates a sane procedure, for many a society with every other factor operating for its success has hesitated or failed because of defects in preliminary organization or regular control.

Organized effort does not mean necessarily affiliation with a large movement. Your dramatics may be purely local. Perhaps in most communities this is best. Then the performances will be causes of local pride. The enthusiasm will be spontaneous and concentrated. The lessons learned from defects and merits may be applied to local conditions at once. And above all, such an arrangement should arouse a valuable sense of loyalty.

Such large projects as community masques and pageants, municipal operas and plays, patriotic spectacles and celebrations, because their magnitude present phases of organization not likely to confront the average amateur society and will be disregarded here.

A FEW other declarations of fact will further prepare for the practical details which this article will attempt to offer to help you in arranging for dramatics in your own locality.

Amateur performances will not replace the regular professional theatre. They will merely supplement it. They will result in increased attendance upon professional plays.

Certain groups of people will always want to act. Other larger groups will always want to look on. These two—the active and the passive—merely need to be drawn closely together.

Producing plays always entails a great deal of continuous hard work.

Performances can not be given without expense.

LET us now consider some of the details involved in your dramatic ventures.

What shall your organization be called? The name you choose should suggest the nature of your attempts. It should be modest rather than pretentious, impressive rather than high-sounding. What would people expect of a society for the Improvement of Dramatic Art in America? Its name would pledge it to a program almost impossible of inauguration. Could all its members agree upon methods of "improvement"? The name should connote stage-craft without, however, binding to rigidity an organization needing fluxion and adaptability. It should not antagonize audiences. It should not state purposes which it can not carry out. If you can not find some expression to answer to all these requirements you can get along just as well by using your local place name and christening the group the Pittsburgh Players, the South Bend Dramatic Club, the Alameda Acting Association.

DO not merely adopt the name of some other club. Certain groups have tried to win patronage by calling themselves Neighborhood Players after one excellent association in New York even though their members are not connected with any Neighborhood House, serve no limited section, and draw from no localized vicinity. Little Theatres might just as well be definitely identified also. Toy Theatre Companies suffer slightly from the trifling suggestion connotated by the name. It would be incongruous



to see "Electra" or 'Ghos in a *toy* theatre. Exclus groups should not be labe Community Theatre co panies. Would you exp a Comedy Club to pres tragedies or even such somber play as "The Girl the Coffin"? Even the tractive Portmanteau T atre loses some of its nificance when set upon the stage of a large p fessional theatre. McDougall's Barn was a g name so long as plays were performed in a b but the name seemed inappropriate when I tended an evening in the Cohan and Harris Th tre in New York.

THE well-deserved success of the New Y Theatre Guild has already induced one ot city to use that fitting appellation. Laborat theatres had better be limited to the actual cl rooms of college courses. Workshop theat and the reverse seem to place more empha upon experiment than performance, causing reflex apathy in audiences. Would a group cal The New Players dare to produce an old Gr drama, even "Lysistrata," the theme of which as new as the play is old?

Many groups are already happily denominat This list may suggest some expression as suita for yours. The Mask and Wig Club, Sock a Buskin, Paint and Powder, Triangle Club, Ha Pudding, Talma Club, Plays and Players, Ph istine Players, East-West Players, Little Coun Theatre, Vagabond Theatre, Harlequin Playe Arts and Crafts, Art Theatre, Prairie Playe Junior Players.

Your choice of name will depend also upon purpose of your society.

DON'T start out with the avowed intention reforming the American drama. Atten something you will be likely in some degree accomplish. If you intend merely to present pla you can easily continue in peace times the pu pose of all entertainments for soldiers and w workers. Better purposes are to provide pe formances of distinctive dramas not likely to a pear upon the professional stage, to develop t acting ability of members, and to respond to growing demand for the best dramatic literatu of all times and languages. Any organizati pledged to this last deserves every measure success, for it will be satisfying a natural, wort needs. Best of all, its audience is now rea waiting for it.

In actual organization the society may be small acting group. In such cases the advantag are that the few members secure continuous trai ing in rehearsal and performance. They ha many chances to experiment with individualis interpretations. Assuredly as the season pr gresses they should all advance markedly in sta behavior and characterization. Working togeth they will soon develop a sense of artistic c operation, and if they can stifle in themselves t temperamental desire for personal glorificatio they should be able to offer harmonious produ tions. On the other hand, the audience may b come tired of seeing so frequently the same pe ple in the different casts, no matter how well th act. Professional stock companies produce t same impression of monotony. Many a spectat has sighed inwardly as he glanced at his progra "Oh, they use her in everything!" A compromi to get the best results (Continued on Page 42

A CIVIC COMMUNITY PLAYGROUND

FOR CHILDREN AND GROWN UPS

By BERTHA ILES

THE Drama League of Chicago for the past three summers has successfully conducted Civic Recreation Work at the Municipal Pier of Chicago. This Pier is unique of its kind. No other city in the world has a similar structure to compare with it. Extending three thousand feet out into Lake Michigan, with its four levels, its eight thousand five hundred feet of dockage for ships, its vast recreation areas, its broad recreation walks and roof garden and its magnificent Auditorium at the far east end seating over four thousand persons, with outer galleries always crowded with thousands more, it is truly an ideal recreation centre for the busy city.

It seems as if the city said: "Here is the playground for all peoples in the midst of the commerce of the world—come work, play, be happy, while all the world go by and return home better men and women because of the pure air, the noble endeavor and the joy of work and play in this place of use and beauty.

The pier not only affords room for all the shipping with their freight and storage room, but has space separate and part from the commerce for many thousands of people. There are Art Galleries, furnished by the Municipal Art League and the Commission for the Encouragement of Local Art, Civic Music Community Gatherings, Band Concerts and Drama League Programs, all given freely for the development of community spirit and better citizenship.

ONE could not but feel proud of the city and feel a great desire to express better citizenship when viewing the great Metropolis from this point of vantage. Was this not the logical place to establish a Civic Theatre, to bring together the fifty or more nationalities represented in the city's life, and weld them together in civic interest in music, dancing and the drama? Such was the desire of the Drama League in planning its civic recreation work; and during the past three summers I have been enabled to witness the growth of civic interest and to appreciate thoroughly its scope of work and the possibilities for further development.

MRS. LYMAN WALTON, the President of the Drama League of Chicago in 1917, conceived the idea and through her efforts the City of Chicago granted the use of the Pier Auditorium and has appropriated each year a certain sum to the Drama League to aid the work. There has been much helpful co-operation from the Mayor, the City Council, the Commissioner of Public Works, the Harbor Board and all the City Officials. With encouragement and amidst these surroundings the Drama League has given free Friday evening Civic Programs and held free Monday, Wednesday and Friday Children's Hours during the summers of 1917-1918 and 1919, where through dramatic play lessons in citizenship and



Bertha L. Iles, Director-Manager of the Drama League Activities at the Municipal Pier, Chicago.

Democracy were taught the children, the future citizens of the city.

In nineteen seventeen the war activities had not developed to the great extent which they did the following year, and although many of the programs presented at the Pier were patriotic the general expression was Community interest. In nineteen eighteen the programs were almost entirely patriotic, and this past summer the general theme has been reconstruction, Americanization and an expression of a greater Democracy.

SOON after the work at the Pier began it was discovered that the spoken drama could not be used satisfactorily on account of the size of the Auditorium; so the programs for Friday evening consisted of large choruses and orchestras, folk dances by groups from settlements and playgrounds, grand opera singers, groups from dramatic schools and schools of physical education and well known Dramatic Clubs, also pageants, ballets and pantomimes directed by many of the best known directors in the country and given freely by professional actors and dancers. Mr. Karleton Hackett in his article written for the Chicago *Evening Post* has amply summed up the Drama League evening programs:

"The success of such an undertaking is to be determined by the number of people who come, since, if you give an entertainment for the general public, it must be something which will attract them. The only complaint the Drama League authorities had to find was in the fact that the hall out on the Municipal Pier was not large enough. Even in inclement weather they were hard put to it to find place for all the people who tried to crowd into the hall, to which fact they point as their justification.

"Of course it goes without saying that nothing cheap would be tolerated. The Drama League gave the people cheery music, with melody and swing to it, familiar songs, good marches and lilting waltzes. There were soloists for the high lights. There were dances and pageants, community songs and choruses, folk songs from all over the world, with singers who came from these far lands, yet were loyal citizens of our great cosmopolis. All through the Drama League acted the part of hostess with the social instinct which enters in just enough to keep things running smoothly yet not seeming too patently to direct. They did it very well, and therefore theirs should be the honor, for it was not an easy task and it took a lot of planning and hard work."

THE "Children's Hours" were Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons from one until five. Each year the outline and scope of the work has grown until this year the plan is: Mondays and Fridays in the Pier Auditorium from one until two, chorus singing, directed by the Civic Music Association; from two to five, rehearsal of the children's orchestra, besides rehearsal of plays, pantomimes and pageants; classes in folk and interpretive dancing; story-telling and game groups. The large auditorium was closed to all but the children and the mothers who pledged to assist the directors. Many busy mothers brought their little ones and left them with a director, knowing they would be carefully taken care of until she returned. The children registered before they entered the classes, and the end of the season it was found that over two thousand children had attended. Only a small proportion, however, were able to attend regularly, but an average group for rehearsal afternoons was two hundred children; frequently there were from three to four hundred children to direct. After the chorus rehearsal, at the sound of the diector's whistle, the regular pianist or the children's orchestra would play a march and the children go marching around the auditorium, ending by coming upon the large stage where they seated themselves in rows around the director to hear the plans for the afternoon or a short talk on some subject of current interest. After the talk the children separated into various groups. Those who were present for the first time and could not promise to attend regularly were placed in the game and

(Continued on page 430)



A Conservation Pageant, "The Message," presented by the Junior Drama League Players at the Municipal Pier, Chicago, and repeated many times, under the direction of the Junior Red Cross.



From a photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

SHIRLEY MASON

This charming little film star is not the only talented member of her family. Her sister, Viola Dana, is equally popular in the film firmament. Miss Mason played an important role in Maurice Tourneur's production of Stevenson's "Treasure Island," and is now under the Fox banner. Her next picture will be a story of the circus entitled "The Elephant Man."

WHY NOT THE STUPIES?

Poor Productions, Unintelligent Stage Direction, Stereotyped Plots, Maudlin Sentiment, Gross Vulgarity, and Dangerous Viciousness, Rapidly Losing for the Picture House Its Former Great Popularity.

SHALL we call them "Stupies"? It's just as short and expressive a word as "movies," and it's a little more accurate. For the stuff that we are being deluged with today, in the name of the moving picture, has about reached the limit of crass stupidity. Time was—remotely ago—when the film gave a certain promise. There were a few big pictures with corking ideas behind them; and those of us who were in the habit of dropping into a picture house for purposes of plain amusement, hoped for better things. But the one or two (well, we'll say three) brainy directors have become so enthusiastic about the improvement of the movie that, in their busy enthusiasm, they've apparently forgotten how to improve it.

THERE'S the pathetic example of one of our most prominent producers, a man whose earlier pictures reached a very high level indeed, but whose last three releases have been unintelligent compounds of sentimentality and incredible nonsense. Here was a man who could have done much. But he's gone under. The heavy seas of sugary stupidity have done for him. Recently we have been shown "The Isle of Conquest" —Norma Talmadge's latest release. Great expectations had been formed from the preliminary announcements of this picture. The novel from which it was taken ranked among the best sellers. Yet its film production proved a rank disappointment. The subtle wooing on the desert island, the masterful man's gradual moral and physical victory over the delicately reared woman—all that—so potent on the printed page—went for naught on the screen. Again the cinema had failed.

AND so it goes. A canvass of the last fifty important releases in the last six months fails to show one intelligent picture. Instead of a steady development in the writing of scenarios, we've got a marked decline. There are pictures being shown all over the United States today that simply cannot be looked at, not because they're immoral—they not clever enough for that—but because they are so amazingly cheap and tawdry. Day after day, night after night, the grossest of sentimanity and the most vicious kind of silliness are being unreeled. Obviousness and crudity and vulgarity are being exploited by the commercially astute to such an extent that thinking people have become mentally paralyzed by the sickly stream of slush. Naturally, this sort of thing is going to work both ways; for in a very little while, unless the manufacturers improve their wares, thinking people won't go to the movies any more. They'll be ashamed to be seen there. The only kind of audience left will be those who have so lost the faculty of comprehension that they will sit watching the screen with the vacant stare of the idiotic

THE maudlin picture possesses a dangerous influence. You can't see stupid stuff, day in and day out, without being affected by it. People are rather particular about what their children read, yet have no hesitation in letting them go to the movies. Worse, they encourage them to go. Still worse, they go with them. And what do they benefit by it? The doubtful ethics conveyed by the movie, the offensive and insulting obviousness, the deplorable unseriousness—how can these things be of value to any of us?

IT wouldn't be putting it too strongly to say that the movie has passed being just a nuisance: it has become a menace. The national backbone is unstiffened as each silly picture is shown. There have been a thousand opportunities, within the past five years, to write and produce really sterling, interesting, inspiring material But no one has done it Instead the public has been surfeited with the same old stories, the same old chocolated situations, the same old tedious ideas. There has been a casual deviation, now and then, when some producer, carefully understimating our imbecility, has made his picture a little more tedious than is the custom; but this one puts down to zeal.

IT'S no good blaming the gentlemen who construct the scenarios. They must live. And it's rather futile to criticise too closely the individual producers; they, too, like butter occasionally. So is it a waste of valuable energy to attack the film editors. They have their instructions. These fellows are but wheels in the great industry. They are simply paid workers. But the men behind the big picture combines, the men who have the say as to what shall be pushed on the public and what shall not—these are the men who are making fat fortunes out of the movie menace.

THE movie has brought about a curious condtion of things. Men who were formerly stage-managers in obscure stock companies blossom out as "great directors." The ideas of some of them about stage direction would make a real stage director howl. Third-rate actors and actresses, formerly confined to the hinterland by reason of their incompetency, are now national stars in receipt of undeserved salaries the size of which would make a bank president gasp. And writers, who were wont to tickle the magazines with sporadic masterpieces, now command stacks of dollars as "scenario experts." It's a joke. There are many talented, earnest men and women engaged in the film business. But you'll find, in the majority of cases, that it is mediocrity who is invariably pushed to the front, starred, boomed, puffed.

STILL more important a consideration is this: that the movie has brought into being a special kind of audience. That this audience is largely composed of the illiterate and the unmental, speaks volumes for the "improvement" of the movie. They have learned, by the studied administration of the movie magnates, not to expect the best, but to accustom themselves to the worst. They have become innured to being fed on slush. They have been trained to pay liberally for great chunks of sob stuff and drivel. They are strenuously induced to believe that it is the public demand for pishposh that brings stupid pictures into being. And, of course, this state of intellectual coma is commercially encouraged. We are told that there is a national demand for screened sentimentality. Obviously, there is! But is any person with common sense going to believe that the demand isn't skilfully engineered? Just as long as people continue to take whatever the movie people give them, so much longer will be the reign of the silly stuff. Do you mean to tell me that the kind of mush that is served just now in our movie theatres is the *best* the film people can produce? God has given them brains: is this all they can do?

THE moving picture has taken a definite and permanent place in our life. In the right hands, it can be a most potent and powerful instrument of amusement. In the wrong hands, it resolves itself into a sword in baby hands. You can't tell what harm it's going to do. It is not too exacting a demand to make of the picture people, that they give the public the very best possible value for its money. If the thinking section of the public doesn't get the right sort of picture very soon, it will take the line of least resistance. It seems to me that the picture people have a very big opportunity, right now, to produce the best that is in them. If they don't, they will be the losers in the long run.

HARCOURT FARMER



"Everywoman," the morality play that scored a huge success on the stage, is now to be shown on the screen—a Paramount Artcraft picture. The production will be an elaborate one, with great beauty of costumes and scenery. Everywoman, with her handmaidens Youth, Beauty and Modesty, goes forth on her search for Love. But she meets Vice, Wealth and Vanity. Youth dies, Beauty Fades, and Modesty deserts her. Taught a lesson, Everywoman returns home to find King Love awaiting her.

MORALITY PLAY FINDS ITS WAY TO THE SCREEN



From a photograph by Abbe

EUGENE O'BRIEN

The "matinee idol" of the movies in his coming picture, "The Broken Melody," a Selznick release.



Evans

DORIS PAWN

Playing in Goldwyn Pictures opposite Tom Moore in the screen adaptation of Toby's Bow."



(c) *Alfred Cheney Johnson*

PEARL WHITE

This popular screen star whose thrilling serials have made her familiar to millions will appear in feature pictures hereafter under Fox. Her latest serial, "The Black Secret," is now being released by Pathe.



(c) *Lumiere*

MABEL JULIENE SCOTT

Who plays the leading feminine role in the Paramount-Artcraft version of "The Sea Wolf."

BEAUTY REIGNS SUPREME ON THE SCREEN

The Programme of Fashion

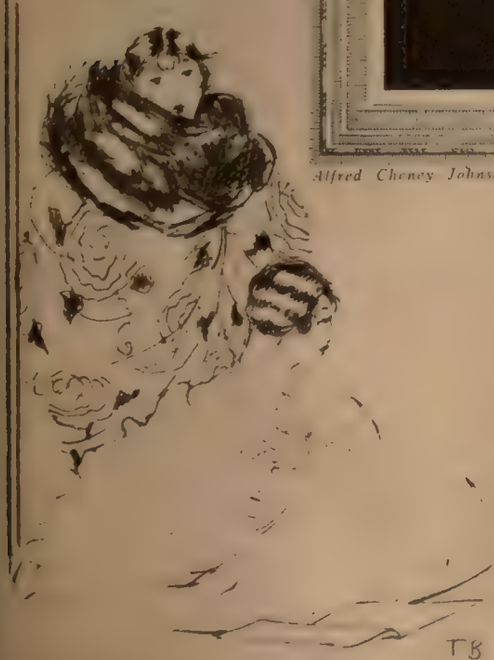
By PAULINE MORGAN



Alfred Cheney Johnston

Each night, the diamond horseshoe in the Metropolitan Opera House glistens with jewels, brocade and ermine; and the stage reflects an equal brilliance. Necklaces of pearls and diamonds, delicate mesh bracelets of precious stones, and priceless vanities of gold and inlaid diamonds, fascinate the eye and convince one more poignantly of the fact that it is the day for jewels and jeweler. Head dresses vary from the youthful bandeaux of silver and gold cloth, to Ostrich tips and tiaras of platinum and sparkling gems.

The Prince and Plumes! To celebrate the visit of our distinguished Royal guest, a charming new fashion has originated in his honor. Miss Ina Claire, star in "The Gold Diggers," extended a graceful compliment to the young Prince in designing and using "The Prince of Wales" fan, which reproduces the crest of the Prince of Wales, namely: three snow white Ostrich plumes. The sketch shows a posteresque conception of the crest mounted on a delicate ivory handle. Design executed by Henri Bendel.





So that Norma Talmadge may wear a typically American gown to the Opera, Frances Inc. designs for her a classical evening gown of royal purple velvet, with brilliantly cut shoulder straps of jet, and a Grecian under bodice of pale violet chiffon. The draped back panel is caught up with a jet cord, and then decides to become a long square train.



Miss Nita Naldi, who plays the "vamp" in the new spectacular play "Aphrodite," poses in Entre-Nous gowns.

Geisler & Andrews



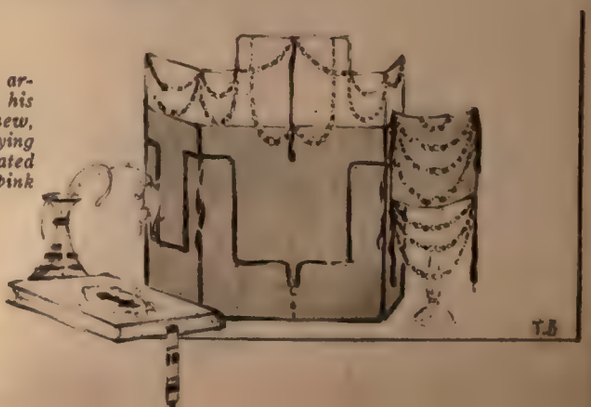
Accessories from Bonwit-Teller



(left)
The Entre-Nous gown has evolved from the once formal tea gown, into a fascinating garment appropriate for any hour of the day at home. What could be more conducive to relaxation and beauty, than a robe of black moon-glo satin, brocade and chiffon. A silver cord girdle ornaments the front of the gown, drapes into the back folds, and reappears at the edge of the graceful train.



(right)
When Franklin Simon, with the keen sense of an art connoisseur, arranged for the exclusive selling of the Entre-Nous gowns, he proved his knowledge of the needs and whims of woman. He knew that she knew, that she never looked more enchanting than when lounging or playing hostess in a gown built on draped lines. The effective gown illustrated above is of orchid blue moon-glo satin, over a pleated slip of sunset pink chiffon.



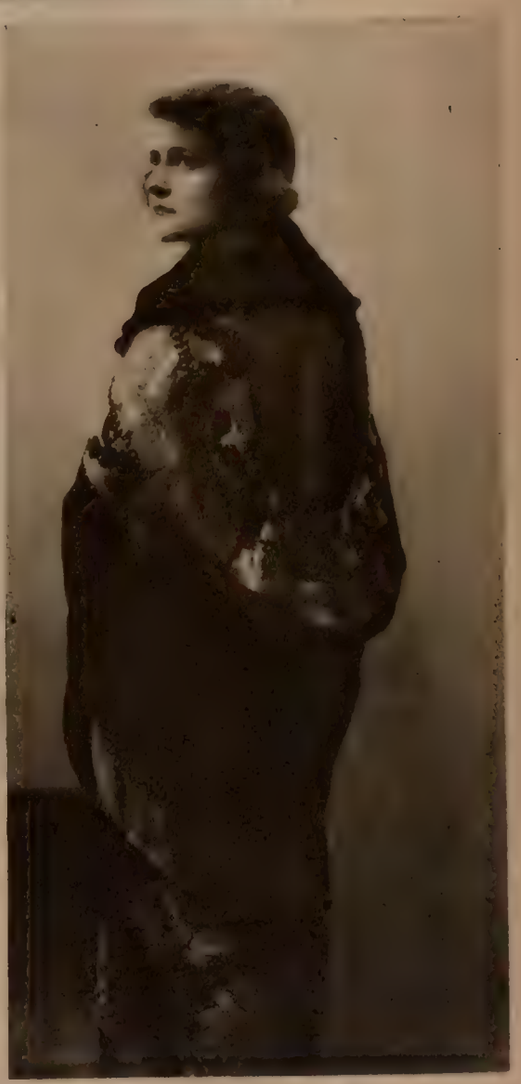


Photos by Maurice Goldberg



Paul Poiret presents a marvellous Oriental wrap of brocade and metal tissue. Old rose and green are worked into an intricate Chinese design over black, which in turn is further accented by a soft black satin lining. The Chinese sleeve and godet skirt are noteworthy features. A tiny neckpiece of sable squirrel, much like our grandmothers used to wear, finishes the neck.

Ruth Shepley, the versatile young heroine in "Adam and Eve," indulges in three amazingly beautiful evening wraps from Franklin Simon's.



Madeline and Madeline import to Franklin Simon another evening manteau of black chiffon velvet with a voluminous soft cape of ermine, which may be folded high around the throat in flower-like fashion, or dropped to the waistline, forming cunning little sleeves. A thistle design done in gold and green chenille forms an embroidered skirt effect which challenges a more beautiful idea for decoration. The color idea is carried out further in a lining of jade green velvet.



When a gorgeous brocade evening wrap drapes a sequin embroidered hood of gold cloth to the waistline, the garment immediately becomes a wrap of unusual design. This model originated in the popular new French house of Madeline and Madeline, and is very rich in material and encrustations of blue beads and gold thread. Where the fabric is not black chiffon velvet, it is gold cloth outlined in dull jet beads, with an entire lining of sapphire blue chiffon velvet.

Pour l'après midi et le soir



A glorious American evening gown with alluring half fitted long lines that appear dimly beneath a filmy tunic, called a "Manteau de Coeur." Silver cloth forms the body portion of the gown, with deep cream pearl and silver embroidered over drapery. The swing of this unique panel is from the shoulder and under arm, leaving the front of the gown exquisitely revealed. The soft girdle crushes at the front and is finished with a long jeweled and beaded sash end. The new Opera hat from Bruck-Weiss is of silver cloth, crushed into a rosette at the back, adding to the beauty of the paradise feather.



Hill's Studio



A fascinating frock in black and white is very Frenchy and appealing. Black satin fashions itself into a cunning apron front, embroidered in a white silk flower design. The underskirt is a slightly gathered two-piece skirt edged with monkey fur, which is repeated on the tiny sleeves. A saucy little bodice attaches itself to white satin, ornamented with a cut-out piece, and a ribbon bow.

***Wide horizontal pleats or ruffles of black taffeta** with a narrow gold embroidered stripe, attached to a foundation chiffon, form the skirt of an afternoon frock. The diminutive bodice opens over a gold lace waistcoat which is finished with a narrow gold belt and a rose.*





Doris Kenyon, of moving picture fame, has achieved an instant success on the speaking stage, in the new farce-comedy, "The Girl in the Limousine." She reveals a new talent in her manner of wearing lovely gowns from Jules Samuel. Shoes from Bob, Inc.

Fourrures exquises



Models from Balch Price

Peggy Wood, our popular "Peggy," the star in "Buddies" —beguiles us into wanting more fur coats.

Hill's-Studio



Her love for peltry finds an outlet for Milady in glorious coats and wraps made entirely of fur. The short coat which Miss Wood wears so smartly is made of Hudson Seal and Kolinsky squirrel. Kolinsky forms a deep cape collar in the back, and continues in becoming panels down the front of the coat to the bottom edge. Jaunty pockets add a sporty touch, and an Oriental cord belt of silk, intertwined with beads, ends in a more heavily beaded tassel.





A commodious wrap of sable, with an adjustable collar may be worn in Queen Ann style, or lifted around the shoulders and neck into a shawl collar effect. Unusual blending of furs and arrangement of tails is apparent in this exquisite suggestion. The linings in Balch Price wraps are dreams of loveliness, which are all done in French silks and artistic detail.

If Peggy Wood only show the lining of her wondrous ermine evening wrap, it would cause the feminine heart to beat a bit faster! Pale ivory chiffon, corded in sections, and ruffled at the edges makes almost a reversible garment. A nevó silhouetté is achieved in the length of the wrap, and the placing of the horizontal pleats.



MARY BOLAND DELIGHTS US WITH HER WARDROBE



In gowns made by Bergdorf Goodman, Miss Boland charms the eye in "Clarence," that delicious Booth-Tarkington comedy of comedies.

The Roman influence is a new idea carried into the world of fashion, and the success of this clever thought is apparent in the costume below. Because one does not care to remove such a becoming wrap, the chemise gown remains unadorned, and becomes an effective foil for the picturesque Roman wrap which simulates a part of the dress. In this instance, mustard-leaf brown duvetyn and sable squirrel blend in lovely autumn colorings.



Geisler & Andrews



Rose-petal velvet and chiffon; silver cloth and rhinestones! Truly a fairy combination of color and design, in an evening gown that might well be called "Romance." It suggests the vastly feminine. The long skirt is a noticeable feature of evening creations from the house of Bergdorf Goodman, and what woman does not appreciate its enchanting grace. Twin trains of velvet and chiffon is a new fashion note; likewise the arrangement and placing of the narrow jeweled girdle.

"What Every Woman Knows" is that ermine and sable add to her youth and beauty—therefore the season promises many beautiful and youthful women, for ermine is more fashionable and alluring than ever before. The possibilities in draping about the figure, and the peculiar radiance of ermine are obvious in the lovely wrap worn by Miss Boland. The deep yoke effect is new, and enables the wearer to gather the folds into a more bewitching silhouette.





CHEZ LES COUTURIERS



No contour of a finely shaped head is visible through the mass of fluffy bobbed locks that stand out like the soft down upon a thistle.

IN THE OLDER HOUSES, STYLES IN GENERAL ARE FANTASTICAL AND EXTREME. NEW HOUSES REFLECT THE TASTE OF THE AMERICAN WOMAN

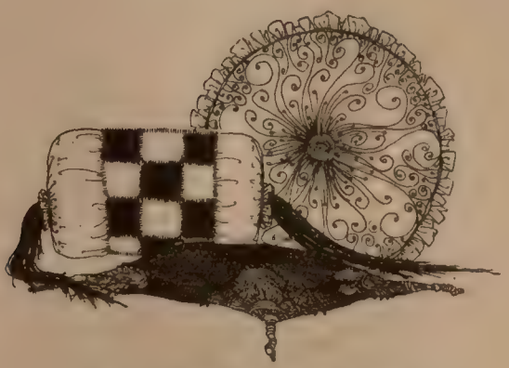
By HOWARD GREER



A new moulding of the "tam" in rich brown suède and flowers of glazed leather.



A new coiffure! Raven hair, oiled until its surface is like polished ebony, is drawn back tightly from the forehead, and cast into a knot of amazing dimensions.



A set of cushions posed upon a divan of black velvet at the recent exhibition of Bakst originals. The round cushion is of purple satin embroidered in gold—the fur pillow is ermine and seal combined with lemon yellow velvet and the flat cushion is of blue green silver tissue.



A headdress of pearls and silver tissue, worn at Armenonville with a dinner gown of clinging black velvet, by the Comtesse de Sonis.

THE crash of cymbals and the blare of trumpets accompanying the grande finale of the Paris fashion shows for the coming winter leave one in much the same state as that following the completion of a bewildering three-ring circus. Of course the crash of cymbals was made by an excited public, while the blare of trumpets came from the over-heated press. Everyone was prepared for a lot, but no one had fortified himself against the pent-up emotions of the couturiers who have been restricted in more ways than one, for the past four years. If one saw a bedraggled creature at the Ritz, or in any of the haunts of Croesus in the Bois, too exhausted to stir away the spot of sacharine-foam that gathered on the surface of her tea, it was safe to assume that she had just returned from another "opening."

THE exhibitions have been most enervating. Apparently every feature of the designer's madness was allowed to run free over the limitless fields of every conceivable kind of material. Now, the much-abused pullet of the farmyard has been taken into that higher aristocracy of feathered birds. Glazed kid has moved into the circles of brocades and velvets, and jeweled flowers show no hesitancy in sponsoring the gleaming surface of a bared back in evening gowns. One no longer speaks of the "length" of a frock, for most of the time there isn't any. There are panniers enormous enough to be used for airplane sails; there are slit skirts and long draped ones—occasionally; there are long sleeves and other abbreviated appendages which hold no right to the term at all; there are broad sashes and hair-line girdles! there are silken puttees for stockings, and bare legs for both.

THE season has been marked by the opening of numerous new houses, all intent upon placing themselves immediately in the front rank of fashion's criterions. One of them, a magnificent structure upon the Champs Elysees, which reminds one more of a glimpse into Fairyland than a place of business, has literally put to shame even the most pretentious of the established houses of senior rank. The immense house of Callot Soeurs is but a peasant shack alongside this palatial place. Two designers, both bearing the name Madeleine, the one prefixed by Madame and the other by Mademoiselle, coming from well-known establishments, have thrown their talents together, and—backed by a progressive embroidery manufacturer—burst upon the horizon with a marvelous array of frocks.



The billiard-pocket frock of rust-colored duvetyn and gold-threaded net. The hip line is a feature of the season's openings.

THE entrance to this artistic business place is most misleading in its unpretentiousness. But once over the threshold, the galaxy of liveried attendants and the miles of deep velour carpets strike awe to the heart. Up a velvet staircase, past little waiting rooms of Chinese panels and lacquered furniture, which jut out alternately from frequent landings, one comes into the spacious show-rooms. And there is a never ending amount of them. Guides might not come amiss for the timid soul, who begins to wonder, after the tenth or twelfth salon, if he can ever find his way back again. As you pass through the rooms, in search of an unoccupied divan or tapestried chair, from whose comforting depths you may pinch yourself to see if it's all quite real, there is a constant procession of dazzling robes and divine mannequins. Some of them undulate and writhe through the mire of thick velvet, trailing wisps of gold tissue or trains of bobbing sable after their tiny feet, much as though they were ardent disciples of the Theda Bara school of sorcery. There are others, tall and stately, even impertinent, with only an occasional glance of condescension upon the humble buyer. And then there are giddy, diminutive creatures, who battle desperately against the ostensible desire to giggle outright. Truly, the mannequins of Chu Chin Chow are but pitiful pretenders to the throne of guile and witchery.

FORTUNATELY this house has catered, consciously or otherwise, to the taste of the American woman, who has been blazing her own trail in the fashion world for the past five years. The absurd waist-lines and shocking knee-lines are not so much in evidence. There are many features of the long straight ensemble, with the material wrapped about the body, combined with rich laces, and trailing away in a very ladylike manner. And there is a quantity of embroidery—as is to be expected—upon serge, gaberdine and velvet. As a rule the frocks are sombre in color but the mode in which they are presented makes a bit of sheeny black seem like a cloud of flaming scarlet.

Another house that has marked the season, reflects the better taste of its creations in the less

presumptious interior decorations of an old house, for many years given over to one of the most famous designers of millinery, on the corner of the Rue Royal and the Faubourg St. Honore. It is the inspiration of an Englishman, who, like Weeks and Redfern, has had the courage to settle among the traditions of the world's fashion center, to take his share in the dictatorship that Frenchmen believe themselves alone worthy of assuming. For many years he has been one of the powers behind the throne in the leading dressmaking establishment of London ,and his experience in America, together with that spirit of creation which Paris alone can give, endow him with assurance of sucess. For the past three years, Edwin Molyneux, this new star in the fashion firmament, has served as a captain in the British Army.

HIS first models are a revelation in this chaotic and unsettled period, for he has laid no stress upon particular line or color fad, but had endeavored to create the clothes of a woman of "chic" and refinement. One finds beautiful and practical clothes, which is a combination evidently unworthy of the attention of other houses in this season of hectic display. And then, one finds at Molyneux's the famous beauty, Hebe. She is neither eccentric nor fanciful, but the type of a charming English woman. She and the Dolores of last season's success, with the Arjamand of this, will undoubtedly live in the memories of Americans as the three most exquisite mannequins that have ever displayed feminine attire.

At Paul Poiret's there is a noticeable note of the Far East. During the period of the war, Monsieur Poiret served as a tailor in the quartermaster department of the French army, and at the end of his service, felt that the inspiration for the decorative things upon which he had built his reputation, was irretrievably lost. A vacation



The "top heavy" line a "robe de ville" of black gaberdine - the skirt embroidered in peacock blue and sage green wool and silk.

of several months amidst the picturesque surroundings of the Moroccan coast supplied him with a host of ideas and he returned to the task of his winter confections with a zest for work that has made his recent display a thing of triumph and fortune. There are many of the brocades and metal tissues of this French colony to be found in the bodices and puffed panniers that give a distinct individuality to all his models. The majority of the clothes, be they for evening, afternoon or street, carry a pert little jacket of Moroccas cut, in brilliant satin, brocade or even leather.

AT Callot's the skirts are decidedly brief, and the things in general a bit fantastical and extreme. Everyone looked for a lengthening of the "jupe" after the amazing brevities of summer, but, no doubt to keep pace with the steady rise of value in the American dollar, the house has decreed still another step in the shortening process. Often the "solid" part of the skirt barely covers the knee-cap, but with a droll assumption that a slightly longer overskirt of transparent material may offset the unsuspected daring, the designers have really made their models more shocking and suggestively alluring.

AT Worth and Jenny's and the host of other houses looked to as criterions of the style, the novelties have been varied and many. Patent leather has come to the fore as the actual body of an entire frock. When it takes the place of cloth material, the surface is often perforated for ventilation—and cut about the edges in quaint scrolls and patterns that remind one of the pink paper that mother used to spread upon the pantry shelves. Even dinner gowns are suffered to carry light bodices of this glazed kid over panniers and flounces that often protrude with an Elizabethan rigidity, sufficient to rest the finger tips of outstretched arms upon. In a more practical fashion, the leather is often cut in strips and circles and pasted upon serge or garberdine. There is one instance of grotesque leathern figures plastered about the hem of an oyster-white frock of mousseline.

THERE is a noticeable lack of paradises and ostrich as garnishings, after a summer of their profusion, when entire cloaks were fashioned of soft-curling plumes and bodices of paradise feathers, laid one over the other. And there is but little fur perhaps because of its scarcity and dearness. Occasionally there are cape-coats of two skins combined, such as ermine with mole, skunk with chinchilla, and white monkey with seal. Often the collar alone is of fur, while the coat of brocade or velvet thins down to the angle and is wrapped so tightly about the legs that one cannot accomplish more than a mincing gait. When there is a collar of fur, it usually envelopes the wearer from the waist up.

AND while one is gossiping of the fall fashion displays, it might be interesting to note that the famous promenade of the Bois de Boulogne is reassuming its responsibilities as a dependable mirror of the mode. A few short months ago, the gravel paths were occupied by strollers, attired more often in the severe cut of military "habillements." But once again it has become the showplace of smart "robes de ville," and an afternoon spent upon the rustic chairs that line the street is just as profitable and much less tiring than an hour in the realms of the couturier. Paris continues to be enamored of terpsichore. Now that colder months are upon us, most places in the Champs Elysees, and all the resorts in the Bois, are closed. Not a few of the theatres have taken up the chairs in the auditoriums and given the space over to dance-mad throngs. The famous Folies Bergere has no spectacle at the moment, but one may dance there from tea to midnight. It is far from being "chic," though it is "toute a fait" Parisian. The two really smart retreats are Harry Picler's Dancing Room at the Apollo Theatre, and the newly opened Mac-Mahon Palace, near the Etoile.



The "pannier" line -a dinner gown of mauve tulle and silver tissue panniers, with a gold-stitched morrocean jacket of scarlet satin.



A tea gown from Molyneux. The trousers are of midnight blue satin, striped with silver and the coat is of flowered mustard colored velvet and monkey fur. Bodice of gold



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1920 FAN-TA-SI A MIGEL SILK



The Programme of Fashion







The most ultra fashion in the wearing of a veil is displayed by Florence Walton. The small black velvet Napoleon hat is imported direct from Lewis, who drapes a real lace veil in Spanish fashion, to cascade from the side of the hat and over the shoulder.

Winter hats are amazingly smart and saucy in their smallness, and they are decidedly fascinating. Now and then there is a wide brimmed hat, giving the new sweeping veils an opportunity to flaunt their weird irregular patterns. Velvet hats, with little to boast of in the way of trimming, are ingeniously twisted or crushed affairs. Odd satin shapes carry tufts of fur, long ripples of paradise, or stiff bunches of aigrettes. One, seen recently in a box at the Empire, was shaped like a half-moon, of blue and silver metal cloth, with a fringe of white monkey fur falling away from the outer edge. Another, was of triangular russet satin, with two impertinent bunches of ospray over the left ear.

Miss Walton boasts two more unusual chapeaux—imported of course through Louise & Co. One, a chic little bit of headgear, is from the Maison Lewis, and offers an ideal suggestion for a theatre hat. Constructed lightly of Bagdad silver embroidered tissue, the draped brim is Orientally banded and hung with silver beads. The second, from Maria Guy, is more practical, and is the essence of all that is correct for such occasions. Shining black taffeta is deftly crushed about the velvet crown and flaring irregular brim, managing in a mysterious manner to fashion a quaint bow over the eye.



A double band of jet, fits smoothly around the head, and forms a flower-like ornament in front. This arrangement is not stiff, as might be expected, but bends slightly with every motion of the head.

A silver lace bandeau is pulled far down over the forehead, and ornaments itself with two fluffy Ostrich feathers—one upstanding, the other is a pom-pom puff over the ear.





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PAULINE OF THE PINES

(Continued from page 384)

he said, rather mysteriously, "She's out thar now, under th' big pine."

Robert hurried out. In the dim light stood a figure, the same little girl he had married and left—old Dave's little "Lena" as he had called her. And she wore the same rough garb. But her eyes were bright, her cheeks flushed, and there seemed something so pathetic about her that Robert's heart became as lead.

"I'm a cad," he whispered to himself.

"You—you wanted to see me?" she asked, in a rather peculiar voice, yet it startled him.

"Yes, Lena," he answered. He knew her by Lena, because her father had always used that name, and he had not noticed, at his hasty marriage, that her real name was Pauline.

"Did—did you come back for me—my husband?" she asked.

"God!" muttered Robert, "the poor faithful girl, waiting for me." He stepped closely to her.

"MY dear little girl, didn't you secure the separation, as you agreed?"

"I—somehow didn't want it. I thought—"

"But Lena, you were old enough to understand. You knew why I married you. I knew why you married me. We both succeeded. I got my uncle's fortune. You gave your father every care while he lived. Your—your checks have been coming regularly from my lawyer, have they not?"

"Robert, it isn't the checks!" and the girl in the rough garb, out under the snow-burdened pine tree amid the white stillness of the fir forest, placed her hand tenderly on his arm, a hand encased in a red woolen mitten.

He started at her, fascinated.

"Lena, I'm a cad, a brute. I came to ask you to release me because—because I love a wonderful woman——"

"Oh——" she gasped, and fell back a step.

"Don't," he begged. "I wouldn't hurt you for worlds. This is fearful. I do love this woman, but—but you suddenly seem very wonderful to me, too What shall I do?"

"You are my husband. You were out of the state long enough to win your freedom on the grounds of desertion, but now you've come back, and met me, so that is impossible—"

"Do you care for me? How can you? Lena, why didn't you write and ask to come to me, if you felt like this?"

"Your lawyer would never give me your address—"

"Don't blame him, blame me, my orders," he groaned.

"Is—is that all?" she asked, and turned, with a sob. This was too much for Robert. He leaped to her and took her in his arms, but she hid her face.

"CHILD, I told this woman whom I love that if you would not release me I would take the step, but—there are things a man cannot foresee. If you have waited so patiently these years, if you insist upon keeping our marriage vows, I—I must go back and tell her so Lena, somehow, when I walked out here just now, I loved this woman madly, and now I seem to love you *madly*. What is the matter with me? She is a beautiful, clever, wonderful woman, able to understand, able to take care of herself while you, oh you poor patient child—"

"I am seven years older, Robert."

"I've been a fool for seven years."

"Come over to my place and talk it over. We—we are married, you know, there can be no gossip," and Pauline laughed nervously.

THEY started out. Pauline kept her head down and her hood well over her face. They stumbled into the camp. It had been changed. Robert understood, she had done it with her allowance. Pauline drew a chair to the fireplace for him, and stepped into the adjoining room, an addition built since old Dave had died. Robert stared into the glowing coals and clenched his hands in the stress of deep thought. He felt that he was doing the right thing.

"Robert!"

The call came through the slightly opened door and he started at the voice.

"Who is calling?" he demanded. "Lena, who is in there with you?"

"I am alone. Robert, would you wire that—other woman about it?"

Robert leaped to his feet.

"I am coming in there!" he cried. "You have played a trick on me, Lena, that 'other woman' is with you—" and he stepped to the threshold

With her arms outstretched to him, "Pauline Paulson" stood in the center of the room—alone!



Estelle Winwood in Ermine Evening Wrap from A. Jaeckel & Company 384 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



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THE THEATRE NEEDS REFORM

(Continued from page 388)

"Blake says: 'In the beat of a pulse the poet's work is begun and finished.' Writing he holds to be the work of a mere craftsman. He means that the work of poets is to have ideas. That is his difference from other men. All men work, all men can write, but only the poet can get the great ideas.

"I look upon the value of the idea that comes in a flash—in one or two seconds—as being fifty per cent of one's work. Then of the remaining fifty per cent, twenty-five per cent is just getting in your mind how it is to go; and the last twenty-five per cent is doing the writing.

"So, as I said, I suppose I could snap out rubbish! I could copy those that have tricked the public already. There is a tradition in the thimble trick and the three-card trick and "fell with a dull thud" and all that nonsense. It has been handed down from generation to generation. But I have never had anything to do with such tricks, and yet I have had a welcome that has drawn me across the Atlantic. That might be taken as a moral by any young man, to do his own work without thought of the public, as I have done for fifteen years."

"THEN you believe in work for its own sake not for popularity money or fame?"

"Fame?" The poet in Lord Dunsany echoed the word and his eyes looked into the distance. "Fame is too elusive for any of us to catch her and too elusive for any of us to analyze her. She is very like the rainbow. It is just beyond the hill. It is a charming dream to think we work for fame. But really all work for the work's sake, except those who are doing it for baser purposes.

"And the war will undoubtedly do much to raise general standards and to inspire new writers. There are a very great number of the world's writers who have been in action. Horace was, and Cervantes. And whether or not war makes a man a writer, it makes a man think. You see, a young man going about London has certain ethics. He must not steal; he must not be base to his friends; he must wear a bow tie with his evening suit. Now, supposing he were to rob a friend, or wear one of these colored ties with an evening suit, he would equally, in each case, be thrown away from the society of his friends.

"But in a war he is brought down to those primitive things of manhood—water, food, life and death. And then, for the first time, he sorts out what things are important and what are not. He finds that water is one of the most necessary things and that the tie is the least. In twenty years' time, I believe, there will be many writers who had their opportunities of thinking about the universe on account of their great experiences in the war.

"AND war not only forces a man to think. It lays great effects before his eyes to see. Men who have been under shellfire have been under something rare. And these men will not be tricked, as they were before the war, into believing that a modern play such as we have in London is anything but rubbish.

"It isn't what the public wants, it is what the managers give them that we have in the theatres now. Consider who is the public. You are one. I am another. I am not a god to look down upon the public; I am but a portion of the public. We go to the theatre. We see some futile travesty of life. It is neither alive nor funny. What remedy have we? What redress?

"To cut yourself off from the theatre and stay at home—that is the only remedy. But you want to enjoy your evenings at the theatre sometimes. In a country that is not dry, what they do is have a dinner and a bottle of champagne, and after their dinner, with the champagne in them, they go to the theatre and they try to get up a laugh and enjoy themselves.

"But good Lord! The stuff we are getting in London isn't funny. Don't let us call it what the public wants. Let us call it what the public gets."

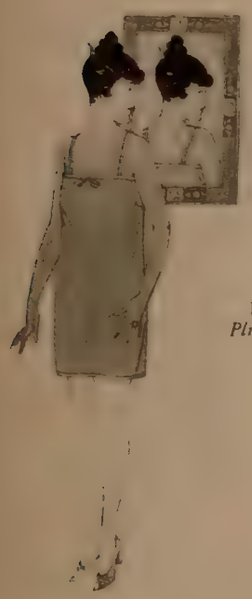
THE UNDERSTUDY

(Continued from page 380)

ably, and thus made his stage début at a salary of one hundred dollars a night. An excellent precedent to have established! In 1897 he became leading man with Maude Adams in "The Little Minister." In 1907 he met with considerable success as the star of "Strongheart."

MARGUERITE CLARK, whose success in the studio may be the result of her training on the stage, gained valuable experience as an understudy. In 1899 she made her début in Baltimore, in Milton Aborn's opera company. In 1900 she appeared in "The Belle of New York," where she understudied Phyllis Rankin as Fifi and Edna May as the Belle. Having demonstrated her ability, she was next engaged for "The Burgomaster" and "The New Yorkers," finally appearing at the Knickerbocker Theatre in "The Wild Rose" with Irene Bentley, Marie Cahill and Evelyn Nesbit. Just prior to deserting the stage for the studio, she was featured in "Snowwhite" and "Prunella."

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THE ACTOR PLAYWRIGHT

(Continued from page 372)

of the most popular plays of the year. Miss Crothers has signed a contract to produce three of her plays for the Shuberts during the coming season, and is at this writing appearing in one of them, "He and She," in the provinces. However, Miss Crothers has not acted for so many years, that the theatre-going public has come to associate her name exclusively with the authorship of her plays.

Willard Mack is one of the most prolific of actor-playwrights, and since his first great hit, "Kick-In," has struck an unusually high average of successes per season. From all reports he is now engaged upon the construction of not less than four plays scheduled for early production, chief among which from point of interest is "Lady Tony," which he has written as a starring vehicle for Pauline Frederick, and in which he himself will play a leading rôle.

MANY actors have been driven to writing their own plays because of the scarcity of good plays to exploit their particular talents. Thomas A. Wise, Leo Ditrichstein, Jane Cowl, Maude Fulton, Frank Bacon and Willie Collier are a few of the players that come most readily to mind.

An analysis of the work of our popular actor-playwrights shows that they display an extraordinary knowledge of the detail of life. They are remarkable judges of fact, but fail to grasp and tellingly present the truth that lies back of the detail. The West, for instance, is far more important and full of character than they have shown it to be, yet out actor-playwrights have never succeeded in representing the true spirit of the West. Their work displays a remarkable facility for apprehension, but a conspicuous lack of comprehension. In the words of Shakespeare they "show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image," but they are deficient in showing "the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SONGS

(Continued from page 374)

thought of a sale of 2,000,000 copies of, say, his *"Serenade"* and another such gigantic sale of, say, *"Thou art the Peace!"* What would poor Stephen Foster have thought of $25,000 paid for a single song! Yet *"Over There," "My Belgian Rose"* and *"The Rose of No Man's Land"* have neared those enormous sale figures in only a few months. Nor are they exceptions in that respect.

And who can say that our grandchildren and their grandchildren's grandchildren, when they gather to commemorate these memorable days, will not be singing *"Over There." "My Belgian Rose"* and *"The Rose of No Man's Land"* and will recall, and feel themselves, the actual thrill of the stirring times that we who have lived in these days have felt. I think they will.

TAKEN as a whole, songs never have "lived" any more than operas, books or other things "live." Millions of songs have died for every one that has survived. Today they are living more than they ever did before and doing it against greater odds. It is only in recent years that song publication has become a great business, depending like other big business on enormous output. Previously there were fewer songs, they were sung for longer periods, people got to know them and love them. Today it is "the new thing" that is demanded in every line as well as in songs.

Some songs are necessarily ephemeral though big hits in their time. These are such songs as *"I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier," "Homeward Bound," "Good-bye Broadway, Hello France," "K-K-K-Katy," "Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You," "By the Campfire." "When the Fighting Irish Come Home," "Jerry" and "Salvation Lassie of Mine."* Singing is like eating—the eating is permanent but not the meals. Many songs are not expected to be more than a delightful moment. Such exquisite appetizing morsels are *"At the Darktown Strutters' Ball," "The Vamp"* and *"Chong"* which are big hits anywhere.

OTHER songs have all the elements of permanency. The collections of classical popular songs used by our grandchildren will almost certainly contain, *"Give Me All of You," "My Baby's Arms," Lullaby Blues," "Sand Dunes," "When You Look in the Heart of a Rose," "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry," "Good-morning Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip," "I Know "What It Means To Be Lonesome," "Friends," "Where Do We Go From Here?"* and *"In the Land of Beginning Again."*

The psychology of songs has to consider not only the individual song but types and their cycles and the curious way in which those cycles ebb and flow. At one moment sad songs, broken hearts and that sort of thing will dominate. Then the demand may be for *"Mother"* songs, humorous, Irish, Coon, love or local songs. Nobody ever knows which type is due next or the moment it will come, any more than he can tell the reason.

The popular dances of the moment exert an influence. The vogue of the Waltz, the Tango, Two-Step and Fox-Trot, all produce their effects. But they are obvious ones. Most of the other influences are too subtle to be clearly understood.



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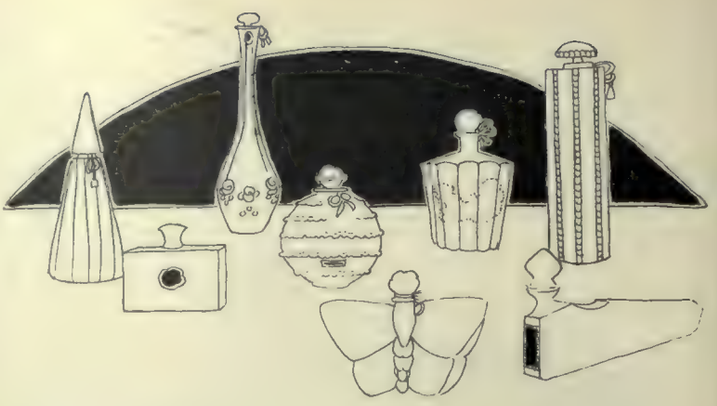
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The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

WE more or less knew that the subject of perfumes was an enthralling one, when we wrote the August Vanity Box. But our "assurance" has been made "doubly sure" since then by the letters we have received from women all over the country. "Tell us more about perfumes," they implore. And as the subject is not only enthralling, but apparently inexhaustible, we are going to take it up from time to time, choosing December as a particularly fitting month, since perfume makes one of the most delightful Christmas gifts. Ask Miss Alice Brady!

WE were interviewing Miss Brady recently when she was in town for a fortnight, and by chance asked her what she was giving that was interesting in the way of Christmas presents.

"Everybody," responded Miss Brady promptly, "is going to have perfume from me this year. I have so little time between my performances of "Forever After," and my moving picture work to go shopping. And, anyway, I feel I can't give a better gift than one of the new, imported, French perfumes. Of course you know about them." (At that time we didn't.) Some day before I depart on tour I'm going to snatch an hour off, and buy up the perfume counter of . . . (Never mind, we'll let you in on the secret, if you'd really care to know.)

We asked permission to accompany and watch her in operation, which was graciously granted. As Miss Brady has made a specialty of perfumes, it turned out to be a most informative and fascinating hour.

First of all, you must know, that the bottle this season is almost as important as its contents. They have blossomed out riotously, these bottles, into odd but delectable shapes, decorative additions to any dressing-table. Some are painted with gay futuristic designs, representative of their contents Thus a slender tubed bottle bearing a rose spray on its bulb contains a precious "Attar of Rose." Or the shape itself may be symbolic of the type of perfume inside; and a bottle blown in the outlines of a small sphinx will hold an essence called "Le Reflet" (Reflection). Another in the form of a lovely butterfly carries the perfume "Voltigy," connoting, we suppose, that it is wafted to one's senses as lightly and delicately as the volatile flight of a butterfly.

Miss Brady chose one of each of these with a special person in mind. Miss Wilda Bennet of "Apple Blossoms," we believe, was to get the butterfly. Then for a society woman of very exquisite taste, she chose "Parfum d' Argeville," a composite flower odor, with an adorable little etching in gold on one side of its crystal bottle. For another friend who loves the Riviera and usually spends her springs there, "Joie de Nice," smelling of all the fragrant violets of that place.

For a girl who has just become engaged "Parlez Lui de Moi." And for one who loves the opera, "La Bohême." For a man friend a very special Russian "Eau de Cologne," Eau de Cologne being the only perfume permitted to poor, dear mere man, and that most parsimoniously.

And the name of the toilet counter where Miss Brady found all these?

Write The Vanity Box, Care The Theatre Magazine, 6 East 39, New York, and we shall be charmed to tell you: also the "makes" of the perfumes mentioned and several other delicious ones we didn't have room for here.

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 368)

HARVEY O'Higgins and Harriet Ford decided that the servant problem offered unlimited possibilities for fun, especially when the problem is placed in Jersey at the country home of a New Yorker, who cannot get his domestic help to stay. Give the New Yorker a wife who has been a former Broadway actress, with a detestation for country life and the call of the beckoning white lights still strong within her, and you have the setting of "On the Hiring Line." Things have reached such a pass that on a Sunday morning Sherman Fessenden has himself to sweep and dust, with an apron tied under his chin, while his daughter is busy burning the breakfast. Fessenden's temper has not been improved by the arrival the previous day of Ronnie Oliver, an actor friend of his wife, who apparently is going to make of the Fessenden home an institution for the care of jobless actors. Servants will not stay and Mrs. Fessenden will not encourage them to, since she believes if they will continue to go her husband will see the futility of remaining in the country and take up his residence in New York.

Hard pressed to provide household workers, Fessenden hits upon the plan of hiring a couple of private detectives and have them pose as butler and cook. In this wise he feels that they will stay and his wife will not be able to make things disagreeable enough to have them quit or to fire them outright since the orders of their agency are that only the party who engaged them can dispense with their services.

OF course, the fact that he has found it necessary to secure detectives has to be kept from Mrs. Fessenden. That would not have been so difficult had it not been for Mrs. Billy Capron, light-hearted and light-headed, who is separated from her husband and believes she is being watched by detectives. Then Steve Mack, the son of a Senator in Washington, is posing as a chauffeur and working for Mrs. Capron in order to be near Dorothy Fessenden, the daughter of the head of the Fessenden household. Steve is a bit suspicious and since the detectives are not told why they are brought into the household they are naturally suspicious of everyone and everything. Steve, therefore, is suspected of being a crook, and this adds to the complications. The whole three acts are extremely amusing, and yet one feels sort of instinctively that there is something lacking. It is not easy to determine just what this is, but the feeling, vague as it is, is there. There is just something needed that would make of this satirical comedy a show that would go on season after season to the delight of the hinterland and the profit of George C. Tyler, who is directing it.

Cyril Scott, as the detective-hiring husband, gives his usual finished performance, and was primarily intended to be the star of the piece, but unfortunately for him, the role of Ritchie, the detective, is one of such wonderful comedy possibilities that it quite overshadows the husband and Sidney Toler, who has the part, gives a portrayal that is quite the best that has been done on the New York stage for a long, long time. He does not act the detective—he is the detective.

LAURA HOPE CREWS, as Mrs. Fessenden, is, of course, good; she has always been good. We know, for we have been a police reporter, and our acquaintance with sleuths includes many composites of Toler.

Josephine Hall, as Mrs. Ritchie, the middle-aged, motherly wife of the detective who has decided to leave her happy home to see what detecting is like, and who cannot altogether suppress her motherly instincts even for her work, was another excellent character portrayal. John Blair as the actor simply was himself and one could not ask more.

Minna Gombell as the flirting wife of Billy Capron had a head as light and fluffy, as—as the lingerie of a chorus girl. Could one say more—and mean less? Then Robert Hudson as her husband had a good bit which he adequately handled. Finally, there was Donald Gallaher as the Senator's son, not doing as well as we have seen him do, and Vivian Tobin, as Fessenden's daughter, giving a characterization that appeared to be extremely easy for that young lady, since she had but to be natural. Some day those Tobin sisters are going to be as well known as the Barrymore Brothers—or at least the Dolly Sisters, or, er—some brothers or sisters who are famous—or nearly so.

CENTRAL. "The Little Blue Devil." Musical farce in three acts. Book and lyrics by Harold Atteridge. Music by Harry Carroll. Produced on November 3 with this cast:

Tom	Jack Geier
Dick	Edward Bisland
Harry	James Buckley
Billie	Eddie Cox
Freddie	James Wheeler
Mary	Eleanor Griffith
Stella	Frances Dunlop
Pansy	Anne Sands
Augustus Rollet	Bernard Granville
Paulette Divine	Lillian Lorraine
Mrs. Lewellyn	Eleanor Gordon



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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 424)

Mr. Lewellyn	Wilfred Clarke
Phillip Scarsdale	Jack McGowan
George Wallus	Edward Martindel
Lizzie	Marion Mosby
Purkiss	W. H. Powers
Moss	Eddie Cox
Tiney	Katherine Hatfield
An Old Man	Jack Geier
A Maid	Elsie Lange

APPARENTLY, it has been discovered what, for these many years, the tired business man has been looking for. It is on view in nearly all the musical plays recently produced, the bare leg, but in no other show and in no other pleasure-shop is it more abundantly dangled and poised than in "The Little Blue Devil" at the Central Theatre. The piece is for Broadway and of Broadway—the mythical Broadway haunted by the mythical tired business man—and exhibits a life which the visiting rural merchant never gets any closer to than at the theatre. It has some of the virtues of humor and lacks some vices, notably of stupidity. It is a remnant or reminiscence of "The Blue Mouse," adapted from the French by Clyde Fitch, and readapted now, with a difference, by Harold Atteridge.

A tired New York clerk, in order to get promotion from his tired employer, a merchant, hires an actress, a blue devil, to represent his own sweet wife and exercise her cajoleries on him. Both men having keys to her apartments, naturally there are comical—more or less comical—encounters in those precincts including the adjoining bathroom, of which a glimpse is had and to which reference is made. On one occasion the clerk has to simulate a half-witted trance, which is undeniably comical.

BERNARD GRANVILLE, as the clerk, achieves a merry triviality that almost redeems the proceedings. He helps the impression that it is all make-believe. Mr. Wilfred Clarke, however, as the merchant employer almost counteracts that by an earnestness in the pursuit of the Little Blue Devil which tends to convince the visiting stranger that the tired business man is a real and important person engaged during the day in affairs of moment. Lillian Lorraine is the Charmer in Blue, the possessor of resplendent pajamas and a "whiter skin than alabaster." As a production the piece has very great virtues. In many ways it is impeccable. There is good taste in the scenery and appointments. There is indubitable refinement in the silk of the costumes. The music, even, is modest, and the lighting decorous, except in one instance, when it reveals, by a single shaft of light, the Little Blue Devil "shimmying" in the darkness, revealing little but too much. Some excellent songs were in bad company. Harry Carrol, Jack McGowan and Anne Sands in dance and song compensated for much. The chorus was good, the landscape ("all the prospect") was pleasing, as the hymn has it, and the show will be popular in New York, although it is unfair to the New York Merchant, the Tired Business Man.

CORT. "Just a Minute." Musical comedy in two acts. By Harry L. Cort, George E. Stoddard and Harold Orlob. Produced with this cast:

The Song Girls	Niobe Marwick and Mae Terresfield
The Saleslady (Miss Noyes)	Merle Hartwell
The Demonstrators (The Monarck Four)	Messrs. Green, Murphy, Fenn, Curren
The Girl (Dorothy May)	Mabel Withee
The Other Girl (Margaret Gibson)	Mona Celete
The Porter (Earl)	Billy Clark
The Aunt (Mrs. Tom Collins)	May Vokes
The Executor (Robert Fultoon	Wellington Cross
The Trouble (Will Tell)	George F. Moore
The Pilot (Capt. Ebb Tide)	Percy Pollock
The Bathing Girl (Miss Dippe)	Virginia Clarke
The Dancers by	Morin Sisters

THE compensating charm of "Just a Minute," at the Cort Theatre, is Mabel Withee.

It seems that, whether by accident or Providence, it is almost impossible for a modern comic opera to go wholly wrong. Its clockwork may not run on many jewels, but with so many elements there is some excellence somewhere. In the palmy days of drink, it was a common saying among the initiate, jocose or judicious, that there was no bad liquor. If there was nothing else there was the cherry.

Thus, Miss Withee ingratiates the whole compound. Her unassuming method saves her associates, capable enough, but without that strong personality that counts for so much in this form of entertainment, from giving the impression of a too unequal and unbalanced performance. Miss Withee has personality, simplicity, ease, charm. The general performance is of fairly standard quality in spite of an insubstantial story in which two couples of lovers encounter insubstantial difficulties, and a text that lacked tone and fell short in its reaching for sustained humor. The old patter of the bibulous seems strangely out of date.

THE locality of the action is at Atlantic City and on board a yacht, and necessarily comic opportunities abound. May Vokes, as an antiquated aunt, watchful over two girls, and insistent at the same time in securing a reluctant but desirable mate for herself, was

(Continued on page 436)

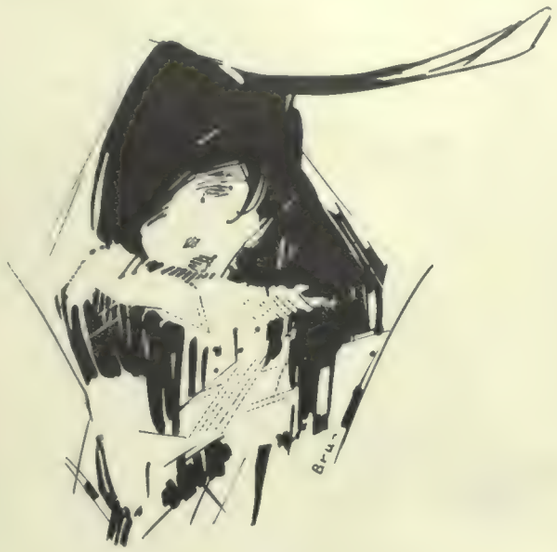


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AMATEUR THEATRICALS

IN YOUR COMMUNITY

(*Continued from page 398*)

from a small group is to have it large enough to allow telling variety in combinations.

A large group in which any person may be called upon to participate also has peculiar dangers. If some are not used frequently enough to please themselves or their friends, they see no reason for belonging; they lose interest and withdraw. If a certain few—because of ability or friendship or social prestige—are cast several times, jealousies and envy and all uncharitableness break out virulently.

A good flexible working arrangement is to have active and associate memberships, with the prospect of adding to both, or making transfers as need arises.

Quite as important as membership is money. No play, I venture to say, however simple, can be produced without at least buying the copies. Play production costs money. Your club may start on nothing a year, and, if you can secure credit, may pay with the proceeds of the first bill, if you are successful in attracting a paying audience. Some organizations charge dues up to say ten dollars annually. In co-operative plans the members advance enough to cover the first performance, and are repaid at the end of the season. A feeling of security and independence alike is afforded by the pledges of guarantors, who should be called upon to redeem their pledges only when all other resources are exhausted.

IT is more artistic to insure permanancy and solvency by being careful about money than to be a fly-by-night producer cleaning up on one splurge. In estimating your total income be moderate. Don't count every available seat as sold until it has been paid for. Provide for the deduction of every legitimate expense. If your income is from dues, collect early in the season. With a knowledge of your entire resources plan the number of performances and allot the available funds. With two hundred members at five dollars each you may reasonably count upon nine hundred dollars to spend. If one program is to be made up of modern plays for which costumes can be secured for nothing, or if a play entails no royalty, you will be able to shift money to other undertakings.

On paid admissions always discount anticipated receipts.

One of the most fascinating features of such dramatic work as this article is discussing is the realization of remarkable effects upon limited means.

The one item which will have the most direct bearing upon your expense sheet will be the equipment of the stage you use. Whenever you rent be sure to know exactly what the terms include. Ask especially about extra time. Learn whether the dress rehearsal will require a union stage crew. Look carefully over the house scenery, furniture, and properties to determine how much you can use. Then prepare a budget, even though you know at the time that the final bills will go higher. They always do.

THE subjoined list is an attempt to include all the possibilities which may be present under varying circumstances. If you are able to eliminate many of these you are peculiarly fortunate.

POSTAGE. This varies greatly with the nature of the organization and the performances.

PRINTING. In your stationery make modest claims. Let it make a good impression. Don't promise too much. Advertising may come under this heading.

RENTAL. This is usually the largest item. Reductions can be secured by contracting for a number of performances.

ROYALTIES, AND COPIES OF THE PLAYS. Copies of a single play for a cast may cost as much as ten or fifteen dollars, either in typoscript or book form. Always pay royalties for plays, unless authors *offer* them for nothing. You would not ask a stationer to give you envelopes. Don't, then, expect authors to give you the only thing which makes your organization possible—good plays.

SETTINGS, SCENERY, FURNITURE, PROPERTIES. Here the artistic ingenuity of your art staff will be requisitioned.

COSTUMES. You may be able to operate an entire season without expending much on costumes. Don't allow some enthusiastic designer to swamp the plays with oddities and the treasurer with bills.

LIGHTING. If the equipment of your stage is good, this will cost practically nothing. You can easily accumulate simple but effective lighting apparatus.

MAKE-UP. Hiring a professional make-up man usually saves money and annoyance. His stock of wings is always better than an amateur collection. In many plays elaborate make-up is not required.

HAULING. Scenery, properties, furniture, costumes may have to be moved. Costumers do not pay transportation charges.

MISCELLANEOUS. Though this heading is indefinite, it always covers a large amount. It may include anything; music, ropes, electric bulbs, unusual properties, telegrams, porter service, labor, lunches, beverages, damage to property, taxicab fares, insurance on borrowed property.

WE shall assume that it is early autumn. Your organization is perfected. Your officers and committees have been working and reporting. Your funds are assured. The public is sympathetic in approval of your project. Indications of large, appreciative audiences are heartening you. Only one detail now remains to engage attention and time before your season opens.

WHAT KIND OF PLAYS WILL YOU OFFER?

Editor's Note: The second in Mr. Stratton's series of articles—"Choosing the Play," will be published in the January issue.

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A CIVIC COMMUNITY PLAYGROUND

FOR CHILDREN AND GROWN-UPS

(*Continued from page 399*)

story-telling groups or in the beginners dancing classes. Frequently these transient children, as we called them, were children visiting in the city, children from near by cities or from far parts of the world—from Australia, South America, Alaska—and this year several little French orphans. Often the transient children were little ones who could not afford the car fare to attend three times a week. In this case we were able to provide car fare through the generosity of the city Street Railway Company and the United Charities. Each Wednesday afternoon programs were given by the children. The programs consisted of selections by the Children's Hour Orchestra, songs by the Children's Civic Music Chorus and community singing, plays and pantomimes by the Junior Drama League Players. The age of these youthful actors was from four to twenty. Many pantomimes and plays were arranged by the children themselves. This year a "Better Speech Pageant" was written and directed by two young players, a girl fourteen and a boy fifteen. Such interest was expressed in the Better American Speech Campaign that the "Ain'ts" and the "He don'ts" almost disappeared from the group of two hundred players. If their enthusiasm is indicative of the interest of young people throughout the country, the National Better American Speech campaign will certainly meet with success and be a decided step toward Americanization. The children's motto this summer was: "One flag; one country; one language and that perfectly spoken." Will not this same enthusiasm develop a deeper appreciation of the spoken word and make a future Booth possible?

EVERYTHING was done to make the children's programs the best of the kind. Many children from various playgrounds contributed, and opera singers and well-known musicians gave freely to the thousands of children who thronged the auditorium each Wednesday.

The Mothers' Circle, known as the Mothers of the Junior Drama League, assisted by many well-known artists and designers, attended to the costumes and properties, and if it had not been for the loving co-operation of this group of workers the hundreds of fairies and brownies, tree nymphs and water sprites would not have materialized.

The object of the children's work is to give inspirational direction to the children through dramatic play; to stimulate their imagination and to open avenues more beautiful than are to be found in the limits of the city streets; to keep the children occupied in a wholesome and a clean atmosphere. Children from all walks of life attend the Children's Hours and the directors and assistants feel that every child becomes a finer and better expression of helpfulness in his community through this civic community playground experience.

MISS CORA MEL PATTEN, who has acted as director each summer through the month of July, has been an inspiration to the children. Each August I have added the position of director to my interests as manager and, with our corps of excellent workers, from fourteen to twenty in number, as dancing directors, story tellers and game leaders, the work has been an expression of unity and the excellent dramatic programs were made possible.

THE CHICAGO COLLEGE CLUB

AND ITS DRAMATIC CIRCLE

THE Dramatic Circle of the Chicago College Club, an organization of college women in Chicago and vicinity with a membership of about nine hundred alumnae of practically every college in the country, is composed mostly of the younger members, many of them girls just out of college; young women of varied interests, all busy and efficient—workers from every field from expert bacteriologists to overworked journalists.

The Director, Mrs. Louis Van Voorhis Armstrong, is a graduate of the University of Michigan and the Art Institute of Chicago, and it is her tireless effort, skill and enthusiasm that have made the Dramatic Circle the successful organization it has come to be.

THE stereotyped "society comedy" finds no place on their programs. The unique, imaginative and artistic are welcomed. All the essential features of production have been carried out to the minutest detail; on their little stage in the club rooms and under Mrs. Armstrong's guidance they have learned to do at least some part of the work involved, from the actual painting of scenic screens and making of costumes, to publicity work.

The photographs of "Dolls," and "Three Pills in a Bottle," are shown on the first page of the Amateur Theatricals Section, and in an early issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE *an interesting detailed account of the work of the Dramatic Circle of the Chicago College Club will be published.*

COLUMBIA RECORDS

"SOLENNE in quest'ora" (Swear in this hour), the famous duet from *La Forza del Destino*, is one of Verdi's masterpieces. Charles Hackett, the sensational new tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Riccardo Stracciari, leading baritone of the Chicago Opera Company, sing it for Columbia Records this month. This is the first joint record ever made by these two great artists.

Everybody knows the music of that simple ballad, "Whispering Hope." But no one has ever heard it sung better than Rosa Ponselle, the leading dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Barbara Maurel, alto, sing it as a duet for Columbia Records. Their voices blend so harmoniously that they make a perfect vocal combination. Adv.

Maillard

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I Accept an Invitation

By ANGELINA



A ROYAL command from my Godchild, a few weeks ago, to come up to New Haven for the Yale-Princeton game..... The letter started mildly enough, all about, "Didn't I think the gaieties of student life....." and "wouldn't a radical contrast to New York?" *et celera*. The command part came at the end in the veiled threat, "I am not considering the appalling possibility of a refusal, and have already secured our seats."

So what could I do after that but accept. As a matter of fact, I was only too eager to go, and frightfully flattered to be culled from among so many other potential lady-guests. I knew it would be a wonderful game, and that I should see all sorts of smart people. Besides, I was invited to go up Friday afternoon, the day before, and form one of a house-party at quite the nicest "Sheff." society house, and go to tea-dances and luncheons and things. I had some smart clothes to wear, myself. All signs pointed to Venus being "in the right house," as the horoscopists tell you.

* * *

Friday morning I happened in to see young Mr. Ben Van Raalte of the famous veilings.

"I'm off to the game, this afternoon," I told him midway of our interview.

"Are you indeed?" said he. "Then I'll make you a present of a veil to wear. The pattern is just out. In fact it's so new it hasn't even a name yet. I shall expect you to find one for it—and a good one, mind—before you get back."



The frock that Angelina wore was much admired, a short-sleeved, black velvet, made quite simply and trimmed only with Democracy-grosgrain ribbon in different widths. With the frock were the attendant accessories of a necklace and bracelet of elephant ivory beads, a velvet hat in King blue, and slippers of pale grey kid with tiny kid bows.

That idea appealed to me. I like christening ships, so to speak. The veil was a particularly lovely one, a diamond pattern with a suggestion of the delicate frostwork on a window pane, and very concealing. It came in taupe and navy, and I chose the navy, to wear with my pastel blue duvetyn tam, embroidered in navy blue silk.

* * *

In the train on the way to New Haven I thought over possible names. Nothing came to me. Each time, just as I fancied I had a good one, I recollected that it already belonged. Mr. Van Raalte *has* all the good names, already, I thought.

Godchild met me at the station, clad in the best southern manner for the occasion, fifty-fifty of enthusiasm and restraint.

"Godmother Angelina," said he, as we drove off in a motor, "how enchanting you look! And what a peach of a veil! Only.... it's tantalizing...." *"Grazie, grazie,"* cried I, speaking fluently in Italian. *"That* is the name of the veil: *Tantalizing."*

I told him the story, and I told it on my return to Mr. Van Raalte, who thoroughly approved. So that's the way that ended.

* * *

My brief stay was a mad whirl of "one thing after another." I had a wonderful time, even despite the sad, sad climax of the game. Still, we must think of others.

They did us awfully well, the "society" men, handing over their handsome quarters to us bodily, with no detail neglected. After we arrived we had tea around a big open fire downstairs. Perhaps you'll (*Continued on page* 434)







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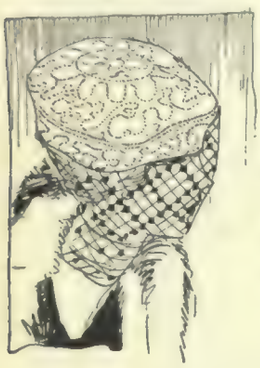
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I Accept an Invitation

(*Continued from page 432*)

like to know what I wore. Godchild expressed his thorough approval, and hinted that others shared his opinion.

Well, then, to begin on..... a black velvet frock, made quite simply, with no trimming on it



The veil that Mr. Van Raalte, of the famous Van Raalte veilings, presented to Angelina to wear to the game, and to name; and that was eventually christened by the Godchild "Tantalizing." It entirely lives up to its name.

save different widths of Democracy-grosgrain ribbon. A half-inch width running round the neck, an inch width round the sleeves, an inch-and-a-half width about the waist, all tying in little bows with proportionate streamer ends. Around my neck was a long chain of elephant ivory beads, with a carved ivory plaque hanging from two beads shaped like lotus flowers, and to match it a bracelet (all my own invention) of a double row of the ivory beads, with the clasp of two slightly larger lotus flower beads. On my head I wore a velvet turban of King blue, with the brim flaring away from the face. And last but not least, on my feet pale grey silk stockings, and pale grey kid slippers, with "Dolly" heels and little butterfly bows of kid. Godchild said several people spoke of my feet. Of course there's but one kind of kid that's soft enough to be twisted into such bows, and probably you've guessed its name already. Yes, "F. B. & C." It makes such a wonderful slipper to dance in too, which you can imagine we started in presently to do.

* * *

And spent the rest of the time doing. Continuously, with intermissions taken out for such lesser items such as dinner, the Yale-Princeton Glee Club Concert, an hour or two of sleep. Saturday, we lunched with some smart people in town, Godchild and I, with whom we motored to the game. It was great fun riding out. There were so many pretty, well-dressed women and girls, and such good-looking men. I saw some wonderful furs. One cape in particular, a seven-eighths of summer ermine, a gorgeous wrap, worn over a brown velvet frock, and with a hat of terra-cotta velvet. The combination made such a lovely blend of russet tones.

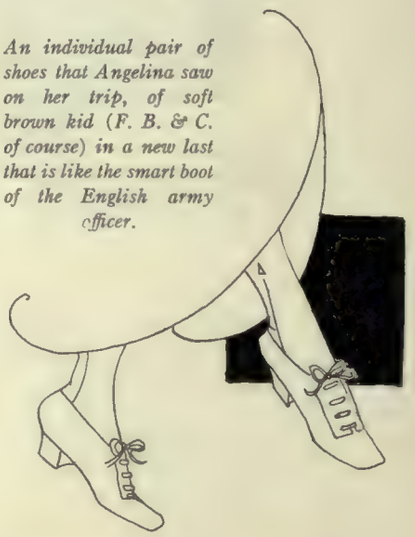
Our seats in the Yale Bowl were in section thirteen, and as it turned out in row thirteen, also. Thirteen, as perhaps you may remember, is my lucky number. (On Friday, the thirteenth, fate is always with me: and if I can only walk under a ladder a little something extra is thrown in.) "We win," I said to the Godchild as we sat down. So the second half of the game came as a great surprise, when we didn't win at all. I couldn't understand it in the least. It occurred to me, at first, that our stars, the G.'s and mine, might have been in conflict. But suddenly a light burst. Little Anisette was the fatal "reason why." There I had brought her all the way up from New York in my bag as mascot, and then after introducing her and showing her off all around the fraternity house, I had cruelly gone and left her perched on a chair back in the room.

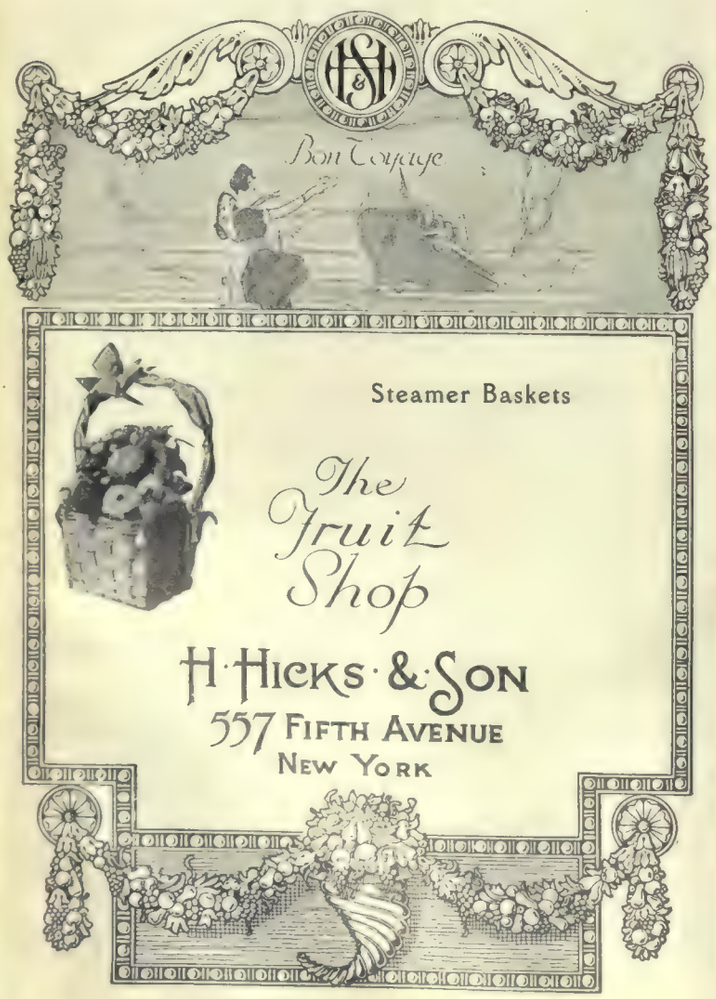
* * *

And who, pray, is little Anisette? Another Godchild? No, Anisette is merely a doll. A rag doll, I suppose you really might call her, except that she's such a *de luxe* edition of what one thinks of under that name. She belongs to one of a large family of brothers and sisters called "The Little Shavers," is the creation of a clever American girl, and was a present to me from one of the big Fifth Avenue shops. I chose Anisette from amongst the family, because of the *chic* of her costume,—a *bouffant* nile green skirt sheltered under a pinkish apron with a gay ribbon girdle—and because of a certain air of plaintive melancholy about her. If you will turn back to the little sketch at the initial letter of this article, you may get a faint idea of it.

If your neglect had not prevented me from being among those present in the Bowl this afternoon, she seemed to say, we should have won. Some day I shall write a story of "The Little Shaver, or a Mascot's Revenge."

An individual pair of shoes that Angelina saw on her trip, of soft brown kid (F. B. & C. of course) in a new last that is like the smart boot of the English army officer.









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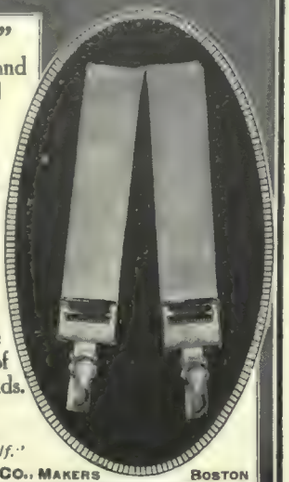


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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page 426*)

under too much restraint of social position in her character to be as irresistibly amusing as she commonly is in her awkward servant girl roles.

"Just a Minute" needs readjustment in many particulars, but it will be brought around and serve its public.

LYCEUM. "THE GOLD DIGGERS." Comedy in three acts by Avery Hopwood. Produced September 30.

Stephen Lee	Bruce McRae
James Blake	H. Reeves-Smith
Barney Barnett	Frederick Truesdell
Wally Saunders	Horace Braham
Freddie Turner	Austen Harrison
Fenton Jessup	Harold Christy
Tom Newton	D. Lewis Clinton
Marty Woods	Frank Lewis
Jerry Lamar	Ina Claire
Mabel Munroe	Jobyna Howland
Violet Dayne	Beverly West
Mrs. Lamar	Louise Galloway
Topsy St. John	Ruth Terry
Cissie Gray	Pauline Hall
Trixie Andrews	Lilyan Tashman
Eleanor Montgomery	Luella Gear
Gypsy Montrose	Gladys Feldman
Dolly Baxter	Katherine Walsh
Sadie	Louise Burton

I SUSPECT Mr. Hopwood of having written "The Gold Diggers" in his sophomore days, when callow youth, hitting Broadway's high lights for the first time, is righteously scandalized at the depravity of this little burg. Such a line as "the female of the species is deadlier than the male" belongs to that adolescent period. The plot too—the staid, middle-aged uncle who confronts a vamp to rescue a foolish nephew from her clutches only to fall in love with her himself—is so archaic that it probably antedates any dramatic formula ever propounded. No doubt the wily Mr. Hopwood is fully conscious of these juvenile aspects of his work for on the first night, instead of responding himself to incontinent calls for speech, he pushed Mr. Belasco before the footlights, and the gentle Dave, whiter haired yet picturesque as ever, proceeded to deliver the curtain oration which has served him so well on other occasions: "Ladies and Gentlemen—*dramatic pause*—I thank you for Mr. Hopwood—*dramatic pause*—I thank you for Miss Claire—*dramatic pause*—I thank you."

Frankly, one is put to it to guess what induced the theatrical wizard to lend the prestige of his name to this trivial hodge-podge of chorus girl slang, bedroom suggestiveness and false sentiment. The piece is not of the calibre one is accustomed to associate with his traedmark.

To say that all of it is poor entertainment would be doing an injustice. The first act is vastly amusing and full of bright, highly spiced dialogue that often borders on the indecent. The scene where the chorus girls—each a distinct and well recognizable type—sit around relating their experiences in extracting gold from the pockets of male admirers—is both diverting and instructive. Every Johnny in town should see it. He might save himself some money. The chorus has always had a bad name and this play will not help to redeem it. Nor are Jenny Lamar's girl chums—with their loose talk and worse than loose morals—as exaggerated as one would like to believe for the good repute of the stage.

It's later that the play becomes tiresome. To be asked in Act III to believe in Jenny's lily-white innocence after all she and her pals say and do in Acts I and II is too much of a tax on the imagination, nor does the star quite prove her right to wear the *rosière's* wreath by suddenly producing from an inner room a dignified, white-haired old lady whom she introduces as her mother—no doubt a brilliant afterthought of the resourceful stage manager who argues that a chorus girl owning such a mother could do no wrong. It is also true that Stephen Lee, the respectable millionaire uncle falls in love with her and asks her to be his wife, but as he was drunk at the time, one need not take that too seriously. As long as the piece kept to its original idea, one enjoyed it for what it was worth. Directly it got sentimental, the spectators reached for their hats.

It is well acted, Jobyna Howland, the six-foot former Gibson model with several metropolitan hits to her credit, dividing the feminine honors with the star. As a man-hunting chorus lady whose one idea of marriage is to get alimony, Miss Howland was genuinely and irresistibly funny.

Ina Claire was excellent as the heroine. She dances, sings, cajoles and makes the most of what few opportunities the author has given her. Bruce McRae plays the uncle with his usual skill and distinction and H. Reeves Smith did well as the lawyer friend who also becomes enmeshed in the toils of the sirens.

(*Continued on page 440*)

VICTOR RECORDS

THE greatest "find" of the year in new musical talent is undoubtedly the young Chilean baritone, Renato Zanelli, who with a single step, has taken his place among the great living singers. His introduction to Victor audiences is made through his two initial Victrola Records just out: "The Spanish Dancer" the "Dear Za-za," respectively. Zanelli's appearance brings to mind that other youthful prodigy, Jascha Heifetz who was the musical sensation of several seasons ago. And Heifetz has just made a new interpretation on a Victrola Record—a Paganini-Kreisler. In this number a peculiarly rich effect is had by bowing one open string, leaving it powerfully vibrating, and passing on to two others so swiftly and so deftly the ear cannot follow. The record ends with passages of indescribable brilliancy. The "Venetian Boat Song" is a very popular concert duet. The voices of Laura Littlefield and Elsie Baker blend perfectly on a new Victor Record, and the result is an usually pleasing number. The "Canoe Song" by Pestalozza which these artists also sing on the reverse of the record is a modern Italian composition, which has not been given the serious consideration by music-lovers which its beauty deserves. Adv.





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Wm. S. Hart *in* "SAND"
Houdini *in* "THE GRIM GAME"
Vivian Martin *in* "HIS OFFICIAL FIANCÉE"
Wallace Reid *in* "HAWTHORNE OF THE U. S. A."
Maurice Tourneur's Production "VICTORY"
George Loane Tucker's Production "THE MIRACLE MAN"
Robert Warwick *in* "AN ADVENTURE IN HEARTS"
Bryant Washburn *in* "IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"
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"The Cinema Murder" A Cosmopolitan Production

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Enid Bennett *in* "WHAT EVERY WOMAN LEARNS"
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Charles Ray *in* "RED HOT DOLLARS"

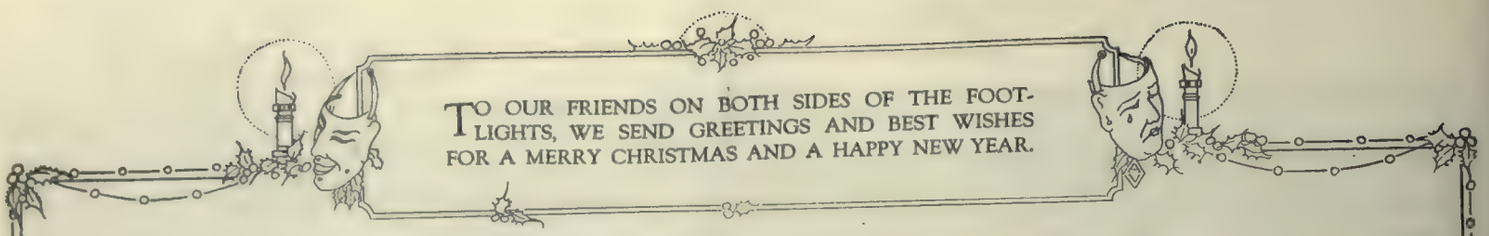
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Julia Sanderson

R. B. Mantell

Franc. Starr

Jane Cowl

Genevieve Hamper Mantell

Sophie Tucker

Hazell Cox

Claudia Muzio

Lenore Ulric

THE MOST DIFFICULT THING IN THE WORLD

IN a far country there lived a young princess, who was as clever as she was beautiful. She had eyes like heather-bells, hair the color of ripe corn, and a figure as of Venus and Diana rolled into one. And as, in addition to these charms, she would some day rule over a rich country, the court was constantly receiving marriage ambassadors from the regions round about, asking for the Princess' hand.

But the Princess would have none of them. Like all proper young Princesses, she dreamed of her ideal Prince, and nothing even faintly resembling him had yet appeared. She obstinately and wilfully refused to consider the State. The old King, her father (the Queen was dead) was exceedingly upset by her behavior. Egged on by the Councillors, he urged her to make a choice. He was getting on, he said, and it really was high time she was married and settled down.

"There is nothing like marriage," he grumbled, sententiously, "for making women settle down." "On that point, dear Father," responded the Princess ironically, "we are entirely agreed."

THEY both backed and filled, and fussed and fumed, till finally a compromise was effected. The Princess appeared to give in. She would consider seriously the idea of matrimony and "settling down." Let them bring on their suitors. Only she must make one condition. She must insist that her future husband be cleverer than herself. (The King and the old C's could hardly keep their faces straight. Too easy! As if everybody didn't know that a man is always cleverer than a woman, no matter who he is.) "And to prove that," continued the Princess, "he must answer correctly one question that I shall put to him. And must then offer a solution." (That wasn't quite so easy. You never can tell about women. The Princess might ask something so silly that no male brain could descend low enough to gauge its imbecility.) "And the question is: What is the most difficult thing to do in the world?"

Whereat the old C's went away rejoicing. Because that could be answered by a superior intelligence. They were all agreed that the most difficult thing in the world to do was to understand a woman. And the solution is to marry her. And why, you may inquire, if the old C's considered man is cleverer than woman, is it such a difficult matter to understand her? Ah, don't ask me to explain. I am simply telling you the story. And, anyway, it was a frowsy old kingdom, with frowsy old prejudiced King, such as you and I never encounter nowadays.

TO cut a long story short, written announcements containing the fatal condition were sent out to possible candidates. And on a certain day all presented themselves at the Court, and were each put under lock and key till his turn came. The Princess, dressed in Royal blue, sat beside her father on the throne, and looked perfectly dazzling. The old C's sat in a semi-circle below. They had picked their favorite—a wicked and rich old man of the neighboring kingdom—and knew he would win, for had they not primed him beforehand with both solution and answer. At that he said they needn't have troubled. He knew them already.

The first candidate presented himself before the throne.

"What," asked the Princess, "is the most difficult thing in the world to do?"

"The most difficult thing in the world to do, Your Highness," answered the candidate, "is to understand a woman."

You could have knocked every Councillor over with a feather. All bets were off. How could the answer have leaked out? But they were shaken to the very depths a minute later, when they heard the princess say coldly, "That is not the answer."

Not the answer? What was the world coming to?

I WON'T bore you with the detail of a long and trying afternoon. The candidates, it seemed, had one and all had the same brilliant inspiration for the answer. But it is always darkest before dawn. Just as hope had been entirely abandoned, the last candidate presented himself, a tall, handsome stranger, who bore himself confidently but without over-assurance. The Princess fell in love with him on sight. Tremblingly she asked for the fiftieth time the fatal question. (Tremblingly, because she feared no man so good looking as he could also be clever enough to guess the answer.)

And the answer came:—

"The most difficult thing in the world to do, oh Princess, is to select a Christmas present for the person who already has everything."

The Princess could hardly contain herself for joy. But she was not yet out of the wood.

"That is the correct answer," she announced, "but the solution?" And to help him along, "Don't suggest that the gift should be a book."

"No, madam," said he, with a twinkle in his dark eyes, showing that they both spoke the same language, "Probably she has a book." And then more seriously:

"No; the solution is not a book. But it comes near to it. It is a gift that does not fade, like flowers, nor is it swallowed up and lost, like candy; nor like apparel, does it wear out, nor like jewelry is it subject to possible loss or theft. It is, in short, a year's subscription to the most wonderful

(Continued on page 448)

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(257)

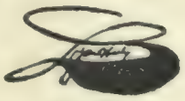
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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 436)

EMPIRE. "DECLASSÉE." Play in three acts by Zoe Atkins. Presented with this cast:

Rudolph Solomon	Claude King
Edward Thayer	Vernon Steel
Harry Charteris	Charles Francis
Sir Emmett Wildering	Julian Royce
Sir Bruce Haden	Harry Plimmer
Count Paolo Del Magiore	Ralph Belmont
Jean	Alfred Hesse
Walters	Edward Le Hay
Lady Helen Haden	Ethel Barrymore
Lady Wildering	Clare Eames
Charlotte Ashley	Beatrice Beckley
Mrs. Leslie	Katherine Harris
Alice Vance	Madeline Delmar
Zellito	Gabrielle Ravine

IN a period when alliances are in vogue it is a good omen that the first big success of the season was a play with a French title that takes place first in England, and is then transplanted to the United States. The fact that it is a great box-office attraction does not make it a masterpiece. Were it not marred by an impossible third act, it would be almost a good play.

"Declassée," according to Webster, means "one who has fallen or been forced from one's proper place in society." In this particular case, Lady Helen Haden (the best part Ethel Barrymore has had in a long time) skates on thin ice but never falls. Married to a man who is as uncouth as she is refined, she compels her husband, as the play opens, to apologize to a young man who she rather fancies, and who he had accused of cheating at cards. She does not believe that her friend is guilty. Unfortunately, it is a case of misplaced confidence, as the young man, she finds a few minutes later, is really a cheat.

Without considering what the result may be, her honesty compels her to expose him, although threatened by the young man that in self-defense he will hand over to her husband some letters which indiscreetly she had written him.

Disowned and divorced, we find her in the second act in the United States where she has become "declassée." One by one she has disposed of her jewels as her money has melted away. A simple way out of her difficulties would have been to marry an American millionaire who is deeply in love with her, but *noblesse oblige*. Meeting accidentally in the restaurant of one of our swell hotels, some of her former English friends, she realizes that she does not belong to their world any more, and that she might be ignored by them. But she must hear of dear old England. A touch of comedy is here given by her new American friends composed of demi-mondaines, concert hall singers and acrobats. Lady Helen's ability to adapt herself, from her aristocratic English friends to her present associates, is done artistically and cleverly.

THE last act takes place at a reception given in the home of Rudolph Solomon, splendidly acted by Claude King, a newcomer to this country and a welcome addition to the American stage. All her friends plot to arrange a match with the millionaire and Lady Helen accepts him. But with the return of the young cheat of the first act, who has now reformed and who accidentally drops in, the situation is altogether changed. Her old love revives and for fear of an explanation she runs away. But horror! As she crosses the street she is run over and brought back to Solomon's home. Here is the impossible situation!

A doctor is sent for in a hurry, but never arrives. Meanwhile poor Lady Haden is in agony. No human being could linger for fifteen minutes and be able to talk as splendidly as did Miss Barrymore after being crushed by a taxi. It is the death of Camille over again.

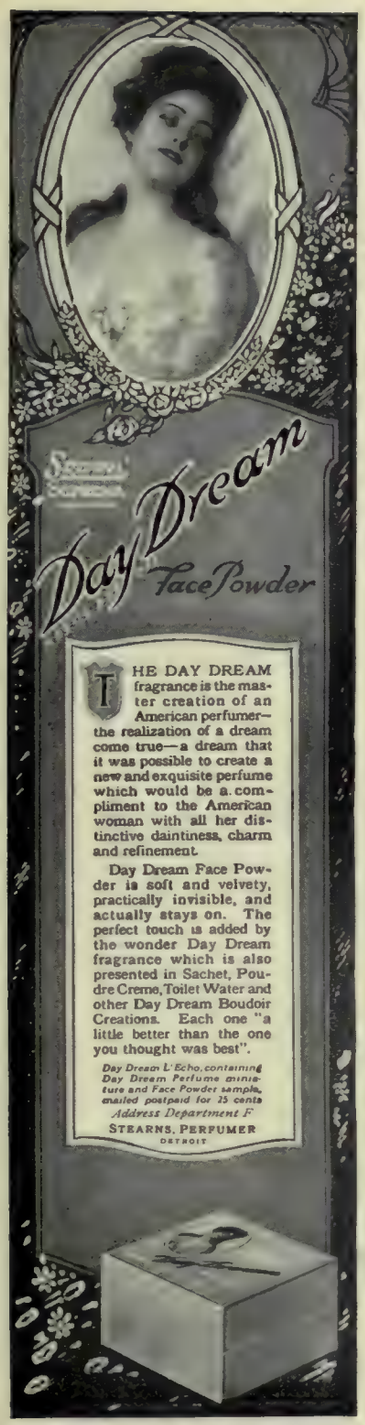
The dialogue at times is very witty and all the acting is capable. Gabrielle Ravine, trained in the French school, who Broadway will remember as the mother in "Pierrot the Prodigal," scored a hit as Zellito, the French woman.

BIJOU. "HIS HONOR, ABE POTASH." Comedy in three acts by Montague Glass and Jules Eckert Goodman. Produced Oct. 14, with this cast:

Rosie Potash	Mathilde Cottrelly
Irma Potash	Lucille English
Abe Potash	Barney Bernard
Henry Gooding	George Barnum
Harry Potash	Ted W. Gibson
Robert Stafford	Robert Cummings
George Block	James Spottswood
Crawford	Bertram Miller
Rothwell	Stanley Jessup
Evans	Frank J. Kirke
Mr. Brady	Harold Vosburgh
Riggs	Kalman Matus
Detective Baker	William Vaughn
Henry Block	Edwin Mordant

OUR funny friend Abe Potash has served the stage so well and so long as one of the most popular exponents of Jewish humor that one would naturally think he might be permitted to gracefully retire with a competency and make room for something new. Not so. As long as the goose consents to go on laying golden eggs, friend manager purposes to get all he can while the canning is good.

However, there is a legitimate excuse this time for Abe's perennial resurrection, for the present piece, concocted by the creator of Potash with the connivance of Jules Eckert Goodman, serves to promote to stellar honors one of the best dialect comedians of our day—Barney Bernard. The play itself is bunkum. A chain of stage tricks so old that the rusty links fairly creak, but it serves its purpose as showing what Barney can do. His opportunity has come as did Warfield's, and before long some playwright will provide him with a vehicle more worthy of his unquestionable powers.



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QUERIES ANSWERED

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

Q. Please give a sketch of Helen Hayes' life.

A. Lew Fields discovered Helen Hayes. She was then a child, the star pupil of a dancing class in Washington. Mr. Fields saw her at an amateur entertainment at the Belasco Theatre. He offered her, through her mother, an engagement with him in "Old Dutch." She was later seen in "Summer Widowers" and "The Never Homes." Charles Frohman engaged her for the child part in "The Prodigal Husband," in support of John Drew. Next she headed a "Pollyanna" company that toured the Pacific Coast. Last season she created a sensation as the artist's might-have-been daughter in "Dear Brutus" and now she is duplicating her success as Cora in "Clarence."

Q. Have you any pictures of the costumes used in "Prunella?"

A. A full page of scenes from "Prunella" appeared in our December, 1913 issue. These should give you a good idea of the different costumes worn in the piece.

Q. I should like to have a copy of Kirchner's poster "Temptation" which you published in the September issue. Where can I obtain one?

A. For information concerning this picture, write to Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., 214 West 42nd Street, New York City. He owns the rights to all the Kirchner pictures.

Q. Please give me a short account of Ruth Shepley's career. 2. *In what play did she appear prior to "Adam and Eva?"*

A. Ruth Shepley was born in Providence, R. I. Attracted to the stage at an early age, she was, however, sent abroad for a liberal education. She studied art, literature and music in Paris for three years. On her return to this country, she joined Douglas Fairbanks Company and remained with this popular star for three years, playing leading rôles opposite him. In "It Pays to Advertise," she scored a big hit. Her next appearance was in "The Boomerang," and now she is playing Eva in "Adam and Eva" at the Longacre.

Q. Please give me the casts of the following plays as they were produced in New York: Otis Skinner in "The Merchant of Venice," about 1890; *Olga Nethersole in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," about* 1900.

A. The cast of "The Merchant of Venice" as presented at the Broadway Theatre, October 28, 1889 was as follows: Shylock, Edwin Booth; Portia, Mme. Modjeska; Bassanio, Otis Skinner; Gratiano, Charles Hanford; Antonio, Frederick Vroom; Lorenzo, Willis Granger; Salanio, Herbert H. Pattee; Salarino, Charles Koehler; Duke of Venice, James Taylor; Salario, Rankin Duvall; Tubal, Beaumont Smith; Old Gobbo, Owen S. Fawcett; Balthazar, Edward Vroom; Stephano, Oliver Fiske; Leonaro, W. R. S. Morris; Nerissa, Annie E. Proctor; Jessica, Maida Craigen.

2. "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" was presented at Wallack's, January 16, 1899 with this cast: Sir George Orreyd, W. Graham Browne; Captain Hugh Ardale, Hamilton Revelle; Aubrey Tanqueray, T. B. Thalberg; Cayley Drummle, A. S. Homewood; Frank Misquith, Leonard Outram; Gordan Jayne, Fred Thorne; Morse, Charles Wellesley; Lady Orreyd, Lillian Kingston; Mrs. Cortelyou, Miss Emmerson; Ellean, Madge McIntosh; Paula, Olga Nethersole.

THE MOST DIFFICULT THING IN THE WORLD

(Continued from page 439)

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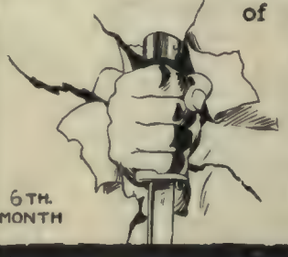
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THE TURKISH CIGARETTE
S. ANARGYROS
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When I asked the grown-ups to judge for themselves what Xmas present they wanted —they all chose
MURAD
THE TURKISH CIGARETTE



A Christmas Message from the World's Greatest Artists

TO EVERY LOVER OF BEAUTIFUL MUSIC THE GREAT ARTISTS WHOSE NAMES APPEAR BELOW SEND THEIR WARM CHRISTMAS GREETINGS. THEY CANNOT BE WITH YOU ON CHRISTMAS DAY BUT THEY CAN VISIT YOU THROUGH THE VICTROLA—THEIR "OTHER SELF." THEIR SONG, THEIR ART, THEIR LAUGHTER CAN HELP TO MAKE YOUR DAY HAPPIER AND REMAIN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR TO CHEER AND ENTERTAIN YOU

MANY MUSIC-LOVERS ARE JUST NOW CONSIDERING THE PURCHASE OF AN INSTRUMENT FOR CHRISTMAS. THEY ARE URGED AND ADVISED BY THESE ARTISTS TO BUY THE VICTROLA. THESE ARTISTS MAKE VICTROLA RECORDS EXCLUSIVELY BECAUSE THEY BELIEVE THEM TO BE THE MOST FAITHFUL AND THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IN THE WORLD. THEY BELIEVE THAT THE VICTROLA WITH ITS PURE, EXQUISITE TONE IS THE ONLY TRUE AND ADEQUATE INSTRUMENT FOR REPRODUCING THEIR ART.

ALDA
BRASLAU
CALVÉ
CARUSO
DE GOGORZA
DE LUCA
ELMAN
FARRAR
GALLI-CURCI
GARRISON
GLUCK
HEIFETZ
HOMER
KREISLER
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